



THE



LEISURE HOUR

NOVEMBER, 1881.

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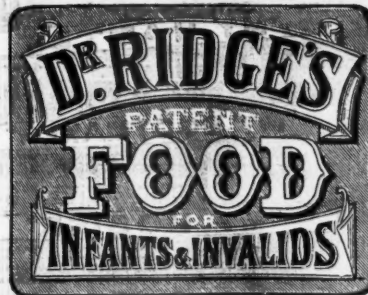
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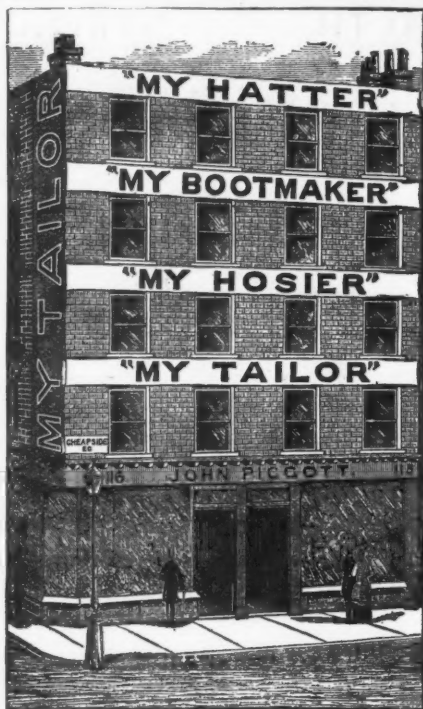
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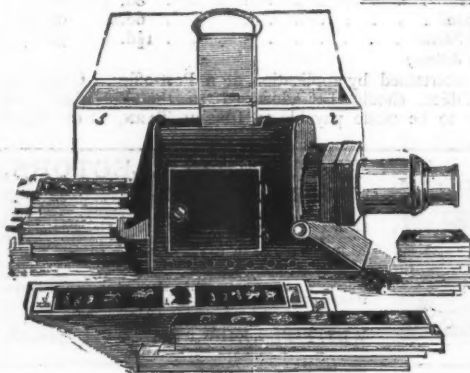
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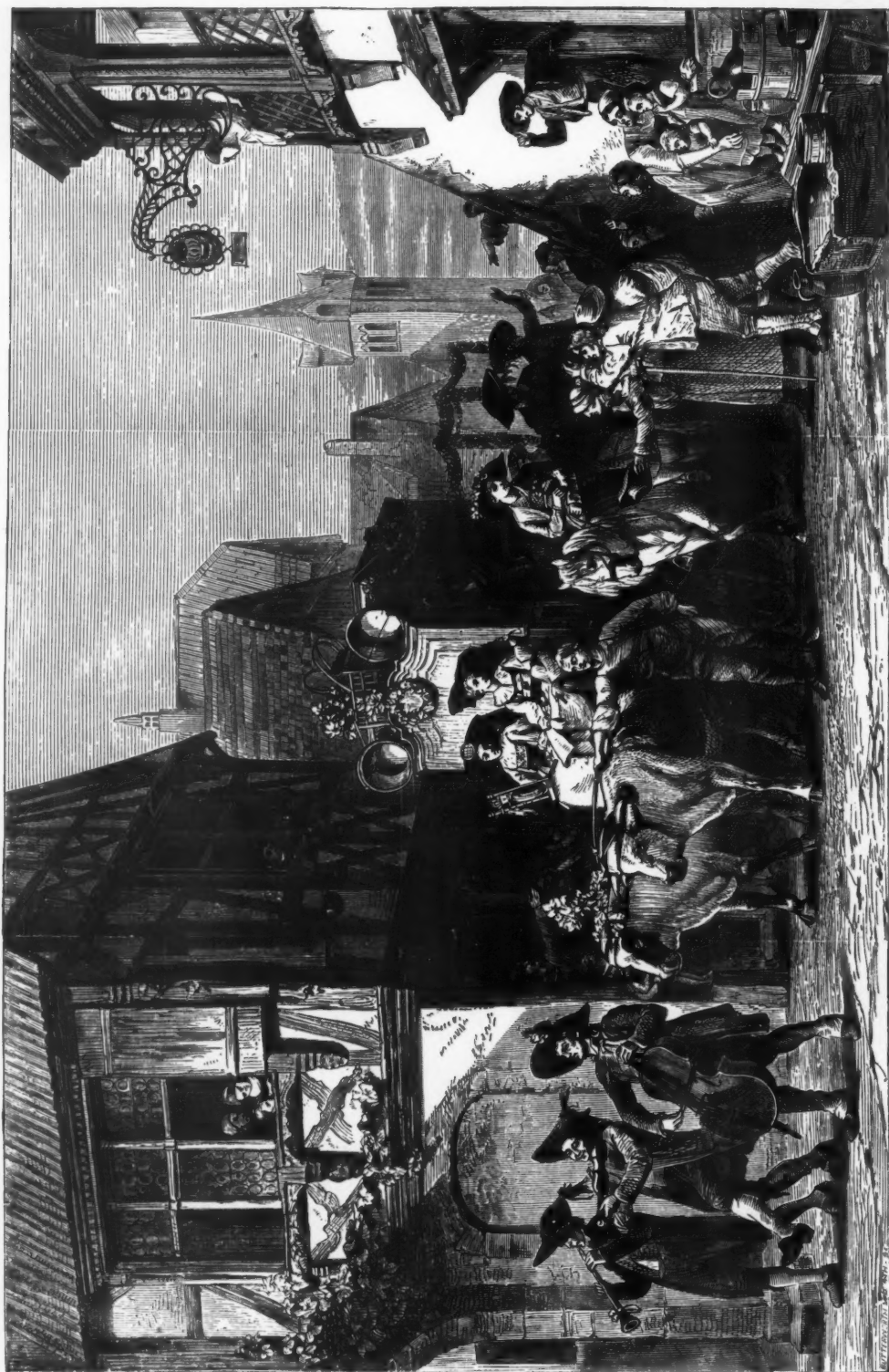
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THE WEDDING (ALSACE).

[Gustave Brion.

SCOTCH LASSIES.



[By permission.]

[After J. Phillip, R.A.]

MR. PHILLIP has happily expressed two of the types of peasant beauty familiar to us in Scottish song and story. They might pass for Bessie Bell and Mary Gray of old Allan

Ramsay's ballad, one fair and blue-eyed, the other dark, with raven locks. Such are the faces and figures, and such the costumes and occupation, we conjure up in reading the song of Burns:—

"Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie."

Or such might have been the lasses cheerily "lilting" on their way to the milking before the break o' day, but soon to sing the sad strain of "The flowers of the forest are a' wede away," after Flodden's fatal field. English tourists seldom see true specimens of the Scottish peasant girl or woman, such as she appears in places not yet denationalised. Nor will they quite understand, without an interpreter or a glossary, the following song, which tells a tale and points a moral true for all times and all grades of life:—

THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

In simmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn waw'd green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield;
Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will!
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild:
"O' guid advisement comes nae ill;

"Its ye hae wooers mony ane,
And lassie, ye're but young ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
A routhie butt, a routhie ben:

There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' in his barn, fu' in his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the luvèr's fire."

"For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flee;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae luvè to spare for me:
But blithe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wad nae gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear."

"O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;
The canniest gate the strife is sair;
But ay fu' hand is fechtin best,
A hungry care's an unco care:
But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill."

"O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome luvè,
The gowd and siller canna buy:
We may be poor—Robie and I,
Light is the burden luvè lays on;
Content and luvè bring peace and joy,
What mair hae queens upon a throne?"

LOOKING BACK;

OR, GLIMPSES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



NOT very long ago I was assisting at the turn-out, prior to the removal of the owners, of a house which had been undisturbed for nearly a hundred years. It had been occupied by the same family ever since its erection—a family of perhaps the most intensely conservative principles imaginable; nothing that had entered those doors was destroyed, and all manner of quaint odds and ends had found their way therein, some of which fell to my share. Amongst others was a set of Dutch tiles, taken from a room in the Freemasons' Tavern, where, up to a late period, the Freemasons held their lodge. What secrets they could tell of all that happened during the three centuries they graced that hearth-place! Then there is a mediæval altar-cruet, a little shabby glass about six inches high—shockingly bad glass too. It stands on three little shabby feet, and looks,

most of anything, like a cheap cream ewer, from which the handle has been broken. Yet it is fairly graceful in form, and the lip is decidedly pretty; and an archæological friend tells me it is rare and valuable.

Then, too, up in the hay-loft I discovered some carved oak, part of the panelling of the dining-room of a mansion in the same street; it had lain, forgotten, covered with dust, for twenty long years, ever since the fine old Tudor mansion had been pulled down. Poor old oak! So many coats of paint had been daubed upon it that its graceful scrolls and flowers were quite hidden. Drab, salmon, blue, and pink I got off it in succession by the aid of strong soda and hot water, and now the walls of my room are graced by a pair of mirrors in carved frames of oak, black, not with modern stain, but by the age of 362 years, for the date of them is 1519. I am very proud of them; often and often I gaze at them with re-

spectful eyes, touching them gently, and tracing their elegant patterns with reverent fingers. If they could only speak, what strange histories they could tell us of those 362 years, to say nothing of the century or so that it took them to grow into oaks! Think of the events, long since passed into history, which were discussed as familiar everyday matters within those panelled walls! Think of the many forms that flitted past them, now forgotten as a tale that is told! Think of the bright eyes that have traced, as I trace now, and as you, through me, trace the carved scrolls and curves, eyes long since dissolved in dust! One pair, mayhap, belong to a dissatisfied young wife who declared the dingy old walls would look all the better for a coat of nice fresh paint. Poor soul! how she would have revelled in their sombre beauty nowadays, and set her Japanese fans, her old Chelsea, and her Crown-Derby to brighten up the darkest corners, and have asked *him* when he came home if it was not all quite too delicious!

If they could speak they would tell us of the sixteen Monarchs and the one Protector whom they remember better than you and I remember what were the toys of our childhood; they would tell us how, when they were new, the great Cardinal-Archbishop Wolsey, Prime Minister and Lord High Chancellor, was in the zenith of his power and glory—they heard of his fall! They remember it all!—the bluff king with his six wives; the sickly young Edward; the Reign of Terror; the long period of prosperity and peace, when the Virgin Queen held the sceptre; the eager voices telling of the defeat of the great Spanish Armada; the sad fate of the beautiful Mary Queen o' Scots; the opening of the great Exchange of London, and the charter granted to the merchant adventurers, afterwards known as the "H.E.I.C.," and who won for England an empire which is now the brightest and richest jewel in the English crown. It is all hearsay to us, but they remember it as well as if it had been but yesterday. The reign of him who was the wisest fool in Christendom; the struggles between Cavaliers and Roundheads; the iron rule of the Protector; the wild orgies of the Merry Monarch; the three miserable years of James II. Then the joint rule of William and Mary, the Duke of Marlborough's splendid victories under Anne, and the rule of the Georges, which brings their memories down to our own times.

Thinking of all this, it is with respectful eyes that I regard my mirrors, and as I set blue and white Nankin plates *but* a hundred years old upon the shelf below them, I feel I am associating quite *parvenu* articles against *noblesse* of the old school. Still the events they reveal to me are events of history. I think of them in the somewhat stilted language, the at least unfamiliar language, in which history is told. Among my treasures of china and oak—dumb, though lovely—I have one which takes me back into the last century, the troublous times of '45, with a vividness, with a realisation of the flight of time, with which not even an ivory Bacchus from Herculaneum, and at the least 1,800 years old, is able to inspire me. It is a ponderous volume of news-

papers, dating from 1744 to 1770, of London, Salisbury, York, Leeds, Liverpool, and Newcastle. What has struck me most forcibly as I turned over the dusty pages is a feeling that the eighteenth-century folk were pretty nearly as wideawake as we keen ones of the nineteenth, and, strange indeed was the sensation which crept over me as I read of events—to us but history—written in the familiar everyday language in which we are accustomed to read what is going on in Afghanistan or at the Cape. It is from this ponderous volume that I propose to make extracts which will enable my readers, metaphorically speaking, to shake hands with our fore-elders, to enter into the joys, trials, difficulties, and incidents of their everyday life; to realise that though between them and us lies the gulf of nearly 140 years, yet we are of the same race, closely akin.

First let me take the marriages. Here is one from the "York Courant," December 11th, 1744:

"Yesterday, Mr. Samuel Habler, an eminent bookseller of this city, was married to Miss Mary Thomas, a gentlewoman of fine accomplishments and a handsome fortune."

There at once is a difference between their day and ours. *Now* Miss Mary Thomas would expect her fine accomplishments and her handsome fortune to land her higher in the social scale than as the wife of a bookseller, eminent or otherwise.

Then here is a lucky fellow:

"Timothy Stern, of Shipley, in Yorkshire, to Miss Wigglesworth, daughter and heiress of the late Thomas Wigglesworth, of Woodfelle, Esq., a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune."

I wonder did he appreciate her, as he undoubtedly ought to have done? Then below is an instance of "family" having gone into the City to look after "money." Our ancestors were quite up to that, but nowadays we do not call a spade a spade so plainly as they did.

"Sir William Stanhope, one of the Knights of the Bath, married to Miss Crawley, daughter of the late John Crawley, Esq., an eminent ironmonger of Thames Street, a beautiful young lady, with a fortune of £50,000."

Fifty thousand pounds meant a big lump in those days. Cannot you fancy the whole affair?—the beautiful young wife starting and blushing at the unaccustomed "My lady;" the quizzing from Sir William's men-friends—"Hollo, Bill! is that you? So you—a—managed to nail the lovely Crawley! Lucky daug!"

In the "York Courant," September 17, 1745:

"The Reverend and learned Mr. Warburton, author of the 'Divine Legation of Moses,' etc., to Miss Tucker, niece of Mr. Allen, of Bath, an agreeable young lady with a very considerable fortune."

It is evident that the reverend and learned scholar had not altogether closed his eyes to worldly advantages. It is remarkable that throughout the entire volume, extending over a period of twenty-six years, there is hardly an instance of a clergyman's marriage in which the lady had not a considerable fortune. But perhaps none, or few, "married for love" are recorded.

Then comes an announcement which made me wonder if the lady's relatives took care of the

legality of the marriage and precautions as to the settlement of her fortune.

"York Courant," March 4, 1748:

"Last week Miss Turner, only daughter of Cholmley Turner, Esq., Member of Parliament for this county, was married to a French gentleman, who is an officer in the Dutch service."

Strange for an English girl to marry a Frenchman at the time when the two countries were at such bitter enmity. Is there not an old proverb which says, "Love laughs at locksmiths"?

From the London letter of the "York Courant," June 18, 1751:

"We are told some overtures have been made towards a marriage between the Prince of Wales, grandson of his Britannic Majesty, and heir-apparent to his crown, and the Princess Wilhelmina Caroline, second daughter of their Danish Majesties, who was born on the 10th July, 1741."

Ten years old and the prince but thirteen; probably the overtures, which resulted in nothing, were made through fear of the lovely Lady Sarah Lennox's influence.

During those turbulent years marriages seem to have been scarce. Between the dates of the two last announcements, '45 to '51, I only find mention of about a dozen, all of them in the highest ranks of life; during '44 there were a considerable number.

"York Courant," July 23, 1751:

"On Tuesday last Mr. Hildyard, an eminent bookseller of this city, was married to Miss Thorpe, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Thorpe, rector of Houghton, near Darlington; an agreeable young lady with a considerable fortune."

"On Thursday last Thomas Beaumont, Esq., of Darfield, was married to Miss Ayscough, a young lady of considerable merit and fortune."

Both instances of young ladies of fortune marrying without "bettering" themselves.

"York Courant," July 7, 1761:

"On the 29th past, Robert Lane, of Bramham Park, Esq., one of our worthy representatives in Parliament, was married by a special licence to the Hon. Miss Bridget Henley, eldest daughter of the Lord High Chancellor, at his lordship's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London; a young lady of great merit, beauty, and fortune. After the ceremony the newly-married couple set out for his lordship's seat, near Guildford, in Surrey."

Imagine the term "worthy" as applied to a Lane-Fox nowadays. I should like to see the face of the gallant master of the Bramham hunt if he were dubbed "our worthy" anything!

Here is another "lucky dag."

August 25th, 1761:

"On the 15th inst., at Edinburgh, — Hooper, Esq., to Miss Windmore. As the young lady was several months under age the ceremony could not be performed in England. When she is twenty-one she will have an independent fortune of £60,000."

— Hooper, Esq., has done even better for himself than Sir William and his K.C.B.

Now is not this an interesting announcement?

August 6th, 1765:

"One Geohagan, an Irish beggar in St. Giles's, to one Honor Sullivan, a countrywoman of his own, who has saved near £500 in the same reputable employment. What renders the circumstance rather extraordinary is that this amiable

couple are each near 70, and have each a pair of wooden legs."

What an odd mixture of childlike simplicity and imperturbation they had in those days. They have the innocence to inform us of the nationality of a pair bearing the names of Geohagan and Sullivan, and they term the facts of their being near seventy years old and having *each* a pair of wooden legs *rather* extraordinary! What a startling combination would have been necessary to arouse them into a verdict of "very surprising."

January 13, 1767:

"On Wednesday last was married at St. James's, Westminster, Mr. Garencieres, jun., an eminent apothecary of this city (York), to Miss Wade, eldest daughter of the late — Wade, Esq., of Greville Street, Hatton Garden, an amiable and accomplished young lady with a handsome fortune."

It is surprising to notice how almost invariable is the rule, that the advantages are on the husband's side; only one instance, as yet, have I met with to the contrary. After carefully looking over papers from '44 to '68, the following is the only one, in which any advantage to the wife is mentioned, and even in this case she keeps a very fair balance.

April 26th, 1768:

"At Sheffield, in Yorkshire, Samuel Turner, Esq., a gentleman possessed of an immense fortune, to Miss Peggy Burton, an agreeable young lady with a fortune of £12,000."

Mostly the announcements are in this strain:

"Last week Mr. Joseph Mande, of Sunderland, was married to Miss Holmes, of Kendal, a young lady of fine accomplishments, with a fortune of £10,000."

Not a word about him; apparently he condescended to marry Miss Holmes and her £10,000, and there was nothing more to be said. Perhaps she was not good-looking; probably they would have told us had she been so. Perhaps a hundred and thirteen years ago the men were more mercenary than they are now, and the women less so. Nowadays if a man be as ugly as—but let me get on with my illustrations. Here is a refreshing instance of a disinterested union:

"Yesterday se'night was married in Great Ouseburn Church, Mann Horsfield, of Thorpe Green, Esq., to Mrs. Cass, widow of Richard Cass, of Ouseburn, Esq."

Cass is still the great name in that loveliest of fair Yorkshire villages.

Oh! ye eighteenth-century maidens, here is a touch which brings you *en rapport* with the present time, proof positive that you were, to use a homely phrase, "up to a trick or two."

July 26, 1768:

"On Wednesday, came to be tried before the above judge (the Hon. Sir Henry Gould, Knt.) and a special jury, a cause wherein a young lady of New Malton, in this county (Yorkshire), was plaintiff, and an eminent attorney of the same place defendant, for non-performance of a promise of marriage, when the prosecutor, proving her case to the satisfaction of the court, and the defendant having no defence to make, a verdict was given for the plaintiff with £600 damages."

It looks very much as if the eminent attorney wanted to be off his bargain at any price; if so, he was a wise man, and chose the lesser of two evils.

I found the next most interesting of any, though, as I am utterly ignorant of the marriage customs of Jews, I cannot say how far it agrees with or differs from a Jewish marriage of the present day. Cambridge, December 29, 1769 :

"Last Wednesday was married Mr. Emanuel Moses to Miss Elkin, daughter to Mr. Elkin, an eminent Jew merchant [do they mean a merchant of Jews?] of this town. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a great number of persons, in the following manner: The bridegroom, preceded by a band of music, was led by his friends and placed under a silk canopy; after which came the bride, veiled, with her attendants, preceded also by music. She was led three times round the bridegroom, for the same reason that we are asked three times in the church; after which, the Rev. Mr. Franklyn, the Jew rabbi, read the certificate aloud, and also the marriage ceremony in Hebrew, the bridegroom at the same time putting the ring on the finger of the bride, and each then tasted out of a glass of wine. Then followed several Hebrew psalms, and the whole ended with the bridegroom's throwing the drinking-glass on the floor and breaking it, signifying that as that could never be made whole again, so the holy state they have entered into should never be dissolved."

In another paper we read :

"— Gilbert, Esq., was married to Miss Phillips, the young lady who had the first £10,000 prize in the late lottery, which ticket was made her a present of by the above gentleman."

"— Gilbert, Esq.," it is evident, wished the world at large to know that he had not been actuated by mercenary motives. What a scene there must have been!

In the same paper is an instance of feminine fickleness :

"On Thursday morning happened an extraordinary occurrence. A gentleman and gentlewoman had agreed to marry; the place (St. Luke's Church) and the hour were fixed; the ring and licence procured; the dinner prepared; the company came to conduct the bride to the church. But, when the gentleman desired her to step into the coach, she flatly refused, and told him 'she did not intend to marry!'"

This is from the "St. James's Chronicle," Nov. 19, 1767, an instance of the businesslike manner in which the keen Yorkshire tykes look at the marriage contract—somehow these Northern folk have a wonderful eye to the main chance :

"Last week was married at Aldbro', the Reverend Mr. Goodricke, Prebendary of York, to Miss Ann Harland, daughter of the late Philip Harland, Esq., of Sutton, in the county of York, with a fortune of £15,000."

But surely this is refreshing, and looks well for the gay and gallant red-coats.

"General Evening Post" (London), March 5th, 1765 :

"Last Thursday was married, at Coventry, Charles Veatch, Esq., major of the 67th Regiment of Foot, to Miss Sally Higgins, a lady endowed with every accomplishment to make the marriage state happy."

The gallant major was not one of your half-hearted sort of fellows. This is startling :

"On Thursday last was married, at the parish church of Mirfield, an eminent apothecary of Huddersfield, aged sixty-seven, to an agreeable widow lady of Hopton, in the first-mentioned parish, aged eighty-seven. This is her fourth husband, and she has still *most* of the accomplishments necessary to render the marriage state happy."

Had the old lady got a little deaf, or was

her voice cracked? Evidently she was a delightful old lady, possibly such another as the first wife of the Rev. Robert Hawker, of Morwenstow, who was forty years his senior, and died considerably upwards of eighty, leaving him almost heart-broken for her loss, till he consoled himself with a lady more than sixty years younger.

Fancy a man having two wives in whose ages was a difference of over sixty years! It is almost incredible, only I can vouch for the truth of it.

It is such an odd thing, this marrying and giving in marriage; it is like the rheumatism, one cannot tell how nor when it will besiege us. Here is an account of a Lancashire witch whom it seems to have attacked in an unfair way.

"Leeds Intelligencer," September, 1765 :

"By a letter from Lancashire we learn that a lady in that county, with a fortune of £1,500 a year, lately married her steward. What renders the circumstance extraordinary is that the bridegroom is by no means an Adonis, and has four daughters considerably older than his present wife."

From what I have seen of Lancashire folks I should say they never were and never will be half as quick-witted as their Yorkshire neighbours. Here is a story from the same paper, hailing from Green Hammerton, one of the loveliest villages I was ever in, with a green like velvet, all overshadowed by great drooping trees. Truly, it deserves its name :

"An old farmer here in this neighbourhood, between seventy and eighty, who has been blind and supported by crutches these nine years, was lately foolish enough to fall in love with a young wench of eighteen. The girl, being pre-engaged to a young suitor, gave no encouragement to his addresses, and treated the amorous dotard for some time with great cruelty, upon which he very politely changed his battery, and endeavoured to prevail upon the girl's parents to exert their influence over her. This seemed to promise success, and matters went on swimmingly, as the old fellow thought. At length, with much apparent coyness, the girl consented to name the happy day. When it arrived the bridegroom was led to the altar, little dreaming the cheat that was to be put upon him, for the girl, who had never really consented to the match, had got an old woman, who had long nursed him, and borne with his peevish humours for very little recompense, to take him by the hand, while she (the girl) repeated the woman's part. In short, the fraud was not discovered till the end of the ceremony, when the bridegroom, in saluting the bride, was surprised to find a pair of lips almost as bristly as his own. Imagining he had made a mistake, he called out, with great earnestness, 'Where's my dear Jenny?' But guess his surprise and mortification at being informed of the truth. He hobbled out of church, coughing and swearing he would be revenged upon them all for a pack of rogues and cheats."

"The affair has caused much diversion in this country, and people are much divided in their opinion of the match. Some say, as the girl repeated the woman's part, she is the person properly married; others think that, as the ring was put upon the old woman's finger, she is legally the bride; and, indeed, all agree that the saddle is on the right horse, and the old curmudgeon properly treated."

What could the clergyman have been thinking about, and in whose name were banns or licence taken out? But there, let us give him the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps he was deaf.

Here is an amusing calculation taken from the same paper.

"We are advised from Workington that two widow ladies (sisters) there, who have each had three husbands, have each only one daughter living. The daughter of the elder has had two husbands, and is now a widow, and the daughter of the younger is married to her third husband, so that they have

had eleven husbands among them. Three of 'em are widows at present, and 'tis believed they will shortly marry again."

I wonder if any envious spins of Workington declared a law should be passed to prevent women from marrying *more* than three times?

Leeds, June 10th, 1766:

"We hear from Kendal that last week a gentleman in that neighbourhood, possessed of six or seven hundred a year, eloped with his housemaid and has not since returned."

They must have been dreadful people up in that quarter, for in the September of the same year appears the following:

A few days ago a young couple came to church at Threlkeld, near Keswick, in Cumberland, to be married, attended by a number of their friends, they having had their banns published before; and during the ceremony, when the parson came to that part where he asks, 'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?' another girl of the same town stepped boldly up to him and made a claim of and asserted her prior right to the bridegroom in such a striking and convincing manner that the parson stopped in proceeding with the ceremony. The young fellow was all confusion and stood aghast, while the young woman, with great composure, gave up her right and thanked her rival for the discovery, very politely took her leave and went home, thinking herself quite happy in breaking off a connection that might have involved her in a life of misery."

How well two old proverbs fit this case—"Men were deceivers ever," and "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

Leeds, May 27th, 1767:

"Last week two couples from the South were married at Gretna Green in the North. One of the ladies, aged only fifteen, and said to be a nobleman's daughter, stole from a boarding-school, and will have a fortune of £500 a year. She objected to being married in a private house, and was, with much ado, prevailed upon to comply at the time, crying out, 'Oh I must I be married in such a shabby place?' The parson, however, from this demur, took the hint to raise his price, and would not marry them under ten guineas."

Sensible man that—a very neat mode of taking the tide at the flood! Here is another runaway couple.

Leeds, November, 1767:

"On Sunday morning a gentleman and lady, who were pursuing their journey to Scotland, on a matrimonial expedition, were overtaken by the young lady's guardian, near Stamford in Lincolnshire, when the gallant, in despair at the prospect of losing his mistress, or perhaps her fortune, presented a blunderbuss at him, which had such an effect upon his antagonist that he thought proper to turn back, leaving the happy pair to proceed on their business without further molestation."

Next comes a young lady who richly deserved a whipping.

London, July 23, 1768:

"A young lady of immense fortune eloped on Sunday last with her father's French valet. As they were last seen in a post-chaise—no, chariot is the term—on Shooter's Hill, it is conjectured that they were bound for France."

"On Monday the chambermaid of a lady near Cavendish Square died of poison, which she had taken on account of a love-affair with a gentleman in that neighbourhood."

That needs no comment; 'tis an old, old story!

As far as marriages are concerned I have come to the end of my volume. In another article I propose to give some of the curious advertisements of those times.

Sayings of President Garfield.

I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim.

If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.

It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow that it finds solace in unselfish thought.

It has been fortunate that most of our greatest men have left no descendants to shine in the borrowed lustre of a great name.

The granite hills are not so changeless and abiding as the restless sea.

In their struggle with the forces of nature, the ability to labour was the richest patrimony of the colonists.

Coercion is the basis of every law in the universe—human or Divine. A law is no law without coercion behind it.

For the noblest man who lives there still remains a conflict.

We hold reunions, not for the dead, for there is nothing in all the earth that you and I can do for the dead. They are past our help and past our praise. We can add to them no glory, we can give to them no immortality. They do not need us, but for ever and for evermore we need them.

Heroes did not make our liberties, but they reflected and illustrated them.

After all, territory is but the body of a nation. The people who inhabit its hills and valleys are its soul, its spirit, its life. In them dwells its hope of immortality. Among them, if anywhere, are to be found its chief elements of destruction.

It matters little what may be the forms of national institutions if the life, freedom, and growth of society are secured.

It is as much the duty of all good men to protect and defend the reputation of worthy public servants as to detect public rascals.

Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing.

If you are not too large for the place you are too small for it.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them you must buckle them to your own heels.

Great ideas travel slowly and for a time noiselessly, as the gods whose feet were shod with wool.

What the arts are to the world of matter, literature is to the world of mind.

History is but the unrolled scroll of prophecy.

The world's history is a divine poem of which the history of every nation is a canto and every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and though there have been mingled the discords of warring cannon and dying men, yet to the Christian, philosopher, and historian—the humble listener—there has been a divine melody running through the song which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come.

Light itself is a great corrective. A thousand wrongs and abuses that are grown in darkness disappear like owls and bats before the light of day.

Liberty can be safe only when suffrage is illuminated by education.

Parties have an organic life and spirit of their own, an individuality and character which outlive the men who compose them; and the spirit and traditions of a party should be considered in determining their fitness for managing the affairs of the nation.

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Growth is better than permanence, and permanent growth is better than all.

Ideas are the great warriors of the world, and a war that has no ideas behind it is simply brutality.

The flowers that bloom over the garden wall of party politics are the sweetest and most fragrant that bloom in the gardens of this world.

Finally, our great hope for the future—our great safeguard against danger—is to be found in the general and thorough education of our people, and in the virtue which accompanies such education.

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ASCENT OF COTOPAXI.

WITH REMARKS ON EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.



Your obedient servant
Edward Whymper.

AT first sight, when we consider the enormous importance of earthquakes to the whole human race, it appears strange that so little is known about them, especially respecting their origin; but a little consideration will show that this is not remarkable, and that the difficulties in the way of making exact observations respecting them are very great, and that those of determining their origin are well-nigh insuperable.

Earthquakes are at their longest only momentary affairs. Their shocks generally occur in a single instant, and seldom are prolonged through many

hours. The time of their occurrence cannot be predicted; and, even if the exact moment were known beforehand at which any earthquake would occur, it would require rare powers of observation to notice much with precision during the time it was taking place, and a still rarer philosophy to observe with calmness whilst the earth was opening, and perhaps swallowing up the possessions of the observer. No wonder that accurate observations upon earthquakes are scarce, and that such as have been made are often discordant and sometimes contradictory.

In the case of volcanoes, it is even more easy to understand—if the facts are properly presented—why there are so few good descriptions of great eruptions. During any really great eruption clouds of smoke and steam are generally emitted, frequently accompanied by earthquake shocks; and these clouds of steam and smoke—smoke composed of particles of volcanic ash, which is actually fragments of fused rock in a finely-divided state—spread out in all directions (naturally, principally to leeward of the volcano), and in a very short time shut out the eruption from the view of the spectator. It is a perfectly well-established fact that, during great eruptions, clouds have poured out in such tremendous volumes as to produce total darkness at the distance of thirty to forty miles from the volcano. The whole air, even at this distance, becomes so charged with ash, to so great a height above the earth, that many hours elapse before it ceases to fall. During this time the eruption may be progressing, but is sure to be invisible; and when the air clears again it is all over.

There is scarcely a part of the world in which earthquakes do not occur, and from geological evidence it is certain that they have taken place, at one or another time, in every known region of the earth. As the various parts of the globe are brought into closer relationship with each other, so do reports multiply of the occurrence of earthquakes; and if this were not taken into account it would seem that in these latter times they are becoming more and more frequent. Within the last few weeks they have been reported from Nottinghamshire, Ireland, Italy, Dalmatia, Germany, the Mediterranean, New Zealand, and many other parts. Records are now kept of all that occur, and Dr. Fuchs, one of the most painstaking of compilers, said, in 1878, that he found the annual average for the thirteen preceding years amounted to no less than 109. In some parts they occur with extraordinary frequency; in the Philippine Islands, for example, there were forty-one earthquakes in 1876, and in the Morea 100 shocks have been known to occur in a year and a quarter. Many of these are, of course, only very slight affairs, dangerous principally to chimneys, which are amongst the first things to suffer. In the earthquake last reported from New Zealand it was stated that in the district where they occurred scarcely a chimney was left standing, and this was termed a "severe" earthquake; but from the studies of Mr. Milne, who has devoted himself to the investigation of these matters in Japan, it is known that a lateral movement of the earth to the extent of a single inch, and even less, will upset chimneys, and the probability therefore is, as no lives were lost, that the shock on this occasion was not very terrible. But in words it is scarcely possible to convey an idea of the appalling nature of a really severe earthquake. In the twinkling of an eye the most massive buildings are overthrown, vast fissures open, and thousands perish. Such terrible calamities are fortunately of comparatively rare occurrence, though they happen occasionally in every quarter of the globe.

Neglecting the most recent ones, there was one in Candia, which destroyed 2,000 persons in 1810;

another in Kutch (N. India), which killed about the same number in 1819; in 1871, one in Western China, in which 2,300 lives were lost; and another in China in 1817, with 2,800 perishing. In 1796 there was an earthquake in Asia Minor, which cost the lives of 1,500 persons; and another in Syria in 1837, which extended into Galilee, destroying 3,500. There were still more formidable ones in China in 1830, in which 6,000 to 7,000 persons were believed to have been killed in Canton alone; and another in Algeria, in which the loss of life was variously estimated at 7,000 to 15,000. In 1822, during a series of shocks, 20,000 persons are known to have perished at Aleppo; in 1797 and 1868 about 40,000 and 50,000 lives were lost in Ecuador; in 1793 it is said that 53,000 were killed in a single earthquake in Japan; and in 1755 it is known that about 60,000 were destroyed at Lisbon. This dismal catalogue might be extended so as to fill a whole part of the "Leisure Hour," for thousands of instances are known in which earthquakes have caused loss of life; but a sufficient number has been quoted to show that they occur in every quarter of the globe—alike in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

In certain parts, where earthquakes are frequent, such as the West Indies and the Pacific coast of South America, no attention would be given to such slight shocks as are chronicled as earthquakes in Europe.* Familiarity has not bred contempt, very far from it; but it has to some extent taught how the danger can be avoided, and one of the recognised maxims is, Look to your doors and windows at the first symptoms of an earthquake, and see that they are not jammed tight; for it is perfectly well known that the greater part of the loss of life arises through the collapse of buildings. In earthquake countries, if possible, at the first alarm all the people rush out into the streets and open spaces, and remain out of doors until the panic is over; but, as earthquakes not unfrequently occur during the night, this is not always possible, and much of the destruction of the worst catastrophes has been due to their having occurred when every one has been wrapt in slumber. This was the case in Ecuador, in 1868. The shocks occurred near midnight, and in several towns, each containing 5,000 to 6,000 persons, very few escaped.

Modern research has brought out the fact that the actual movement of the earth's surface during earthquakes is very slight. During a very severe one the lateral motion may not be more than a few inches.† Yet this is sufficient to overturn

* Captain Basil Hall says, in his "Journal," that he asked a lady living on the coast of Chili if "there had been an earthquake lately." "No," she answered, "not for some time; I really do not think I have felt one myself for three days. Somebody said there was one last night, but I knew nothing of it." On putting the same question to another person present, he said they had not experienced one since April—meaning, as I discovered, April, 1819, two years and a half before, not conceiving that we could possibly take any interest in such petty shocks as would not demolish a town. An old man in company, however, seeing that we had been misunderstood, explained that it was a long time since they had felt a shock of any consequence, and upon our pressing him closely to say what he considered a long time, replied, "At least a month."

† This cannot, however, be always the case. Sir W. Hamilton says, in his "Observations," published in 1773, that peasants in Italy told him that during some shocks the motion of the earth was so violent that the heads of the largest trees almost reached the ground from side to side.

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the most massive buildings, to level whole towns to the ground, and on the seacoast to set in movement earthquake waves, which, alternately advancing and receding, are another important element of danger. Much of the loss of life which was caused during the memorable earthquake of Lisbon, was through the sea sweeping over the land; and ships of large tonnage have often been carried far inland by waves so generated, and have been left high and dry (sometimes almost uninjured) as much as a mile inland. In 1828, in an earthquake which occurred on the coast of Peru, those on board the ship *Volant*, lying in the harbour of Callao, heard a noise like distant thunder, and then came a shock, compared to jolting over a rough road in an ill-constructed cart, or to the vessel striking upon rocks or sandbanks. The water, which was twenty-five fathoms deep, hissed and boiled as if red-hot iron had been thrown into it, and the surface was covered with bubbles of gas of a sulphurous odour, and quantities of dead fish. The sea had been quite clear, but was now disturbed and muddy. The ship swung about, and on weighing anchor the chain cable of one of the anchors was found to be half melted in a considerable part of its length, the links being drawn out also lengthways.*

One of the best accounts which has been given of experiences on board ship during an earthquake has been published recently by an American who was on a man-of-war which was stranded in the West Indies. He says: "Our vessel began to quiver and rock as if a mighty giant had got hold of her and was trying to loosen every timber in her frame. Officers and men ran pell-mell on deck to ascertain the cause of such a phenomenon. The vibration continued, perhaps, the space of a minute, accompanied by a buzzing noise, somewhat like the draught of a smelting furnace or the hum of innumerable swarms of bees. So certain were we that the cause was connected in some way with the ship that no one cast an eye on shore. 'It's an earthquake, sir; look ashore!' shouted from the bow an old blue-jacket, who had felt the peculiar sensation before. I looked, and saw a dusty, hazy atmosphere over the town. I could see men, women, and children running hither and thither, and could catch faint cries of distress. Full five minutes had elapsed since the shock, when I heard a peculiar grating noise, and looking over the bow I found the chain sawing on the cut-water, and as taut as a harp-string, full ten fathoms of it being out of the water. On reporting the fact aft, the warp from the quarter which was used to swing the ship broadside to the land-breeze was let go, when we found we were dragging anchor very rapidly, because of the powerful currents, the first effect of the shock. Orders were immediately given to 'veer' chain, and the executive officer ordered the 'stoppers' to be cut. A sailor seized an axe and delivered but a stroke or two, when the tremendous strain broke them, and with the leap of a huge serpent the iron cable ran out of the hawse-pipe with continually increasing velocity, swaying and leap-

ing in its mad career, defying the power of the men at the compressor with their powerful lever to stop it; on and on it dashed, making the vessel's bow rise and fall as it increased in momentum, marking its erratic course with a streak of fire, until coming to the end there was a perceptible rising of the deck, a tremendous jerk, and the heavy fourteen-inch bolt riveted in a solid oak beam was torn out, and the last links connecting the vessel to the anchor went flourishing and wriggling overboard with the rest. We were now adrift at the mercy of the currents.

"An effort was made to man the starboard compressor, so as to check the other anchor when let go; but the men had come on deck and were standing panic-stricken, gazing at the terrible appearance of the sea. A reef had risen off the northern point of the island where but a few minutes before were several fathoms of water. Our vessel advanced towards and receded from the shore with the waters until, as if some great power had raised up the bottom of the bay, the sea rapidly closed in on the town, filling the houses and covering the street running along the beach to a depth of twenty-four feet. Our ship, following the current, took a course towards the southern end of the town, until over the edge of the street it swung her bow towards the north, and was carried along, smashing a frame store-house and breaking down a row of trees.

"By this time the rush of waters was again towards the ocean. We were carried out perhaps five hundred yards from the shore when our vessel grounded, and the water continuing its retreat, she careened over on her beam-ends. The bottom of the roadstead was now visible, nearly bare, for a distance of half a mile beyond us, and that immense body of water which had covered the bay and part of the town was re-forming with the whole Atlantic Ocean as an ally for a tremendous charge upon us and the shore. This was the supreme moment of the catastrophe. As far as the eye could reach to the north and to the south was a high threatening wall of green water. It seemed to pause for a moment as if marshalling its strength, and then on it came in a majestic unbroken column, more awe-inspiring than an army with banners. The suspense was terrible! Our noble vessel seemed as a tiny nutshell to withstand the shock of the mighty rushing Niagara that was advancing upon us. All expected to be engulfed and but few had any hope of surviving. 'Hold fast!' was the cry, as the wave struck the ship with gigantic force, making every timber shiver. The first effect of the blow was to send her over on her starboard beam-ends, which gave the water an opportunity of getting well under her before righting, when she was buoyed to the crest of the wave and carried broadside to the shore, finally landing on the edge of the street in a cradle of rocks that seemed prepared for her reception. Here she rested with her decks inclined at an angle of fifteen degrees. The waters again retreated and assumed such a threatening appearance that our commander, fearing another tidal wave (which would have dashed us against the stone houses or the walls of a Danish fort just ahead

* Mallet's "Third Report on the Facts of Earthquake Phenomena."

of us), gave the order, 'Every man save himself!' In an instant ropes were thrown over the sides, and the crew began sliding down them like spiders, and making for the hills in the rear of the town."

Besides the havoc wrought by the crashing of buildings and the resistless force of earthquake waves, there is another variety of danger arising from earthquakes, which, though rare, is not so very unfrequent. Houses, and even whole villages, have been swallowed up in the earth, and lakes have appeared where habitations formerly stood. Of this class a startling instance has recently been reported from Westphalia. "In the neighbourhood of Solingen," said the account, "not far from Barmen, a part of the soil of a hilly heath became excessively hot, so much so that some people living close by availed themselves of the heat for domestic purposes. The explanation suggested was that some inflammable subterranean gas, or perhaps petroleum, had been accidentally set on fire. Some water had been brought to the spot by an artificial channel; but its contact with the burning soil had only produced violent explosions, which seemed to shatter all the ground around. Yesterday week some persons drove out in a carriage from Remscheid to inspect the spot. When arrived at a distance of about a quarter of an English mile, they heard a strange rumbling noise, which so terrified the horses that they had to alight, and send the carriage back some distance. They walked on, discussing the likelihood of any danger, when suddenly a space of the hill-side about 100 metres square opened, disclosing a gulf of liquid fire, and throwing up flames. The house where the family mentioned above lived was at once surrounded by the flames, and was, before their eyes, swallowed up in the liquid fiery caldron at their feet, apparently feeding the flames. It is known that several persons were in the house at the time; none were saved, but it has not been ascertained how many perished.*"

There is an obvious connection between earthquakes and volcanoes, but what is the precise nature of that connection has not been ascertained. Many volcanic eruptions are accompanied by earthquakes, though on the other hand there are frequent earthquakes which are not accompanied by volcanic outbursts. Although some shocks, more especially the feebler ones, are probably the result of settlements which take place in the crust of the earth, the greater and more awful ones are without a doubt the product of imprisoned force seeking an outlet, and in the case of volcanoes this outlet is obtained through the craters. An innumerable number of extinct volcanoes are known throughout the world. More than three hundred active ones have been enumerated, and if this number were fewer the number of earthquakes would probably be greater.† So far there can be little difference of opinion; but when we inquire what causes these manifestations of subterranean

energy we find that there is scarcely any advance on the knowledge which existed two thousand years ago. Almost that length of time back Lucretius wrote:—

"Now, why the flames break forth—

First, then, this Etna's cave 's a mighty one;
A spacious hollow, and all arched with stone;
This swells with winds, which whirl and tumble there
(For wind is nothing else but troubled air).
When these, by whirling round the arched frame,
Grow hot, and from the flints strike sparks of flame,
Then, proud and furious too, and rising higher,
Break forth at top in smoke and sparks of fire:
By the same force ev'n weighty mountains rise,
And whirling rocks cut through the wounded skies.

But more, this hollow fiery mountain's side
The sea still washes with impetuous tide,
And, passing through the pores, the flame retires,
The pressing waters drive the yielding fires,
And force them out; these raise large clouds of sand,
And scatter stones and ashes o'er the land.
And thus my muse a store of causes brings,
For here, as in a thousand other things,
Though by one single cause th' effect is done,
Yet since 'tis hid a thousand must be shown,
That we may surely hit that single one."

This being put into still plainer language, means: "The cause is obscure, we can only guess at it, and perchance if we make a good many guesses we shall hit the nail on the head."

For long the interior of the earth was supposed to be composed of molten matter. The steady increase in temperature as we descend into mines gives support to this idea, for if it should be maintained at the same rate, which on an average is found to be 1° Faht. for every sixty feet of descent, at about the depth of 9,000 feet we should have the boiling-point of water, and at thirty-five miles a degree of heat which would fuse platinum. In modern times the idea that the earth has a liquid interior and a comparatively thin solid shell has been by some abandoned, and a large variety of speculations have been put out in its place.

Humboldt defined volcanic action to be the influence exerted by the interior of a planet on its external covering during the different stages of refrigeration. Mr. Scrope referred most earthquakes to the snap and jar occasioned by the sudden and violent rupture of solid rock-masses, and perhaps the instantaneous injection into them of molten matter from beneath; and the rise of lava in a volcanic vent, according to him, was occasioned by the expansion of volumes of high-pressure steam, generated in a mass of liquefied and heated matter within or beneath the eruptive orifice. And the latest exposition of opinion on this subject has been that by Mr. Prestwich at the British Association at York. He considers that "the first cause of volcanic action is the welling up of the lava in consequence of pressure due to slight contraction of a portion of the earth's crust. Second, the fluid lava coming into contact with water stored in the crevices of the masses of lava and ashes forming the volcano, the water is at once flashed into steam, giving rise to powerful

* Extracted from the "Times," August 26th, 1841.

† Central and South America and the Eastern Archipelago are the districts containing the largest number. Twelve are known in Kautskas.

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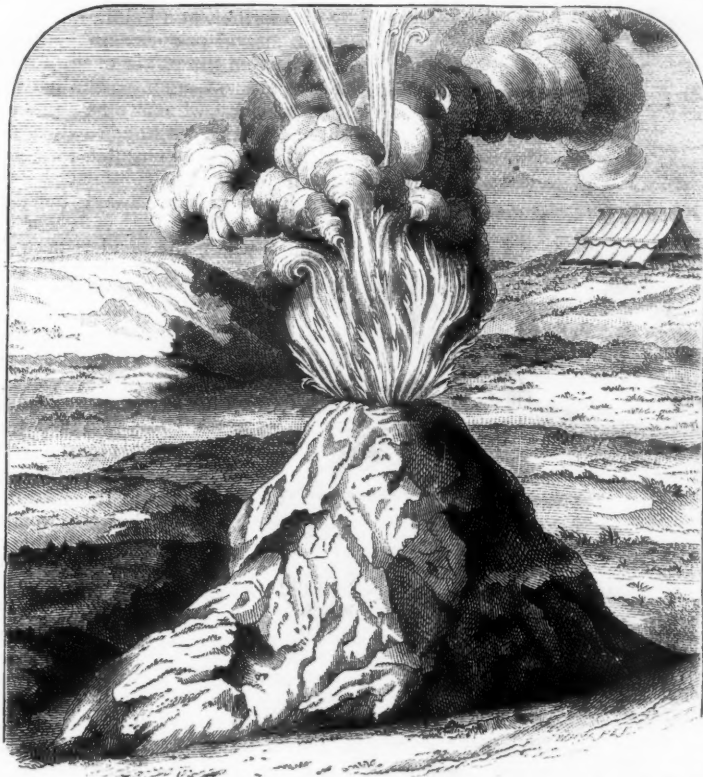
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detonations and explosions." The simple truth is that the various hypotheses which are put out to account for the origin of earthquakes and volcanoes are only so many guesses of various degrees of probability.

We will now return to the region of facts. Mr. Whymper, respecting whose late journey among the Andes of the Equator we recently gave some account (see "Leisure Hour," pp. 16, 65), had, so he expressed it, a burning desire to see to the bottom of the burning mountain Cotopaxi, the loftiest active volcano in the world, and one of

issue in this manner, but in the subjoined narrative it will be observed that Mr. Whymper actually saw flames when he looked down on the interior of the crater. We conclude by giving his relation in his own words.*

Cotopaxi is situated, roughly, north-east from Chimborazo, at a distance of sixty-five miles, and from Quito it bears south-east, distant about thirty-two miles. Three years ago, during the last great eruption, ashes from it fell in Quito to such an extent that it was pitch dark at midday;



COTOPAXI IN ERUPTION IN 1743.

From the Work of Juan and Ulloa.

the most terrible. Although, unlike Vesuvius, Etna, and Hekla, it is not seen from the sea, and lies in a remote part of the world, and is somewhat difficult of access, it has been known for a century past as one of the most prodigious of all volcanoes, and one which has, at intervals, caused the greatest destruction. At the beginning of the last century, when the French and Spanish academicians were engaged near the Equator, in measurement of an arc of meridian, one of its most stupendous convulsions occurred, and a representation of this, which we reproduce with the present article, was published in their work. The part of the mountain they represent is about 10,000 feet high, and they depict flames rising about 7,000 feet above the edge of the crater. Ridicule has often of late years been thrown on the statement that flames

and persons in the streets, in front of their own homes, could not tell where they were. On this occasion, too, there was a great manifestation of heat, flames rose to an enormous height in the air; the snows of the cone rapidly liquefied, and poured down in devastating torrents, which caused rivers fifty miles away to rise sixty or eighty feet above their ordinary height, and in one instance, I am told, carried away a bridge which was 100 feet above the stream. In the village of Chillo, where a cotton factory was established some twenty-five miles from the mountain, the whole place was razed, and the heavy machinery was carried thirty miles down the river. All round the mountain the natives have stories of the tremen-

* Extracted, by permission, from a lecture delivered to the Society of Arts, March 12th, 1851.

legality of the marriage and precautions as to the settlement of her fortune.

"York Courant," March 4, 1742:

"Last week Miss Turner, only daughter of Cholmley Turner, Esq., Member of Parliament for this county, was married to a French gentleman, who is an officer in the Dutch service."

Strange for an English girl to marry a Frenchman at the time when the two countries were at such bitter enmity. Is there not an old proverb which says, "Love laughs at locksmiths"?

From the London letter of the "York Courant," June 18, 1751:

"We are told some overtures have been made towards a marriage between the Prince of Wales, grandson of his Britannic Majesty, and heir-apparent to his crown, and the Princess Wilhelmina Caroline, second daughter of their Danish Majesties, who was born on the 10th July, 1741."

Ten years old and the prince but thirteen; probably the overtures, which resulted in nothing, were made through fear of the lovely Lady Sarah Lennox's influence.

During those turbulent years marriages seem to have been scarce. Between the dates of the two last announcements, '45 to '51, I only find mention of about a dozen, all of them in the highest ranks of life; during '44 there were a considerable number.

"York Courant," July 23, 1751:

"On Tuesday last Mr. Hildyard, an eminent bookseller of this city, was married to Miss Thorpe, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Thorpe, rector of Houghton, near Darlington; an agreeable young lady with a considerable fortune."

"On Thursday last Thomas Beaumont, Esq., of Darfield, was married to Miss Ayscough, a young lady of considerable merit and fortune."

Both instances of young ladies of fortune marrying without "bettering" themselves.

"York Courant," July 7, 1761:

"On the 29th past, Robert Lane, of Bramham Park, Esq., one of our worthy representatives in Parliament, was married by a special licence to the Hon. Miss Bridget Henley, eldest daughter of the Lord High Chancellor, at his lordship's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London; a young lady of great merit, beauty, and fortune. After the ceremony the new-married couple set out for his lordship's seat, near Guildford, in Surrey."

Imagine the term "worthy" as applied to a Lane-Fox nowadays. I should like to see the face of the gallant master of the Bramham hunt if he were dubbed "our worthy" anything!

Here is another "lucky daug."

August 25th, 1761:

"On the 15th inst., at Edinburgh, — Hooper, Esq., to Miss Windmore. As the young lady was several months under age the ceremony could not be performed in England. When she is twenty-one she will have an independent fortune of £60,000."

— Hooper, Esq., has done even better for himself than Sir William and his K.C.B.

Now is not this an interesting announcement?

August 6th, 1765:

"One Geohagan, an Irish beggar in St. Giles's, to one Honor Sullivan, a countrywoman of his own, who has saved near £500 in the same reputable employment. What renders the circumstance rather extraordinary is that this amiable

couple are each near 70, and have each a pair of wooden legs."

What an odd mixture of childlike simplicity and imperturbation they had in those days. They have the innocence to inform us of the nationality of a pair bearing the names of Geohagan and Sullivan, and they term the facts of their being near seventy years old and having *each* a pair of wooden legs *rather* extraordinary! What a startling combination would have been necessary to arouse them into a verdict of "very surprising."

January 13, 1767:

"On Wednesday last was married at St. James's, Westminster, Mr. Garencieres, jun., an eminent apothecary of this city (York), to Miss Wade, eldest daughter of the late — Wade, Esq., of Greville Street, Hatton Garden, an amiable and accomplished young lady with a handsome fortune."

It is surprising to notice how almost invariable is the rule, that the advantages are on the husband's side; only one instance, as yet, have I met with to the contrary. After carefully looking over papers from '44 to '68, the following is the only one, in which any advantage to the wife is mentioned, and even in this case she keeps a very fair balance.

April 26th, 1768:

"At Sheffield, in Yorkshire, Samuel Turner, Esq., a gentleman possessed of an immense fortune, to Miss Peggy Burton, an agreeable young lady with a fortune of £12,000."

Mostly the announcements are in this strain:

"Last week Mr. Joseph Mande, of Sunderland, was married to Miss Holmes, of Kendal, a young lady of fine accomplishments, with a fortune of £10,000."

Not a word about him; apparently he condescended to marry Miss Holmes and her £10,000, and there was nothing more to be said. Perhaps she was not good-looking; probably they would have told us had she been so. Perhaps a hundred and thirteen years ago the men were more mercenary than they are now, and the women less so. Nowadays if a man be as ugly as—but let me get on with my illustrations. Here is a refreshing instance of a disinterested union:

"Yesterday se'night was married in Great Ouseburn Church, Mann Horsfield, of Thorpe Green, Esq., to Mrs. Cass, widow of Richard Cass, of Ouseburn, Esq."

Cass is still the great name in that loveliest of fair Yorkshire villages.

Oh! ye eighteenth-century maidens, here is a touch which brings you *en rapport* with the present time, proof positive that you were, to use a homely phrase, "up to a trick or two."

July 26, 1768:

"On Wednesday, came to be tried before the above judge (the Hon. Sir Henry Gould, Knt.) and a special jury, a cause wherein a young lady of New Malton, in this county (Yorkshire), was plaintiff, and an eminent attorney of the same place defendant, for non-performance of a promise of marriage, when the prosecutor, proving her case to the satisfaction of the court, and the defendant having no defence to make, a verdict was given for the plaintiff with £600 damages."

It looks very much as if the eminent attorney wanted to be off his bargain at any price; if so, he was a wise man, and chose the lesser of two evils.

I found the next most interesting of any, though, as I am utterly ignorant of the marriage customs of Jews, I cannot say how far it agrees with or differs from a Jewish marriage of the present day.

Cambridge, December 29, 1769 :

"Last Wednesday was married Mr. Emanuel Moses to Miss Elkin, daughter to Mr. Elkin, an eminent Jew merchant [do they mean a merchant of Jews?] of this town. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a great number of persons, in the following manner: The bridegroom, preceded by a band of music, was led by his friends and placed under a silk canopy; after which came the bride, veiled, with her attendants, preceded also by music. She was led three times round the bridegroom, for the same reason that we are asked three times in the church; after which, the Rev. Mr. Franklyn, the Jew rabbi, read the certificate aloud, and also the marriage ceremony in Hebrew, the bridegroom at the same time putting the ring on the finger of the bride, and each then tasted out of a glass of wine. Then followed several Hebrew psalms, and the whole ended with the bridegroom's throwing the drinking-glass on the floor and breaking it, signifying that as that could never be made whole again, so the holy state they have entered into should never be dissolved."

In another paper we read :

"— Gilbert, Esq., was married to Miss Phillips, the young lady who had the first £10,000 prize in the late lottery, which ticket was made her a present of by the above gentleman."

"— Gilbert, Esq.," it is evident, wished the world at large to know that he had not been actuated by mercenary motives. What a scene there must have been!

In the same paper is an instance of feminine fickleness :

"On Thursday morning happened an extraordinary occurrence. A gentleman and gentlewoman had agreed to marry; the place (St. Luke's Church) and the hour were fixed; the ring and licence procured; the dinner prepared; the company came to conduct the bride to the church. But, when the gentleman desired her to step into the coach, she flatly refused, and told him 'she did not intend to marry!'"

This is from the "St. James's Chronicle," Nov. 19, 1767, an instance of the businesslike manner in which the keen Yorkshire tykes look at the marriage contract—somehow these Northern folk have a wonderful eye to the main chance :

"Last week was married at Aldbro', the Reverend Mr. Goodricke, Prebendary of York, to Miss Ann Harland, daughter of the late Philip Harland, Esq., of Sutton, in the county of York, with a fortune of £15,000."

But surely this is refreshing, and looks well for the gay and gallant red-coats.

"General Evening Post" (London), March 5th, 1765 :

"Last Thursday was married, at Coventry, Charles Veaitch, Esq., major of the 67th Regiment of Foot, to Miss Sally Higgins, a lady endowed with every accomplishment to make the marriage state happy."

The gallant major was not one of your half-hearted sort of fellows. This is startling :

"On Thursday last was married, at the parish church of Mirfield, an eminent apothecary of Huddersfield, aged sixty-seven, to an agreeable widow lady of Hopton, in the first-mentioned parish, aged eighty-seven. This is her fourth husband, and she has still most of the accomplishments necessary to render the marriage state happy."

Had the old lady got a little deaf, or was

her voice cracked? Evidently she was a delightful old lady, possibly such another as the first wife of the Rev. Robert Hawker, of Morwenstow, who was forty years his senior, and died considerably upwards of eighty, leaving him almost heart-broken for her loss, till he consoled himself with a lady more than sixty years younger.

Fancy a man having two wives in whose ages was a difference of over sixty years! It is almost incredible, only I can vouch for the truth of it.

It is such an odd thing, this marrying and giving in marriage; it is like the rheumatism, one cannot tell how nor when it will besiege us. Here is an account of a Lancashire witch whom it seems to have attacked in an unfair way.

"Leeds Intelligencer," September, 1765 :

"By a letter from Lancashire we learn that a lady in that county, with a fortune of £1,500 a year, lately married her steward. What renders the circumstance extraordinary is that the bridegroom is by no means an Adonis, and has four daughters considerably older than his present wife."

From what I have seen of Lancashire folks I should say they never were and never will be half as quick-witted as their Yorkshire neighbours. Here is a story from the same paper, hailing from Green Hammerton, one of the loveliest villages I was ever in, with a green like velvet, all overshadowed by great drooping trees. Truly, it deserves its name :

"An old farmer here in this neighbourhood, between seventy and eighty, who has been blind and supported by crutches these nine years, was lately foolish enough to fall in love with a young wench of eighteen. The girl, being pre-engaged to a young suitor, gave no encouragement to his addresses, and treated the amorous dotard for some time with great cruelty, upon which he very politely changed his battery, and endeavoured to prevail upon the girl's parents to exert their influence over her. This seemed to promise success, and matters went on swimmingly, as the old fellow thought. At length, with much apparent coyness, the girl consented to name the happy day. When it arrived the bridegroom was led to the altar, little dreaming the cheat that was to be put upon him, for the girl, who had never really consented to the match, had got an old woman, who had long nursed him, and borne with his peevish humours for very little recompense, to take him by the hand, while she (the girl) repeated the woman's part. In short, the fraud was not discovered till the end of the ceremony, when the bridegroom, in saluting the bride, was surprised to find a pair of lips almost as bristly as his own. Imagining he had made a mistake, he called out, with great earnestness, 'Where's my dear Jenny?' But guess his surprise and mortification at being informed of the truth. He hobbled out of church, coughing and swearing he would be revenged upon them all for a pack of rogues and cheats.

"The affair has caused much diversion in this country, and people are much divided in their opinion of the match. Some say, as the girl repeated the woman's part, she is the person properly married; others think that, as the ring was put upon the old woman's finger, she is legally the bride; and, indeed, all agree that the saddle is on the right horse, and the old curmudgeon properly treated."

What could the clergyman have been thinking about, and in whose name were banns or licence taken out? But there, let us give him the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps he was deaf.

Here is an amusing calculation taken from the same paper.

"We are advised from Workington that two widow ladies (sisters) there, who have each had three husbands, have each only one daughter living. The daughter of the elder has had two husbands, and is now a widow, and the daughter of the younger is married to her third husband, so that they have

had eleven husbands among them. Three of 'em are widows at present, and 'tis believed they will shortly marry again."

I wonder if any envious spins of Workington declared a law should be passed to prevent women from marrying *more* than three times?

Leeds, June 10th, 1766:

"We hear from Kendal that last week a gentleman in that neighbourhood, possessed of six or seven hundred a year, eloped with his housemaid and has not since returned."

They must have been dreadful people up in that quarter, for in the September of the same year appears the following:

A few days ago a young couple came to church at Threlkeld, near Keswick, in Cumberland, to be married, attended by a number of their friends, they having had their banns published before; and during the ceremony, when the parson came to that part where he asks, 'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?' another girl of the same town stepped boldly up to him and made a claim of and asserted her prior right to the bridegroom in such a striking and convincing manner that the parson stopped in proceeding with the ceremony. The young fellow was all confusion and stood aghast, while the young woman, with great composure, gave up her right and thanked her rival for the discovery, very politely took her leave and went home, thinking herself quite happy in breaking off a connection that might have involved her in a life of misery."

How well two old proverbs fit this case—"Men were deceivers ever," and "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

Leeds, May 27th, 1767:

"Last week two couples from the South were married at Gretna Green in the North. One of the ladies, aged only fifteen, and said to be a nobleman's daughter, stole from a boarding-school, and will have a fortune of £500 a year. She objected to being married in a private house, and was, with much ado, prevailed upon to comply at the time, crying out, 'Oh! must I be married in such a shabby place?' The parson, however, from this demur, took the hint to raise his price, and would not marry them under ten guineas."

Sensible man that—a very neat mode of taking the tide at the flood! Here is another runaway couple.

Leeds, November, 1767:

"On Sunday morning a gentleman and lady, who were pursuing their journey to Scotland, on a matrimonial expedition, were overtaken by the young lady's guardian, near Stamford in Lincolnshire, when the gallant, in despair at the prospect of losing his mistress, or perhaps her fortune, presented a blunderbuss at him, which had such an effect upon his antagonist that he thought proper to turn back, leaving the happy pair to proceed on their business without further molestation."

Next comes a young lady who richly deserved a whipping.

London, July 23, 1768:

"A young lady of immense fortune eloped on Sunday last with her father's French valet. As they were last seen in a post-chaise—no, chariot is the term—on Shooter's Hill, it is conjectured that they were bound for France."

"On Monday the chambermaid of a lady near Cavendish Square died of poison, which she had taken on account of a love-affair with a gentleman in that neighbourhood."

That needs no comment; 'tis an old, old story!

As far as marriages are concerned I have come to the end of my volume. In another article I propose to give some of the curious advertisements of those times.

Sayings of President Garfield.

I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim.

If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.

It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow that it finds solace in unselfish thought.

It has been fortunate that most of our greatest men have left no descendants to shine in the borrowed lustre of a great name.

The granite hills are not so changeless and abiding as the restless sea.

In their struggle with the forces of nature, the ability to labour was the richest patrimony of the colonists.

Coercion is the basis of every law in the universe—human or Divine. A law is no law without coercion behind it.

For the noblest man who lives there still remains a conflict.

We hold reunions, not for the dead, for there is nothing in all the earth that you and I can do for the dead. They are past our help and past our praise. We can add to them no glory, we can give to them no immortality. They do not need us, but for ever and for evermore we need them.

Heroes did not make our liberties, but they reflected and illustrated them.

After all, territory is but the body of a nation. The people who inhabit its hills and valleys are its soul, its spirit, its life. In them dwells its hope of immortality. Among them, if anywhere, are to be found its chief elements of destruction.

It matters little what may be the forms of national institutions if the life, freedom, and growth of society are secured.

It is as much the duty of all good men to protect and defend the reputation of worthy public servants as to detect public rascals.

Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing.

If you are not too large for the place you are too small for it.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them you must buckle them to your own heels.

Great ideas travel slowly and for a time noiselessly, as the gods whose feet were shod with wool.

What the arts are to the world of matter, literature is to the world of mind.

History is but the unrolled scroll of prophecy.

The world's history is a divine poem of which the history of every nation is a canto and every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and though there have been mingled the discords of warring cannon and dying men, yet to the Christian, philosopher, and historian—the humble listener—there has been a divine melody running through the song which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come.

Light itself is a great corrective. A thousand wrongs and abuses that are grown in darkness disappear like owls and bats before the light of day.

Liberty can be safe only when suffrage is illuminated by education.

Parties have an organic life and spirit of their own, an individuality and character which outlive the men who compose them; and the spirit and traditions of a party should be considered in determining their fitness for managing the affairs of the nation.

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Growth is better than permanence, and permanent growth is better than all.

Ideas are the great warriors of the world, and a war that has no ideas behind it is simply brutality.

The flowers that bloom over the garden wall of party politics are the sweetest and most fragrant that bloom in the gardens of this world.

Finally, our great hope for the future—our great safeguard against danger—is to be found in the general and thorough education of our people, and in the virtue which accompanies such education.

ASCENT OF COTOPAXI.

WITH REMARKS ON EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.



Your obedient servant
Edward Whymper.

AT first sight, when we consider the enormous importance of earthquakes to the whole human race, it appears strange that so little is known about them, especially respecting their origin; but a little consideration will show that this is not remarkable, and that the difficulties in the way of making exact observations respecting them are very great, and that those of determining their origin are well-nigh insuperable.

Earthquakes are at their longest only momentary affairs. Their shocks generally occur in a single instant, and seldom are prolonged through many

hours. The time of their occurrence cannot be predicted; and, even if the exact moment were known beforehand at which any earthquake would occur, it would require rare powers of observation to notice much with precision during the time it was taking place, and a still rarer philosophy to observe with calmness whilst the earth was opening, and perhaps swallowing up the possessions of the observer. No wonder that accurate observations upon earthquakes are scarce, and that such as have been made are often discordant and sometimes contradictory.

In the case of volcanoes, it is even more easy to understand—if the facts are properly presented—why there are so few good descriptions of great eruptions. During any really great eruption clouds of smoke and steam are generally emitted, frequently accompanied by earthquake shocks; and these clouds of steam and smoke—smoke composed of particles of volcanic ash, which is actually fragments of fused rock in a finely-divided state—spread out in all directions (naturally, principally to leeward of the volcano), and in a very short time shut out the eruption from the view of the spectator. It is a perfectly well-established fact that, during great eruptions, clouds have poured out in such tremendous volumes as to produce total darkness at the distance of thirty to forty miles from the volcano. The whole air, even at this distance, becomes so charged with ash, to so great a height above the earth, that many hours elapse before it ceases to fall. During this time the eruption may be progressing, but is sure to be invisible; and when the air clears again it is all over.

There is scarcely a part of the world in which earthquakes do not occur, and from geological evidence it is certain that they have taken place, at one or another time, in every known region of the earth. As the various parts of the globe are brought into closer relationship with each other, so do reports multiply of the occurrence of earthquakes; and if this were not taken into account it would seem that in these latter times they are becoming more and more frequent. Within the last few weeks they have been reported from Nottinghamshire, Ireland, Italy, Dalmatia, Germany, the Mediterranean, New Zealand, and many other parts. Records are now kept of all that occur, and Dr. Fuchs, one of the most painstaking of compilers, said, in 1878, that he found the annual average for the thirteen preceding years amounted to no less than 109. In some parts they occur with extraordinary frequency; in the Philippine Islands, for example, there were forty-one earthquakes in 1876, and in the Morea 100 shocks have been known to occur in a year and a quarter. Many of these are, of course, only very slight affairs, dangerous principally to chimneys, which are amongst the first things to suffer. In the earthquake last reported from New Zealand it was stated that in the district where they occurred scarcely a chimney was left standing, and this was termed a "severe" earthquake; but from the studies of Mr. Milne, who has devoted himself to the investigation of these matters in Japan, it is known that a lateral movement of the earth to the extent of a single inch, and even less, will upset chimneys, and the probability therefore is, as no lives were lost, that the shock on this occasion was not very terrible. But in words it is scarcely possible to convey an idea of the appalling nature of a really severe earthquake. In the twinkling of an eye the most massive buildings are overthrown, vast fissures open, and thousands perish. Such terrible calamities are fortunately of comparatively rare occurrence, though they happen occasionally in every quarter of the globe.

Neglecting the most recent ones, there was one in Candia, which destroyed 2,000 persons in 1810;

another in Kutch (N. India), which killed about the same number in 1819; in 1871, one in Western China, in which 2,300 lives were lost; and another in China in 1817, with 2,800 perishing. In 1796 there was an earthquake in Asia Minor, which cost the lives of 1,500 persons; and another in Syria in 1837, which extended into Galilee, destroying 3,500. There were still more formidable ones in China in 1830, in which 6,000 to 7,000 persons were believed to have been killed in Canton alone; and another in Algeria, in which the loss of life was variously estimated at 7,000 to 15,000. In 1822, during a series of shocks, 20,000 persons are known to have perished at Aleppo; in 1797 and 1868 about 40,000 and 50,000 lives were lost in Ecuador; in 1793 it is said that 53,000 were killed in a single earthquake in Japan; and in 1755 it is known that about 60,000 were destroyed at Lisbon. This dismal catalogue might be extended so as to fill a whole part of the "Leisure Hour," for thousands of instances are known in which earthquakes have caused loss of life; but a sufficient number has been quoted to show that they occur in every quarter of the globe—alike in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

In certain parts, where earthquakes are frequent, such as the West Indies and the Pacific coast of South America, no attention would be given to such slight shocks as are chronicled as earthquakes in Europe.* Familiarity has not bred contempt, very far from it; but it has to some extent taught how the danger can be avoided, and one of the recognised maxims is, Look to your doors and windows at the first symptoms of an earthquake, and see that they are not jammed tight; for it is perfectly well known that the greater part of the loss of life arises through the collapse of buildings. In earthquake countries, if possible, at the first alarm all the people rush out into the streets and open spaces, and remain out of doors until the panic is over; but, as earthquakes not unfrequently occur during the night, this is not always possible, and much of the destruction of the worst catastrophes has been due to their having occurred when every one has been wrapt in slumber. This was the case in Ecuador, in 1868. The shocks occurred near midnight, and in several towns, each containing 5,000 to 6,000 persons, very few escaped.

Modern research has brought out the fact that the actual movement of the earth's surface during earthquakes is very slight. During a very severe one the lateral motion may not be more than a few inches.† Yet this is sufficient to overturn

* Captain Basil Hall says, in his "Journal," that he asked a lady living on the coast of Chih if "there had been an earthquake lately." "No," she answered, "not for some time; I really do not think I have felt one myself for three days. Somebody said there was one last night, but I knew nothing of it." On putting the same question to another person present, he said they had not experienced one since April—meaning, as I discovered, April, 1810, two years and a half before, not conceiving that we could possibly take any interest in such petty shocks as would not demolish a town. An old man in company, however, seeing that we had been misunderstood, explained that it was a long time since they had felt a shock of any consequence, and upon our pressing him closely to say what he considered a long time, replied, "At least a month."

† This cannot, however, be always the case. Sir W. Hamilton says, in his "Observations," published in 1773, that peasants in Italy told him that during some shocks the motion of the earth was so violent that the heads of the largest trees almost reached the ground from side to side.

the most massive buildings, to level whole towns to the ground, and on the seacoast to set in movement earthquake waves, which, alternately advancing and receding, are another important element of danger. Much of the loss of life which was caused during the memorable earthquake of Lisbon, was through the sea sweeping over the land; and ships of large tonnage have often been carried far inland by waves so generated, and have been left high and dry (sometimes almost uninjured) as much as a mile inland. In 1828, in an earthquake which occurred on the coast of Peru, those on board the ship *Volant*, lying in the harbour of Callao, heard a noise like distant thunder, and then came a shock, compared to jolting over a rough road in an ill-constructed cart, or to the vessel striking upon rocks or sandbanks. The water, which was twenty-five fathoms deep, hissed and boiled as if red-hot iron had been thrown into it, and the surface was covered with bubbles of gas of a sulphurous odour, and quantities of dead fish. The sea had been quite clear, but was now disturbed and muddy. The ship swung about, and on weighing anchor the chain cable of one of the anchors was found to be half melted in a considerable part of its length, the links being drawn out also lengthways.*

One of the best accounts which has been given of experiences on board ship during an earthquake has been published recently by an American who was on a man-of-war which was stranded in the West Indies. He says: "Our vessel began to quiver and rock as if a mighty giant had got hold of her and was trying to loosen every timber in her frame. Officers and men ran pell-mell on deck to ascertain the cause of such a phenomenon. The vibration continued, perhaps, the space of a minute, accompanied by a buzzing noise, somewhat like the draught of a smelting furnace or the hum of innumerable swarms of bees. So certain were we that the cause was connected in some way with the ship that no one cast an eye on shore. 'It's an earthquake, sir; look ashore!' shouted from the bow an old blue-jacket, who had felt the peculiar sensation before. I looked, and saw a dusty, hazy atmosphere over the town. I could see men, women, and children running hither and thither, and could catch faint cries of distress. Full five minutes had elapsed since the shock, when I heard a peculiar grating noise, and looking over the bow I found the chain sawing on the cut-water, and as taut as a harp-string, full ten fathoms of it being out of the water. On reporting the fact aft, the warp from the quarter which was used to swing the ship broadside to the land-breeze was let go, when we found we were dragging anchor very rapidly, because of the powerful currents, the first effect of the shock. Orders were immediately given to 'veer' chain, and the executive officer ordered the 'stoppers' to be cut. A sailor seized an axe and delivered but a stroke or two, when the tremendous strain broke them, and with the leap of a huge serpent the iron cable ran out of the hawse-pipe with continually increasing velocity, swaying and leap-

ing in its mad career, defying the power of the men at the compressor with their powerful lever to stop it; on and on it dashed, making the vessel's bow rise and fall as it increased in momentum, marking its erratic course with a streak of fire, until coming to the end there was a perceptible rising of the deck, a tremendous jerk, and the heavy fourteen-inch bolt riveted in a solid oak beam was torn out, and the last links connecting the vessel to the anchor went flourishing and wriggling overboard with the rest. We were now adrift at the mercy of the currents.

"An effort was made to man the starboard compressor, so as to check the other anchor when let go; but the men had come on deck and were standing panic-stricken, gazing at the terrible appearance of the sea. A reef had risen off the northern point of the island where but a few minutes before were several fathoms of water. Our vessel advanced towards and receded from the shore with the waters until, as if some great power had raised up the bottom of the bay, the sea rapidly closed in on the town, filling the houses and covering the street running along the beach to a depth of twenty-four feet. Our ship, following the current, took a course towards the southern end of the town, until over the edge of the street it swung her bow towards the north, and was carried along, smashing a frame store-house and breaking down a row of trees.

"By this time the rush of waters was again towards the ocean. We were carried out perhaps five hundred yards from the shore when our vessel grounded, and the water continuing its retreat, she careened over on her beam-ends. The bottom of the roadstead was now visible, nearly bare, for a distance of half a mile beyond us, and that immense body of water which had covered the bay and part of the town was re-forming with the whole Atlantic Ocean as an ally for a tremendous charge upon us and the shore. This was the supreme moment of the catastrophe. As far as the eye could reach to the north and to the south was a high threatening wall of green water. It seemed to pause for a moment as if marshalling its strength, and then on it came in a majestic unbroken column, more awe-inspiring than an army with banners. The suspense was terrible! Our noble vessel seemed as a tiny nutshell to withstand the shock of the mighty rushing Niagara that was advancing upon us. All expected to be engulfed and but few had any hope of surviving. 'Hold fast!' was the cry, as the wave struck the ship with gigantic force, making every timber shiver. The first effect of the blow was to send her over on her starboard beam-ends, which gave the water an opportunity of getting well under her before righting, when she was buoyed to the crest of the wave and carried broadside to the shore, finally landing on the edge of the street in a cradle of rocks that seemed prepared for her reception. Here she rested with her decks inclined at an angle of fifteen degrees. The waters again retreated and assumed such a threatening appearance that our commander, fearing another tidal wave (which would have dashed us against the stone houses or the walls of a Danish fort just ahead

* Mallet's "Third Report on the Facts of Earthquake Phenomena."

of us), gave the order, 'Every man save himself!' In an instant ropes were thrown over the sides, and the crew began sliding down them like spiders, and making for the hills in the rear of the town."

Besides the havoc wrought by the crashing of buildings and the resistless force of earthquake waves, there is another variety of danger arising from earthquakes, which, though rare, is not so very unfrequent. Houses, and even whole villages, have been swallowed up in the earth, and lakes have appeared where habitations formerly stood. Of this class a startling instance has recently been reported from Westphalia. "In the neighbourhood of Solingen," said the account, "not far from Barmen, a part of the soil of a hilly heath became excessively hot, so much so that some people living close by availed themselves of the heat for domestic purposes. The explanation suggested was that some inflammable subterranean gas, or perhaps petroleum, had been accidentally set on fire. Some water had been brought to the spot by an artificial channel; but its contact with the burning soil had only produced violent explosions, which seemed to shatter all the ground around. Yesterday week some persons drove out in a carriage from Remscheid to inspect the spot. When arrived at a distance of about a quarter of an English mile, they heard a strange rumbling noise, which so terrified the horses that they had to alight, and send the carriage back some distance. They walked on, discussing the likelihood of any danger, when suddenly a space of the hill-side about 100 metres square opened, disclosing a gulf of liquid fire, and throwing up flames. The house where the family mentioned above lived was at once surrounded by the flames, and was, before their eyes, swallowed up in the liquid fiery caldron at their feet, apparently feeding the flames. It is known that several persons were in the house at the time; none were saved, but it has not been ascertained how many perished."*

There is an obvious connection between earthquakes and volcanoes, but what is the precise nature of that connection has not been ascertained. Many volcanic eruptions are accompanied by earthquakes, though on the other hand there are frequent earthquakes which are not accompanied by volcanic outbursts. Although some shocks, more especially the feebler ones, are probably the result of settlements which take place in the crust of the earth, the greater and more awful ones are without a doubt the product of imprisoned force seeking an outlet, and in the case of volcanoes this outlet is obtained through the craters. An innumerable number of extinct volcanoes are known throughout the world. More than three hundred active ones have been enumerated, and if this number were fewer the number of earthquakes would probably be greater.† So far there can be little difference of opinion; but when we inquire what causes these manifestations of subterranean

energy we find that there is scarcely any advance on the knowledge which existed two thousand years ago. Almost that length of time back Lucretius wrote:—

"Now, why the flames break forth—

First, then, this Etna's cave's a mighty one;
A spacious hollow, and all arched with stone;
This swells with winds, which whirl and tumble there
(For wind is nothing else but troubled air).
When these, by whirling round the arched frame,
Grow hot, and from the flints strike sparks of flame,
Then, proud and furious too, and rising higher,
Break forth at top in smoke and sparks of fire:
By the same force ev'n weighty mountains rise,
And whirling rocks cut through the wounded skies.

But more, this hollow fiery mountain's side
The sea still washes with impetuous tide,
And, passing through the pores, the flame retires,
The pressing waters drive the yielding fires,
And force them out; these raise large clouds of sand,
And scatter stones and ashes o'er the land.
And thus my muse a store of causes brings,
For here, as in a thousand other things,
Though by one single cause th' effect is done,
Yet since 'tis hid a thousand must be shown,
That we may surely hit that single one."

This being put into still plainer language, means: "The cause is obscure, we can only guess at it, and perchance if we make a good many guesses we shall hit the nail on the head."

For long the interior of the earth was supposed to be composed of molten matter. The steady increase in temperature as we descend into mines gives support to this idea, for if it should be maintained at the same rate, which on an average is found to be 1° Faht. for every sixty feet of descent, at about the depth of 9,000 feet we should have the boiling-point of water, and at thirty-five miles a degree of heat which would fuse platinum. In modern times the idea that the earth has a liquid interior and a comparatively thin solid shell has been by some abandoned, and a large variety of speculations have been put out in its place.

Humboldt defined volcanic action to be the influence exerted by the interior of a planet on its external covering during the different stages of refrigeration. Mr. Scrope referred most earthquakes to the snap and jar occasioned by the sudden and violent rupture of solid rock-masses, and perhaps the instantaneous injection into them of molten matter from beneath; and the rise of lava in a volcanic vent, according to him, was occasioned by the expansion of volumes of high-pressure steam, generated in a mass of liquefied and heated matter within or beneath the eruptive orifice. And the latest exposition of opinion on this subject has been that by Mr. Prestwich at the British Association at York. He considers that "the first cause of volcanic action is the welling up of the lava in consequence of pressure due to slight contraction of a portion of the earth's crust. Second, the fluid lava coming into contact with water stored in the crevices of the masses of lava and ashes forming the volcano, the water is at once flashed into steam, giving rise to powerful

* Extracted from the "Times," August 26th, 1881.

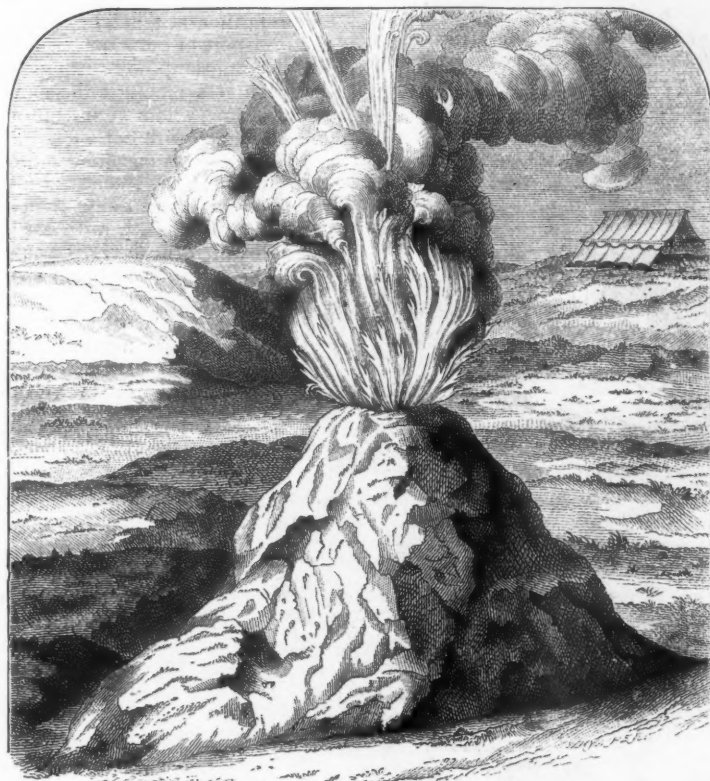
† Central and South America and the Eastern Archipelago are the districts containing the largest number. Twelve are known in Kamtchatka.

detonations and explosions." The simple truth is that the various hypotheses which are put out to account for the origin of earthquakes and volcanoes are only so many guesses of various degrees of probability.

We will now return to the region of facts. Mr. Whymper, respecting whose late journey among the Andes of the Equator we recently gave some account (see "Leisure Hour," pp. 16, 65), had, so he expressed it, a burning desire to see to the bottom of the burning mountain Cotopaxi, the loftiest active volcano in the world, and one of

issue in this manner, but in the subjoined narrative it will be observed that Mr. Whymper actually saw flames when he looked down on the interior of the crater. We conclude by giving his relation in his own words.*

Cotopaxi is situated, roughly, north-east from Chimborazo, at a distance of sixty-five miles, and from Quito it bears south-east, distant about thirty-two miles. Three years ago, during the last great eruption, ashes from it fell in Quito to such an extent that it was pitch dark at midday;



COTOPAXI IN ERUPTION IN 1743.

From the Work of Juan and Ulloa.

the most terrible. Although, unlike Vesuvius, Etna, and Hekla, it is not seen from the sea, and lies in a remote part of the world, and is somewhat difficult of access, it has been known for a century past as one of the most prodigious of all volcanoes, and one which has, at intervals, caused the greatest destruction. At the beginning of the last century, when the French and Spanish academicians were engaged near the Equator, in measurement of an arc of meridian, one of its most stupendous convulsions occurred, and a representation of this, which we reproduce with the present article, was published in their work. The part of the mountain they represent is about 10,000 feet high, and they depict flames rising about 7,000 feet above the edge of the crater. Ridicule has often of late years been thrown on the statement that flames

and persons in the streets, in front of their own homes, could not tell where they were. On this occasion, too, there was a great manifestation of heat, flames rose to an enormous height in the air; the snows of the cone rapidly liquefied, and poured down in devastating torrents, which caused rivers fifty miles away to rise sixty or eighty feet above their ordinary height, and in one instance, I am told, carried away a bridge which was 100 feet above the stream. In the village of Chillo, where a cotton factory was established some twenty-five miles from the mountain, the whole place was razed, and the heavy machinery was carried thirty miles down the river. All round the mountain the natives have stories of the tremen-

* Extracted, by permission, from a lecture delivered to the Society of Arts, March 9th, 1881.

dous ravages which occasionally occur. The general opinion seems to be, that the periods of greatest activity are always preceded by periods of unusual repose. In short, the same may be said of it as is said of children, when it is quiet it is sure to be in mischief.

During my enforced stay at Machachi, through the illness of Louis Carrel, I was in the immediate neighbourhood of this mountain, and had abundant opportunities of studying its behaviour. It was unusually tranquil; and although fretting and fuming, and giving an occasional growl, it con-

joyed. So far as one could judge by examination with the telescope, it did not appear that we should be able to find a reasonably protected place on the all but naked final cone; and so, in addition to the troubles which were likely to occur from living at great altitudes, we had the chance of being blown up by the mountain, or of being blown away by the wind.

All our arrangements were carefully matured, and we started from Machachi on February 14th, passing at first through the small hamlet of Pedregal, then turning to the south, and then up a ridge of the mountain, which descends towards the west, and encamped, when the mules could go no farther, at a height of about 15,000 feet. As the transport of our camp equipage to the summit was beyond the power of the Carrels, I had called for volunteers amongst the natives of Machachi, and six came, whom we now proceeded to dress up in accordance with our views of propriety, for the native dress is as unsuited to mountaineering as it can well be. It commences with a straw hat, which always blows away; then a woollen poncho, a variety of blanket, with a slit in the middle, through which the head is passed. This is sure to fly up in your face at critical moments. Then the alpagartos, or string shoes, although not unsuited for ordinary use, are totally insufficient for snow or rock-work. The rest of their attire is of the most flimsy description.

On the 16th we sent up a first instalment of our things to the foot of the final cone, but the weather was very bad on both that and on the following day, and I did not go up till the 18th. The view from our camp extended over a large expanse of country, cut up by cracks and fissures in every direction, covered with cinders and blocks of lava. It is somewhat curious that although the neighbourhood, for at least six or seven miles in all directions, was covered with lumps of scoriæ, which, from the manner in which they were dotted about, appeared to have been ejected from the crater, I could not learn that the fall of a single considerable block had ever been witnessed; but on the contrary, the natives generally seemed inclined to ridicule the idea that they had been

thrown out; yet in respect to fire, water, and ashes, every one had something to say, and they generally concurred in stating that flames were frequently seen to rise above the rim of the crater, even when lava was not flowing, and ashes were not being ejected.

On the morning of the 18th, we started before



THE CRATER OF COTOPAXI.

"When night had fairly set in, we went up to view the interior."

ducted itself on the whole in a quiet, well-behaved manner. I soon remarked that during the night much less smoke or vapour came away from the crater than during the day, and this led me to conclude that if we could pass a night on the summit, we should be able to see to the bottom of the crater, a sight which no one had hitherto en-

daybreak, and in six and a half hours arrived at the edge of the crater. We had so far improved in condition, that, when between 18,000 and 19,000 feet, we went up 360 steps without stopping, and only halted then because our Machachi men were tired. The ascent cannot be said to present any mountaineering difficulties. We passed almost the whole way over snow up to the foot of the final cone, and then over ash mixed with ice. This final cone is the steepest part of the ascent, and on our side presented an almost continuous angle of 36 degrees.

We deposited the tent and other matters 250 feet from the edge, and then hurried up to peer into the unknown. Vast quantities of smoke and vapour were boiling up, and we only saw at intervals a portion of the opposite side, the bottom being invisible. We then returned to make a place for the tent, with the assistance of the natives, and when this was done, sent them back to the first camp, and the Carrels and I remained alone. The camp was necessarily established on the outside of the final cone, which, at this part, was entirely composed of ash. This was very warm to the touch, and was so exceedingly loose as to render it a matter of much trouble to fix the tent ropes securely. High wind springing up while we were encamping, we carried out four additional ropes, and attached them to the largest stones we could bury in the ashes. We then rigged up a rope as a sort of handrail, from the tent to the immediate edge of the crater, from which it was distant about 250 feet.

We had scarcely completed our preparations when a violent squall arose, which threatened to carry our whole establishment away. The poles bent and quivered, and the ropes dragged at and loosened their attachments. During an hour it was a question whether the tent would weather the storm. But the squall passed away as suddenly as it arose, and for the rest of our stay we were not much troubled by wind.

While this was going on there was another cause for alarm. A great smell of india-rubber commenced to arise; and on putting my hand to the floor of the tent, I found that it was on the point of melting. On placing a maximum thermometer on the floor it rose to 110° . As my feet did not feel at all warm, I then tried the temperature of the other side of the tent, and found it was only 50° , and in the middle it was 72° . Outside, it was intensely cold, and in the night there was a minimum of 13° shown by the thermometer on the tent cord; so that we had the extraordinary experience of having 110° close under our heads, while only six feet above us there was 19° of frost.

At intervals of about half an hour the crater regularly blew off steam. No stones were ejected, or at least none were observed. The steam appeared to be very pure. It rose in a jet with great violence, from the bottom of the crater, and boiled over the edge, continually enveloping us.

The noise made on these occasions resembled that which we hear when a large steamer is blowing off steam. We sustained scarcely any inconvenience from it, and this was the more remarkable since we had been well-nigh stifled with sulphurous fumes during the ascent, when about 1,500 feet below the edge of the crater.

When night had fairly set in, we went up to view the interior, and saw the whole of its vast proportions for the first time. By measurements made on the following morning, I find that the rim has a diameter from north to south of 2,000 feet, and from east to west of about 1,500 feet. The rim is irregular, some points being considerably higher than others. The rock is compact trachyte. In the interior the walls descend to the bottom in a series of steps, of precipice and slope, a good thousand feet, and at the bottom there was a nearly circular spot of glowing fire 200 feet in diameter. Flames were flickering and travelling about in all directions, and that which was underneath them appeared perhaps more like incandescent than like molten matter.

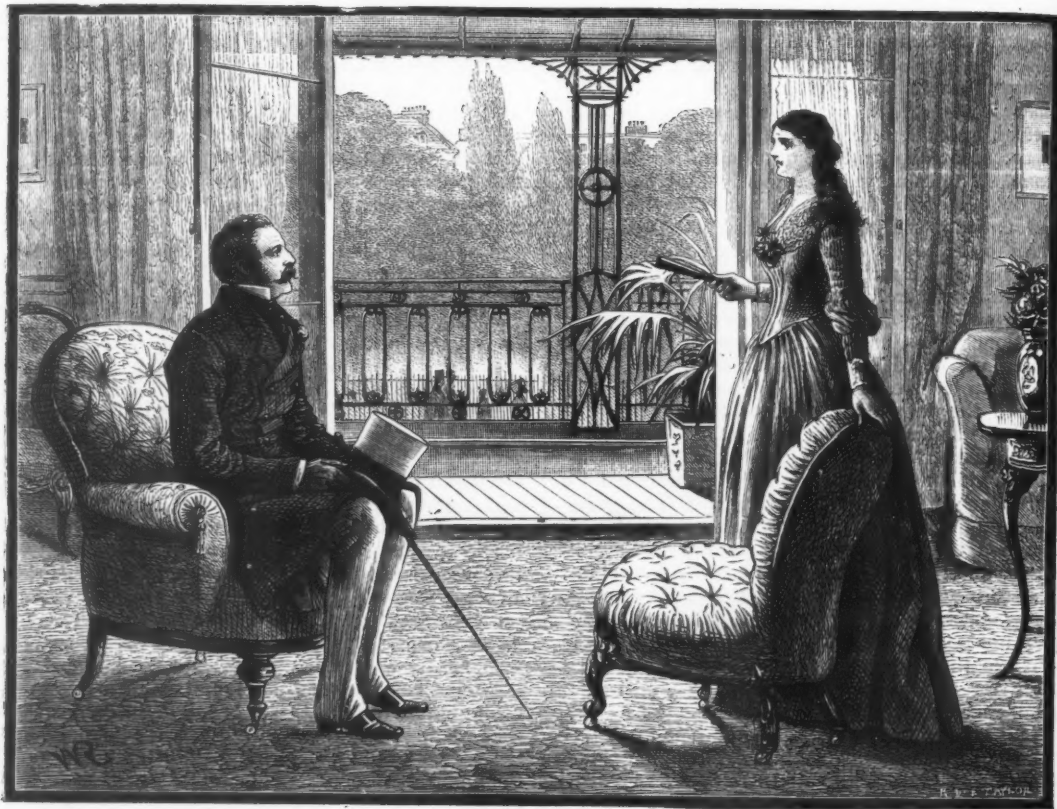
The heat at the bottom of the crater was evidently intense, and far up its sides, in every direction, glowing fissures, from which flickering flames were also leaping, showed that the lava was red-hot a very short distance below the surface. Light columns of steam or smoke rose from hundreds of orifices, and scarcely impeding the view, heightened the effect. It is impossible to conceive a more dramatic spectacle than this vast theatre presented, illuminated below by the ruddy subterranean fires, and above by a brilliant moon,—whilst every now and then these outbursts of steam occurred, rushing upwards with the fury of a hurricane, and scattering all around fragments of the fused rock. For—although I have said the steam *appeared* to be pure—we found in the morning that the tent was black with ash which had been ejected. Had we remained up on the summit only for a short time this would not have been noticed. The fragments are found, on microscopic examination, to be particles of the fused rock, and they were, evidently, torn off by the violence of the steam blasts. I attribute these outbursts to the infiltration of the snow and hail which falls on the final cone. It is almost immediately liquefied, and descends into the bowels of the mountain.

The height of Cotopaxi is 19,600 feet. Our camp was placed about 130 feet below the loftiest point, and it was the most elevated position at which any of us had ever slept. We remained there twenty-six consecutive hours, feeling slightly at first the effects of low pressure, having the same symptoms as we had noticed on Chimborazo; and we used chlorate of potash again with good effect. All signs of mountain sickness had passed away before we commenced to descend, and they did not recur again during the journey."



"WILL HE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?"

BY JESSIE EDMONSTON SAXBY.



CAPTAIN BROWN BROUGHT TO BAY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"A man that flattereth his neighbour spreadeth a net for his feet."

—Solomon.

BEHOLD that "lone lorn creature," Mrs. Overton, seated in the elegant drawing-room of a suite of apartments, of which she had made herself presiding genius (as of old). She had only been in London a few days, but she was at home already, receiving company, and enjoying herself after her ancient modes without seemingly the least recollection of the simple recluse life she had lately been leading.

She had gathered around her a small select

circle—pretty married women, with plenty of money and tact at their disposal, do so very easily—and she was entertaining them with her old grace, but with the added freedom and condescension of a British matron.

Among Kate's guests was Captain Brown, who, not knowing that the fair lady had come from Prestonpans, had only too gladly availed himself of her permission to renew their acquaintance.

Sholto's affair had long since blown over, and

Captain Brown might hope to slip into the military and fashionable circle from which he had rather fallen away since then.

Accordingly he presented himself in Mrs. Overton's drawing-room all smiles and compliments, and received a most gracious greeting. Naturally their conversation turned upon mutual friends and incidents of the time when they used "to see so much of each other" in Edinburgh; and from Kate's manner Brown inferred that she was entirely ignorant of the censure which had been passed upon his conduct by his superior officers. Greatly relieved, he was willing to be as communicative as possible, but it was none of her intention to lead him into any admission that evening.

"We have really had quite a long confidential talk. I must go and speak to some one else, or those people will think that my old friend is monopolising their hostess." And smiling with all her old arch coquetry, Kate moved away, leaving him very much flattered.

When Captain Brown left with the other guests, she said, "You must come soon again, I am always at home in the morning, so that we may chat over old times. I am an old married woman now, captain, and, like all old people, I dwell in the past;" and Kate laughed, and let her hearer think what he pleased. She did not fix a day, knowing that he would not wait long; and she was right, for the next morning Captain Brown was announced. Kate was reclining on a couch, reading "Delta's" poems.

"How kind of you to come so soon," she said; "and you have come most opportunely, for I want you to tell me about the delightful man who wrote those charming lines. You used to be quite at home with the Scotch poets and with the places all round Edinburgh. I remember once how you entertained us with a description of Newhaven and its fisher-people. What different stories you will have to tell now—all about lion-hunts and Zulus, and wanderings in the deserts. Did you go to the Sahara or up the Niger, and did you see Table Mountain? You really must forgive my ignorance, but I have such vague ideas about geography. Perhaps it was not possible to visit all those places in Africa, unless you had stayed much longer?"

"They are wide apart, certainly. But the fact is, Mrs. Overton, that I was rather unfortunate in my expedition. I went at the wrong season, I was told by experienced travellers, and I did not penetrate far into the interior."

"Perhaps that was fortunate, for so many people never come back. What with savages, and wild beasts, and fevers, and insects, I am told Africa is no place for us."

"And I believe that opinion to be founded on sound sense," replied the captain.

"Then you never perhaps saw a lion? I mean of course in its native haunts. I have seen lions at the Zoo, and it made me eerie to look into their eyes, for they always seemed to be gazing at me and yet far beyond me, as if they saw their wild woods somewhere behind my back, and were dreaming they were free. Do you know I feel

just a little sorry for a beast like that, who of course does not know that it is caged for the instruction and amusement of a wiser animal? If the creatures could reason like us, and take consolation by calling themselves martyrs, or anything of that sort, it would not matter so much, but I really do feel for a lion that seems to ask, 'Why am I here?'"

"How beautiful is compassion in your fair sex! Who but a sweet and gentle woman would think of pitying the beasts at the Zoo!"

Kate laughed. "But to return to the other sort of lion. You won't admit yourself, captain, to be one, though" (with a sidelong look that might easily have deceived a wiser man than Brown into believing that she was sincere). "I think every traveller should allow himself to be lionised, whether he kills beasts or not. To come back from such places with whole skins is a feat of itself."

"What is it I am to tell you about the lion-man, and which one is it that you are at present interested in?"

"Oh! Yes to be sure! The author of this book. A friend of his gave it me to read, and before she comes to claim it again I want to be able to talk about him; for, knowing that I had lived a long time in Edinburgh, she took for granted that I knew all about her lion, and one does not like to exhibit ignorance upon a point one is supposed to be at home on. I remember your delightful description of Newhaven, and it seems this 'Delta' is a Dr. Moir, who lived somewhere near there. Do tell me everything about him."

"I think 'Delta's' residence was at Musselburgh, farther east than you imagine, and his practice extended far farther still, as he was a very popular doctor. You will find some of his most beautiful lines refer to the neighbourhood of Inveresk and so on."

"Oh, I wonder if he wrote anything about a curious village I once was unlucky enough to be detained in by an accident—the queerest, dirtiest place you can imagine, but so romantic, called after Prince Charles's battle, you know; or was the battle called after it? I am so stupid about history and geography—and as for arithmetic! I never knew what twice twelve was in my life."

Who could suppose such an artless, childish creature could have a design of any kind whatever in its silly, sweet little head? A vague suspicion had crossed the captain's brain when she got to those words about the battle, but it vanished as she rattled on.

"I wish I could remember things and names," she resumed. "It must be so useful to have a well-informed mind. Don't you find it so? There! I've got it at last—the name of the funny village I mean—*Prestonpans*. Do you know it at all?"

Brown's complexion was usually that of a "farthing dip," but it became the colour of grass, when it has been cut a few days, upon hearing her name that detested spot of earth.

"I have heard of the place," he stammered,

"but nothing to its credit. An insignificant fishing-village, I believe."

"That is just what I thought as I drove through it, and I felt anything but pleased with it when the execrable paving upset my carriage, and laid me up at the inn for some time."

"Indeed! what a misfortune."

"Yes, to be sure; and my ankle was sprained, so that I have not danced upon it since, and you know how I delight in dancing."

"Oh, I remember. How like a fairy you were as you moved along!"

"Now, captain, how absurd you are. I wonder if you men know what nonsense you talk when you are in a complimentary vein. Did you ever see a fairy, to know what like it is? Africa has not roughened your language as Prestonpans roughened my temper, at least for a wee while. I did not mind so much being laid up afterwards, for there was a very agreeable doctor who attended me, and he told me such stories about the place. Ah, my dear Captain Brown, your tales of Africa must be very exciting indeed to match my doctor's old Scottish legends of Prestonpans. There is an old castle, the most interesting place, and a thorn-tree—of course there are heaps of them—but one has a history of its own. And there are coal-mines where men used to hide when the press-gang came after them; and saltpans, only the saltpans are not in use, and indeed I did not see any nor can imagine what like they are. And then the potteries are so very interesting, and the strawberries are quite delicious, and of course you know it is a famous place for making beer!"

"I am afraid I know less of the locality than you do," replied Brown, whose face wore an ominous look at the allusion to Dr. Munro. "You seem to have gained a wonderful amount of information in your conversations with your medical attendant, which leads me to infer that the sprain could not have been a very painful one."

"Naughty man! You look just now as if you wished it had hurt me dreadfully, and it really was very painful, for the doctor had to come twice a day for more than a week to dress it; and if it had not been for the nice way he talked, and all that, you know, I could never have borne it, I am sure. So you need not look so cross." A pause; then casting down her eyes demurely, Kate added in a low tone, "Why do you grudge me any little pleasantnesses that might happen to come my way? All my old friends were away. Some of them had quite deserted me—gone to Africa or any other outlandish place, without so much as saying goodbye. But I was not going to mope because they were disagreeable; and a country doctor can amuse one when—when there is no one else."

The captain was appeased. "May I ask the doctor's name? I used to know a fellow somewhere near there. I don't know if he had a diploma, or was a gentleman at all, but one gets to know queer fish sometimes. The name was—?"

"Dr. Munro. And oh, by the way, you ought to be a little interested in him, whether he has a diploma or not, for he was a friend of that boy Sholto Winton, who used to be hanging about my

uncle's house. I dare say you remember, for now I think of it, he caused you some trouble, did he not?"

Greener grew the captain's visage, and he answered, thrown off his guard by her careless manner and his own evil passions, "I remember very well, for he caused me no end of bother. But one never gets thanks for trying to act justly and uphold the laws of the country, and I got small thanks for doing my duty."

"Too bad of everybody, captain. I remember some talk, but really there are always so many stories of the sort floating about, that one confuses the incidents. It is rather a comfort to know that scandal cuts its own throat in that way. It goes on crying 'Wolf! wolf!' and at last, when the wolf is really there (I mean when it is really telling the truth) no one believes it. I have heard so many wicked stories that never had a morsel of truth in them, that at last I have got into a way of never paying heed to any tales I hear, which I dare say is a very stupid way of doing, for there must be something in a great deal of the gossip; only, you know, I rather like what Tennyson says about that—

'A lie which is half a truth, is ever the blackest of lies,'

so I try to shut my ears."

The captain felt that he had those crude ideas of hers to thank for his own agreeable reception, and his dread of detection disappeared altogether. "Whatever she hears, or may have heard," he thought, "has made no impression, and I may insinuate what I please without fear of being considered either ill-natured or revengeful."

"You show your wisdom in so judging," he said. "The lies that get mixed up with truth are beyond everything. I suffered enough at the hands of the public through people getting hold of the wrong end of the story."

"There was a story, then, at the bottom of the stories, lies built upon half a truth? What was the story? Was young Winton caught in a larder, or was that the story of Lieutenant Softie?"

"Winton never was caught at all, worse luck! He got off; and long afterwards, by the merest chance, I found out that he had enlisted."

"Now I think of it, he always had a fancy for soldiering."

"Well, he must be getting his fancy hot and strong at present, for he was sent out to India when the outbreak there began."

"What a queer story. How did the boy manage to get off? I think you said he had done something against the law?"

"Oh, he hit upon the hackneyed convenience of changing his name, and it was only by the merest accident that I found out where he had gone. I had parted with the servant who had been with me for years, and the man who took his place had been in the same regiment with Winton. I and every one else believed the fellow to be hiding among some wretched relatives of his who own a bit of dirty moorland and a ruinous old house in Perthshire, when all the time he was along with my servant, a private in the 42nd—just a common soldier of the rank-and-file."

Brown had spiteful pleasure in telling Kate how her former admirer had fallen, but she took no notice of his ill-concealed malice.

"What a very eccentric young man! And I suppose he calls himself John Smith or William Thomson. What a fall from that fine high-flown name of Sholto Winton!"

"His vanity was too much for that. He merely dropped his last name, and was known as 'Mac-Alastair,' his mother's maiden name, which had been stuck before his father's to qualify the vulgar Scotch with something Highland. The pride of low-bred people is exceedingly disgusting."

There was a pause, and then Kate, as if wearied of the subject, chatted about Colonel Mowbray and other officers with whom Brown had been acquainted in Edinburgh until she adroitly brought the conversation round to another point upon which she wished for information. With the most charming simplicity she said,

"What a pity it was that that civil-spoken servant of yours turned out so badly. He seemed to suit you so nicely and to be obedient and clever. I hope the one you got in his place was of better character."

An ugly frown darkened Captain Brown's face as he answered, hurriedly, "The man did his work, and that was all I cared for. If he had not mismanaged some business for me I would have kept him."

"Then perhaps what I heard of him was one of those mess-room fables which we were declaiming against just now?"

"If you tell me what you heard I will be in a position to tell you whether it was true or not."

"Was it not said that he got implicated in some housebreaking or poacher business, and was shot in a brawl with police or gamekeepers, or something of that sort?"

Thrown off his guard again, the captain said, "I believe there was something of the sort happened, but—he—had—yes, he had left my service, and—so—I—lost—sight of the fellow."

A pause, and then, with a light laugh, Kate exclaimed, "And so Sholto Winton went and enlisted as Sholto MacAlastair, and was sent out to India?"

"Yes, that was the end of him, or *will* be the end of him."

She was quite silent for some moments, then turning her eyes upon Brown with right royal scorn and triumph in them, the little lady said: "Thank you, Captain Brown; you have given me the information I was desirous of obtaining, much more readily than I expected. I came to London for the purpose, but scarcely hoping to be so successful. I shall now be able to give Dr. Munro a clue to the young man's present residence. Also I shall be able to tell Mr. MacAlastair the name of the unknown felon who died in his house. Thank you."

To say that Sholto's rival was surprised is to say nothing of his feelings at the moment when Kate ceased to speak. He could not open his lips, but sat pale and unnerved, and for just a little time she enjoyed her victory in silence. At last he gathered courage enough to speak, and remarked, with his old evil sneer,

"Colonel Overton will be rejoiced, I am sure, to learn how deeply interested his wife is in the fortunes of her old admirers."

Up rose Mrs. Overton, almost upsetting a flower-stand on her way to the bell-rope. "Open the door for Captain Brown," she said to her confidential maid, who immediately appeared—who had in fact been stationed by Kate within earshot all the time—and Brown was bowed out of the room before he knew how to add another word.

The captain revenged himself by dispatching more than one anonymous letter to Colonel Overton, and what such communications were likely to contain I leave to the reader's imagination. Enough to say that they caused the irate old gentleman no little ill-temper, and decided him in making a will by which all the fortune previously bequeathed to Kate was to be forfeited if she contracted a second marriage.

But not only was his wife to lose the money, it was not even to enrich a legion of "struggling" cousins. It was to be handed over to a stranger and an alien—to the young man who had become the colonel's prime favourite. In short, to Lieutenant MacAlastair, "who," said the enraged old soldier, "will make a proper use of it, and that inconstant minx will not sing the Scottish song about my old brass and her new pan."

But though he had settled his worldly estate to his satisfaction, the colonel was still angry to think that the young wife he had secured to be an ornament to his establishment when he retired from active service, as he expected to do before long, should be amusing herself in this way while he was absent. If he had made a confidant of any of his friends they would have shown him how wrong it was to judge her on anonymous statements—that most vile weapon which only cowards and liars use; but Colonel Overton was too proud to tell any one, and when sunstroke suddenly cut him down at a not immature age, no one knew that he had ever dreamed of being jealous.

His wife meanwhile was continuing to enjoy herself in London, but after a very different way from what had been represented to the colonel. In truth, Kate's love of admiration had received a check, and she was considerably astonished to find that her tastes had entirely altered since she was last "in society." Its shams were more intolerant to her than ever, and she prized its approval less. Nevertheless she enjoyed her visit, making up her mind not to return to Prestonpans till she had entirely tracked Sholto down! which was easily done with the clue Brown had unwittingly given.

More than once she had fancied that her husband's young friend might actually turn out to be Sholto, and that thought was shortly corroborated by information of Private MacAlastair's career which the military authorities were in a position to give. When Kate was assured of the fact she wrote a little note to Mona, telling her that she had good hopes of being successful in her quest, but that they must not expect any further news until she returned to them.

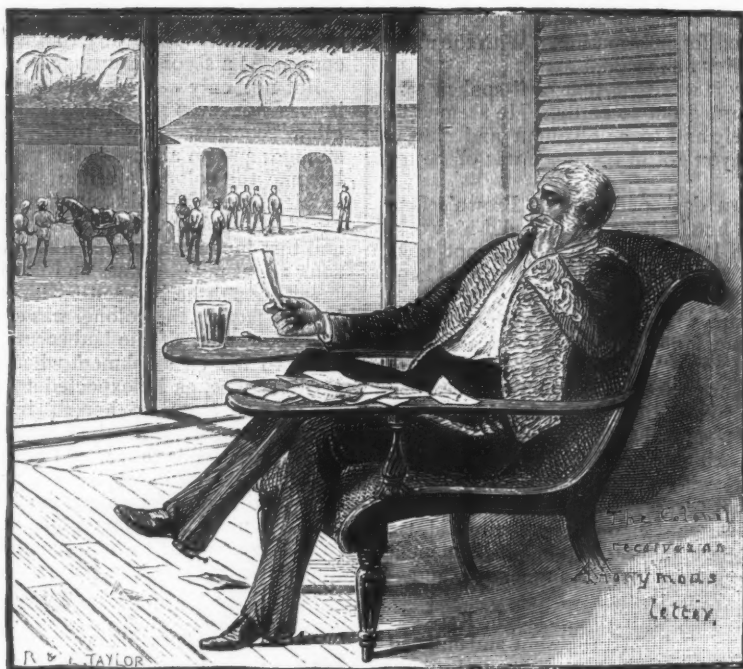
When she had quite finished her task, and every

thought was turning tenderly towards the quiet cottage by the Firth of Forth, a letter or message came, briefly announcing the colonel's death.

To say that Kate was shocked would be only doing her justice, but to own that she was grieved would be far from the truth. However, she immediately had herself fitted for the most elegant mourning, and wore, her weeds with the utmost propriety. Indeed, she even went so far as to put on a widow's cap—or what she called a cap, but which was simply the most alluring rolls of snowy muslin ever seen upon a woman's head.

She was no ways uneasy about how she had been "left," for her marriage settlements and the pension which Government bestows upon the

And rather surprised some of the colonel's relatives were when at last his London man of business was in a position to inform them of all the details of the will. They would willingly have sympathised with Mrs. Overton, but that lady did not seem to want any sympathy. She was in high spirits, indeed, and declared that she was quite glad that the poor dear colonel had been so sensible, for of course he knew that a large fortune was always a temptation to fortune-hunters, and how was a silly thing like herself to know whether any suitor who might chance to come was after the money or not? And yet it was not at all likely that any one would care to marry a widow for her personal attractions. Yet it was scarcely probable



widows of its servants was ample provision for modest wants. Of course the colonel's own fortune, if left to her, would raise her into great wealth, but until his papers could be got at that matter had to wait, and consequently Kate was obliged to remain in London till it could be settled.

Cousins of the deceased flocked to offer her their sympathy—it is only when a rich man dies that the world learns how numerous were his kith and kin—and to find out if they could how it was probable that the bulk of the money had been disposed of. "No doubt to her," they one and all declared, after seeing the bewitching young creature looking so pathetically beautiful in that dress which on some women looks like a sacred signet lifting them above the little arts of their sex, and marking them as belonging to a world apart, but which when donned by some others is simply the perfection of coquettish attire.

that she, being so young and friendless, would wish to live alone, or could, for the matter of that; not that, of course, she was thinking of anything of the sort, and all that, but every one knew that the colonel and she had not married for love. But she hoped his dear young friend, Lieutenant MacAlastair, would be very happy in the possession of the poor dear old man's fortune. Very likely the lieutenant had a young wife who was starving, and so the colonel's fortune would do a heap of good, which it never never could have done in her small feeble hands.

If the thought arises in any reader's mind that Mrs. Overton's reflections were rather strange, to say the least of them, let her natural levity be remembered, and the unfitness of her marriage.

Lieutenant MacAlastair, on the other hand, was not happy in the prospect of inheriting property at another's loss—and that other a woman.

"She will certainly think I have used unfair influence, and I won't have any one deem me guilty of such meanness." So Lieutenant MacAlastair sat down and wrote a letter to Mrs. Overton, and this was what he said:

"Dear Madam,—As I intend leaving for England almost immediately, bringing with me the papers, etc., which my dear friend, the colonel, entrusted to my care, with injunctions to place them in your keeping as soon as possible, I beg to write and request that you will appoint a time when I may hand over my charge.

"I trust you will do me the justice to believe that under no circumstances whatever will I at any time accept the fortune which my late generous friend and benefactor (from the best of intentions, I doubt not) wished me to inherit. It was not like him to act as he did in this matter, and I try to forget it. I hope to be in London on the 15th of May, a fortnight after you receive this letter. I shall call at once upon the colonel's man of business, where I hope to find instructions from you awaiting me. May I ask, as a great favour, that you will kindly name an early hour after my arrival for our meeting, as important domestic concerns urge me to hasten to Scotland with as little delay as possible?

"It must be a little comfort to you in your present affliction to know that our country mourns with you the loss of one of its best officers.

"He had looked forward to a speedy return home since the late outbreak has been entirely suppressed—very much through his own gallantry, and I grieve to think that I shall go back to our beloved fatherland without him. He was like a father to me, and I shall ever mourn his loss. With heartfelt sympathy,

"I am, Madam, yours respectfully,
"SHOLTO MACALASTAIR."

"And suppose I appoint you a meeting in the Princes Street Gardens, Master Sholto, what will

you say to that?" said Mrs. Overton to herself, after reading this epistle. "You have plenty to say about my old colonel, but you ought to have had a little more to say about his lone, lorn widow. Of course he was like a father to you, and so he was to me in one sense! I hope you will make a good use of his fortune—for neither he nor you need suppose that I am going to be so stupid as to sacrifice my feelings for his money a second time.

"I am quite sure I shall make a model wife to some one, only some one will have to be as young as myself, as sensible as Mona, and as good-looking as yourself, Sholto! Perhaps you are not so very handsome now. Bonnie boys do often grow into very ugly men, only, well, I know you can't be the same in one thing. You can't now be foolishly in love with silly Kate. Of course you can't. And silly Kate is not going to break her heart about you, if you have followed the example of your fickle sex and forgotten her. But if it should happen that you still remember her, and that you don't altogether dislike her in an odious crape dress, and if it should happen that you have not grown very ugly, but are coming back like the young chief of your sister's dreams (and Kate's dreams too, for the matter of that, sir),—well, then I think, Sholto, that we may arrange about the poor dear old colonel's fortune to our mutual satisfaction, because, don't you see, you leal-hearted, unworldly, chivalrous, foolish, foolish boy! that it won't matter then whether the money is yours or mine, for you will be in a position to say 'what's yours is mine and what's mine is my own,' and I shall say exactly the same! Oh dear! I wish a fortnight had gone! Now, I wonder, shall I tell him to meet Mrs. Overton in the Princes Street Gardens, near the Castle Rock?"

But she was not so foolish as that. She merely left her Edinburgh address with the lawyers and then set out for Inveresk Cottage, where a warm welcome awaited her.

Falling Leaves.

O FALLING leaves, O falling leaves,
Borne on the wind that moaning grieves
For sunny hours departed;
Though now a graver song we sing
Than served to welcome merry spring,
It shall not be faint-hearted.

How often has your music wrought
Sad cadence in the poet's thought,
Or roused a plaintive measure;
But if for ever grief intrude,
Scant room is left for gratitude,
Which aye should follow pleasure.

It seems no more than yesterday,
When freshly robed in garments gay,
Ye breathed of hope and gladness;
Now thickly falling, dry and sere,
What wonder if we only hear
A whispered note of sadness?

So brief a life may beauty live,
So short a rapture can she give,
So quickly time must travel!
The tangled skein of light and shade,
Whereof our fleeting years are made,
Who shall its aim unravel?



O falling leaves, through branches bare
 I see the sky, broad-stretching, where
 Ye bounded once our vision ;
 Ah, me ! until grim age destroy
 The glamour of uncertain joy,
 We think the world elysian.

Yet wherefore should we sigh to know
 The charm of May, the summer glow
 Too transiently are given ?

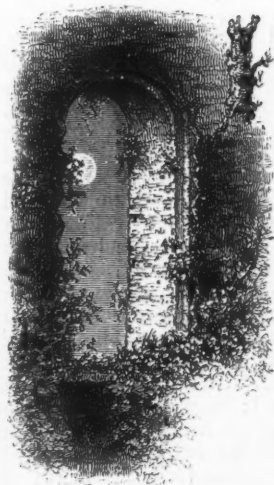
Earth's beauty haply is but gone
 That we may learn to rest upon
 The sweeter hope of heaven.

Thrice happy he who thus receives
 A lesson from the falling leaves,
 While nature round him sorrows ;
 Who meets with mind attuned to praise
 Reflection born of darkening days,
 And so contentment borrows.

S. E. G.

MEMORABLE SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

CHAPTER XI.—MEMORABLE IMPEACHMENTS.



IN the story of those great impeachments which constitute one of the most imposing chapters in the political history of England, we may well pass by all smaller and inferior circumstances to notice that startling moment when the Commons of England seemed suddenly to rise into a majesty of power which must even have astonished themselves. The history of impeachments during the reign of the Tudors and of the first James frequently

presents the Commons as waiting—shall we say, with servility?—upon the will of the sovereign and his ministers and favourites; but our advance in constitutional freedom scarcely permits us to enter into the startled sense of dismay with which the sovereign and his court—and the sovereigns of other lands too—must have regarded the daring impeachment of such a man as Earl Strafford, and such a Churchman as Archbishop Laud; the first minister and the first prelate of the land. England had known nothing like this before; Europe had known nothing like this before. The Commons had been regarded as an assembly sitting by sufferance of the sovereign, to be huffed, cuffed, and contemptuously treated at the will of the sovereign and the great titled lords of the land. We have seen how scant was the courtesy bestowed upon them by Queen Bess. James attempted to rule them after the same fashion. Charles had repeatedly come to rough passages in which he plainly indicated his sense and desire that royal prerogative should set aside parliamentary privilege; and here suddenly, even to our amazement—how much more must it have excited the amazement of the men of those times?—the Commons started into an attitude of terrible sublimity, and surely gave warning that even the very highest person in the land would not be beyond their reach if their determination travelled so far, by striking a blow, in the name of the whole nation, at the

chief person in the administration of the State, Strafford.

It must be confessed that this great Parliament when it took power upon itself struck at no small game. The man and his accusers were worthy of each other. He was a man of great and noble ambitions; commencing his career with those who were his accusers now, he cast in his lot with Charles. Had Charles resembled Strafford more closely the whole issue of things might have been different. It has been truly remarked by Bishop Warburton that the leaders of the Long Parliament, Pym, Hampden, Cromwell, and the rest, formed a band of the greatest geniuses for government that the world ever saw leagued together in one common cause. Charles had but one great head and strong unwavering determined arm and will by his side, and that the Commons determined to remove. Even at the very moment of his impeachment he was struck, as he was about to take a similar step against Lord Saye, whom he charged with having induced the Scots to invade the kingdom. This was his purpose in being in the House of Lords on the afternoon of November 11th, 1640. He had scarcely entered the Chamber when his message from the Commons was borne into the Lords, and Pym appeared at the bar impeaching Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, with the addition of all his other titles, of high treason. Twelve years had passed since Pym and Wentworth had stood face to face with each other; it was on the eve of Wentworth's elevation to the peerage—it was at Greenwich—when Pym addressed to Wentworth those memorable, ominous, and prophetic words: "You are going to leave us, but I will never leave you while your head is upon your shoulders!"

The prophecy was now speedily to be fulfilled. Little thought Strafford, as he came down to the House that afternoon, of the judgment which was waiting for him, if he knew of the agitation which was going on in the Commons—and he must have known; and no doubt his intended accusation of Lord Saye was for the purpose of checkmating them. He no doubt treated with contempt the idea that the Commons could attack and touch him, the monarch's trusted friend, the only arm upon which the monarch could lean; at any rate, surely safe behind the shield of royal prerogative. Even at the moment of the impeachment he was making his way through the House to his place at the head of the table. James Maxwell, the Keeper of the Black Rod, told him

that he must leave the House and not enter till he was called. He offered to speak; he was told that he must leave without a word. In the ante-room the Usher of the Black Rod told him that he must deliver up his sword as a prisoner. He called for the man-in-waiting to carry the Lord-Lieutenant's sword. In a moment all the power of that great statesman was gone—dissolved like vapour. The humbled man hurried to his coach waiting for him; it had brought him down a short time before the strongest man, it seemed, in England. He returned to it; a crowd of people was waiting outside. He passed through the crowd; not one lifted a hat to him, before whom even a few moments since almost all England would have stood uncovered.

This was the assertion of a—shall we not say, newly-developed?—power in the land. John Forster, in his life of Strafford, attempts to show how, during the intervening period before his trial, there probably passed through the mind of the fallen statesman the conviction that he had mistaken the true presentment of that principle of power which he worshipped, a conviction that he had done more honour to his own nature had he chosen for his career a different destiny. Who shall say what thoughts they were which passed through his mind as he bowed before that august assembly convened to pass judgment upon him in Westminster Hall, when the "faithful Commons" appeared no longer as the weak, servile, and supple subjects of ancient Gothic or feudal usages, but the upholders of the not yet fallen though reeling liberties of the land, and when Pym stood forth no longer the mere mouthpiece of a faction, but as the chosen champion of the people of England? Almost, may it be said, that the impeachment of Strafford was the real turning-point in the great story of England; that was the moment which decided that the sovereign and the subject would live together upon entirely different terms to those which they had known before. We cannot feel great respect for the character of Lord Digby, but assuredly his language on the 21st April, 1641, is very impressive: "Truly, Mr. Speaker, I am still the same in my opinions and affections towards the Earl of Strafford, as I confidently believe him the most dangerous minister, the most insupportable to free subjects, that can be charactered! I believe his practices in themselves have been as high, as tyrannical, as any subject ever ventured on, and the malignity of them is highly aggravated by those rare abilities of his whereof God has given him the use, but the devil the application. In a word, I believe him still that grand apostate to the Commonwealth who must not expect to be pardoned in this world till he be dispatched to the other. And yet, let me tell you, Mr. Speaker, my hand must not be to that despatch. I protest, as my conscience stands informed, I had rather it were off." It is impossible to read the story of Strafford without emotion. In the course of his impeachment the king wrote to him, "Upon the word of a king, you shall not suffer in life, honour, or fortune." Almost immediately with this we find the king, while humbling himself to go down to the House of Lords to

plead for his great servant, saying, "I do think my Lord Strafford is not fit hereafter to serve me in any place of trust—no, not so much as that of a constable!" A strange cowardice seems to have possessed all Strafford's friends. Forster truly enough says, "The behaviour of the king was, indeed, incredibly monstrous;" and Strafford's words, when he inquired if the king had consented to his condemnation and was answered in the affirmative, have passed into a proverb, "Put not your trust in princes, nor any son of man, for in them there is no salvation."

We read in the State Trials, that when the Bill passed the Lords there were forty-five present, of whom nineteen voted for him and twenty-six against him; the greater number of his friends absented themselves upon pretence, whether true or supposititious, that they feared the multitude, otherwise his suffrages had outvoted the voices for his death. His entire behaviour during his trial and subsequent to it, has commanded ever since something of admiration and affection from all men, of most opposite parties, able to respect true dignity, although disrobed. His health was infirm. He said on one occasion, "They had the rag of mortality before them, worn out with numerous infirmities, which, if they tore him to shreds, there was no great loss; only in the spilling of his they would open a way to the blood of all the nobility of the land." With firm composure he moved to the scaffold; he passed beneath the window of the cell in which Archbishop Laud was confined; old and feeble, the archbishop staggered to the window and stretched forth his hands to bestow the blessing his lips were unable to utter, and then fell back and fainted in the arms of his attendant. Strafford then went on, rather, says Rushworth, "as if he had been marching as a general at the head of his army, breathing victory, instead of a man condemned and about to undergo the sentence of death." On Tower Hill a hundred thousand persons were waiting to see him die; as he walked along he repeatedly took off his hat, perhaps to sorrowful faces he saw in the crowd, for no sign of insult or reproach was offered him on his way, although before he left the Tower the Lieutenant had expressed his anxieties lest the enraged mob should tear him to pieces. "Mr. Lieutenant," said the great man, "I dare to look death in the face, and the people too; do you take care that I do not escape; 'tis all one to me how I die, whether by the stroke of the executioner or the fury of the people." Some of his last words on the scaffold are pertinent to these present papers. "One thing I desire to be heard in, and do hope that for Christian charity's sake I shall be believed; I was so far from being against Parliaments that I did always think that Parliaments in England to be the happy constitution of the kingdom and the nation, and the best means under God to make the king and his people happy." And so passed away this fiery soul, in whom despotism found an instrument of large comprehension and strong resolution, a truly kingly and magnificent mind, but in whom the experiment of despotism, as tried against the mighty energies of the Commons, so signally and



STRAFORD GOING TO EXECUTION.

[Paul De la Roche.]

remarkably failed as to become a majestic pillar bearing its inscription of warning, at a time when such a warning was, as some say, most significant and necessary.

After a long detention in the Tower, Archbishop Laud stood impeached by the same eloquent and merciless lips which had impeached his more illustrious friend; nor do our readers need to be told that he followed in the same way. Indeed, there was what has been truly called a hurricane of impeachments reaching their climax on that day, Saturday, 20th January, 1649, when the Commons or their representatives, with partisan, sword, and mace, and the high officers of the Court marching before them, came to the place ordered to be prepared for their sitting, the west end of the Great Hall of Westminster. There, on the elevated dais in a crimson velvet chair, sat the Lord President Bradshaw, with a crimson velvet cushion on the desk before him, the court sitting round them on their crimson seats, the halberded soldiers standing on either side the court, the sword and mace lying on either side of the cushion before them. The great gate of the hall was thrown open, so that all persons disposed might see and hear the proceedings; and then the order was given to bring in the prisoner, and within a quarter of an hour, preceded by about twenty officers, and followed by his more personal attendants, came in the prisoner and took his place at the bar, where a crimson velvet chair had been placed for him also. Not many times—say rather never—perhaps, has history had to notice such a court and such a prisoner.

There was no outrage, there was no insult; it was a king who was put upon his trial there, but the men who had dared to call their king to judgment were not wild revolutionaries; they believed that they had a right to attack even their king, and they preserved in doing it, as they thought, the venerable sanctions and prescriptions of the highest law. Take it how we will, it is a wonderful sight. Charles, ordinarily so weak, seemed a king in such great moments as this. He looked sternly round the court, perhaps with some contempt, as one who did not acknowledge it: he neither removed nor touched his hat, nor showed the least respect. And so he took his seat as if it had been his throne; and then he rose, turned round, and looked down upon the guard at his side, turned to the right and the left, and gave a glance as a king might give at the crowd of spectators in the hall, quietly took his chair, and so sat while the president said to him: "Charles Stuart, King of England, the Commons of England assembled in Parliament have resolved to make inquisition for blood, and they have resolved to bring you to trial and judgment, and for that purpose have constituted the High Court of Justice before which you are brought." Then the Act of Parliament for trying Charles Stuart, King of England, was read over by the clerk of the court, the king sitting quiet, and not at all moved; only when he was declared to be a tyrant and a traitor, he laughed, as we can conceive it, a short, sharp, contemptuous laugh. We do not need to go on with this solemn and impressive scene, interesting not only to that day but to all ages since. What would Elizabeth

have thought of her "faithful Commons," what would James, the father of the royal prisoner, have thought, could they have read the horoscope of a future not so very remote from their own times? "Good man burgess" had indeed become something far higher than these princes had ever supposed it possible he could be, had attained to the power of trying at the bar of justice, and even of sentencing to death, their very immediate descendant—a king.

After these great tragedies, we think we may say all the future impeachments of the House of Commons look merely melo-dramatic; even the last will bear no comparison with these in the magnificence of the emotions excited. Impeachment by the House of Commons, according to an admirable figure of the great Lord Somers, was their longest weapon and their sharpest; "but," he continues, "it ought to have been hung up, like Goliath's sword in the Temple, only to be unsheathed at periods of peculiar and almost awful exigency." But we might almost fancy that in the three reigns succeeding the Revolution, there was in the Commons a strong disposition to emulate the deeds in this way of the Long Parliament; for the most part, their impeachments were frequent, and as futile as frequent. Between the years 1689 and 1724, there were sixteen; seven were abandoned without proceeding to trial, three were thrown up in disgust in consequence of disputes between the two Houses. In 1698 the Commons, who had struck at a crowned head, and at the head in nearest friendship to the Crown, condescended to impeach a few poor knaves for smuggling. Then came the impeachment of Sacheverell, and this really was a case which excited no little storm in England, but it brought contempt upon the Commons. Townsend, in his *Memoirs*, well says of Sacheverell, "He had risen like a rocket and fell as the stick; he had been used as a torch, or a firebrand, the means of sudden brilliancy, and when the conflagration was over, men cast him aside with no more regard than a piece of blackened wood." The trial of Sacheverell is not wanting in incidents of piquant interest, and it certainly constitutes a memorable episode in the history of the House of Commons, but it does not add to the dignity of the story of impeachments. When we think of Strafford, Archbishop Laud, and Charles I., a solemn dignity seems to surround the act. It is as—

"When a prince to the fate of a peasant has yielded,
Dark tapestry waves round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;
Through courts at deep midnight the torches are gleaming,
In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall."

Sentiments, not unworthy altogether of such associations, may stir the mind even while we think of the impeachment of the Jacobite rebels; but it is different when we come to the impeachment of the Lord Chancellor Macclesfield for corrupt practices; nor can there be any doubt that this singularly eminent and able chief magistrate

of the land was cast down from the highest dignities to the lowest depths of infamy and disgrace. In the course of the impeachment, it was said that Staffordshire had produced the three greatest rogues that ever existed, Jack Sheppard, Jonathan Wild, and Lord Macclesfield; and it was hinted, without much delicacy, that he might be rewarded for his public services by a similar elevation to that which had requited the public labours of the other two distinguished natives of the county. Macclesfield, like Lord Bacon, is a wonderful contradiction: we suppose that even to the present day his judicial reputation stands very high. He appears to have been distinguished by many excellent and some noble qualities; he did not seek wealth apparently either to aggrandise himself or his family. One panegyrist applies to him the words—

"Though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing
He was most princely."

He was even a munificent patron of literature, and retiring from office a disgraced and degraded man, he followed the pursuits of elegant learning, and it is said he died with the calm cheerfulness of a man setting out on a journey. He had been some days ill, and he inquired if the physician had left the house; he was told that he was gone, and he replied cheerfully, "And I am going too; and I will close my eyelids myself;" and thereupon in a few moments he peacefully breathed life away. Now is not this a curious and contradictory character to have gone down before an act of impeachment by the Commons for high crimes of fraud and misdemeanour, and the meanest corruption in the sale and disposition of public offices?

But the most audaciously impudent creature who ever stood impeached at the bar of the House of Commons was the Duke of Leeds, the Marquis of Carmarthen, the Earl of Danby, for by all these titles he shines, like a lustrous piece of tinsel, in the story of his times. In an age when bribery in administration was shamefully prevalent, he stands forth pre-eminent in that department of public work. Perhaps his morals might not have made him so unpopular as he became, but his manners were as bad as his morals.

His career was a romantic one, romantic as was the foundation of his house; he was an Osborne, descended from that gallant apprentice who jumped off London Bridge to save his master's daughter, and as the reward of his chivalry afterwards gained the lady in marriage, inherited, and added to, his master's wealth, was knighted, and became Lord Mayor of London. Osborne, Duke of Leeds, was the son of Sir Edward Osborne, a Yorkshire baronet, descended from this old knight of the day of Queen Elizabeth. It is curious that he appears to have started in life an honourable and high principled man, a cavalier; to him the epigram of Robert Hall has been applied: "He married public virtue in his early days, but seemed for ever afterwards to be quarrelling with his wife." He was certainly ultimately divorced from her, and knew nothing of her through the greater part of

his career. His first impeachment, as Lord High Treasurer, was in 1675; he was imprisoned in the Tower; the king exercised his prerogative and pardoned him; the Commons sustained their right of impeachment, the Lords questioned and interposed in the action of the king. Danby—for he was then Earl of Danby—remained in the Tower for five years—a period long enough, perhaps, to warp the temper and to give an unhappy turn to a man of even a higher character than this minister could ever have known. But this fall, as Macaulay says, was not without dignity. He rose from his ruins, was restored to the House of Lords, the resolution for impeachment was rescinded, and he became a powerful leader of the Tory party under James II, but united with and became one of the chief agents in inviting William to England. He became the chief minister; he inaugurated a system of Parliamentary corruption; he was raised to the dukedom of Leeds, and the story of his impeachment for his corruptions, had we space to narrate it, would tell a sufficiently illustrative and entertaining tale.

Vindicating himself before the Lords, it was whispered to him that the Commons had passed the resolution for his impeachment. His speech had produced little effect upon the Lords. He hastened down to the House of Commons, pressed for admission, and ultimately a chair was placed for him within the bar of the House, and he was permitted to speak for himself. His commencement was audacious, and not likely to conciliate the House. He began by impudently saying, magnifying his own public services, "but that for him there would have been no House of Commons to impeach him;" "a boast," says Lord Macaulay, "so extravagant that it naturally made his hearers unwilling to allow him the praise which his conduct at the time of the Revolution really deserved." But his speech was no defence; the articles of the impeachment and the evidence were in the course of arrangement when it was found that Robart, a Swiss, the duke's man of business, an important link in the chain of evidence, had decamped to Holland, on his way to Switzerland, and the impeachment fell to the ground. It seems scarcely creditable that the duke continued President of the Council after his impeachment, with a reputation so tarnished by an address carried in the Commons asking that the king would remove him from his councils—the impeachment still hanging over his head, and only suspended by a prorogation—and his name, although so great an officer of State, omitted from the Commission of Regency upon the next visit of the king to the Continent. He was a disgraced and degraded man. Old as he was in years, he tried hard to climb a third time to power, but all his efforts failed; the king and the country regarded him with suspicion, and he died in 1712.

Certainly, the grandest and most exciting stories of impeachment are to be found in the very earliest and among the latest records of the House. The sombreness of a mournful but majestic tragedy seems to curtain the House in that famed impeachment of Strafford. The impeachment of Warren Hastings does not create the same stir in

the blood; its interests were too remote and far away. In the impeachment of Strafford the axe fell so swiftly, the doom was so speedy, all the circumstances were so wrought into the texture of English thought and passion. A far mightier pomp and august glow of impressive and magnificent circumstance seems to gather round the trial of Warren Hastings; but the first strikes us as a simple but portentous tragedy, sufficient in itself to awaken the profoundest feelings of wonder and of awe. The impeachment of Warren Hastings is spectacular and histrionic; it is a grand tableau; comes before us like a magnificent series of scenic effects; but they give birth to no consequences, they wind their slow length along until everybody becomes tired of the entire panorama and heartily wishes it at an end. Moreover, it did nothing, it effected nothing. The great master who had ruled with such terrible and imperial sway that the sovereign whom he served must have seemed insignificant and inconsiderable in comparison with himself, was acquitted in the end; all the impressiveness of the scenery dissolved; we can scarcely say like a transformation scene in a play, although even that image would scarcely seem inappropriate when we think of the contrast between the commencement and the close of the performance. It is a wonderful change: first, Hastings kneeling, an impeached man at the bar of the House, and then, when years have passed away and the old man, twenty-seven years after, at the age of eighty, enters the House (in 1813, when he was called upon to give some evidence with reference to the renewal of the East India Charter), the whole assembly rising with respect, and receiving him with acclamations, while a special chair is set for him. As he looked round upon the House he would see scarcely a member recalling the memory of his old familiar foes, and he really seems to rise before the recollection in the scene like an impressive instance of virtue rewarded. And yet few circumstances in the history of the House of Commons are more memorable than that of the impeachment of this extraordinary man; in most particulars it must be regarded as unprecedented and unparalled. In the House a phalanx of orators, headed by the illustrious Burke, bore down upon the ex-governor with overwhelming and irresistible power; indeed Burke sounded the trumpet of accusation. It was his magnetic influence which imparted itself to his colleagues, the Commons, and the country. Solemnly delegated by the Commons, it was he who bore up the impeachment to the Lords, and his capacious intellect seemed to dilate even beyond its ordinary stature, while he exclaimed, raising his voice, "till," says Macaulay, "the old arches of Irish oak resounded." "Therefore hath it been ordered with all confidence by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours; I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed; I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied; I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose

rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert; lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

It was well for Hastings that judgment had time to recruit, to recreate, and to recover itself after the amazing blaze of eloquence which poured round him in torrent and in tempest like a shower of hail, with sonorous peals of loud thunder and the flashes of wild lightning. This may certainly be said, that the history of eloquence in all ages furnishes no parallel to the immense exhibitions of that great occasion.

Following the wonderful oration of Burke came the speech of Sheridan; concerning this Gibbon said that "his eloquence demanded my applause;" Burke said that "it was the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit united, of which there was any record or tradition." Pitt said that "it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate the human mind;" and Fox said that "all he had ever heard, that all we had ever read, when compared with that speech, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapour before the sun." Such was this great, this stupendous occasion. Jennings, a friend of Burke, said to him, "My dear Hastings, is it possible you are the great rascal Burke says, and the whole world is inclined to believe?" And Hastings replied, "I assure you, Jennings, that though sometimes obliged to turn rascal for the Company, I was never one for myself." But it is said that he confessed that while Burke was speaking, and producing charge after charge, he thought himself verily the guiltiest man on the face of the earth. On the whole, we have to speak of this as one of the most remarkable moments in the history of the House of Commons. The impeachment failed, failed as we have said because happily for the accused there was time given for the judges, the audience, and the nation to recover from the spell which this strange and unwonted eloquence had thrown over the whole transaction.

Yet once again the House of Commons attempted the work of impeachment, and in a case which seemed scarcely less serious than that of Warren Hastings, because nearer home, and therefore involving more immediate and personal interests—it was the impeachment of Dundas (Lord Melville), the First Lord of the Admiralty, on the charge of peculation. It was alleged that he had withdrawn from the Bank of England, for purposes of private emolument, sums issued to him as treasurer of the navy, and placed to his own account at the bank. Mr. Pitt was very desirous that the matter should be subjected to the consideration of a private committee; it was overruled by Mr. Fox. The motion for the impeachment was then urged before the House, and the votes stood as 216 against 216. This was evidently one of the most trying circumstances in the history of the House. The reader may easily conceive how the breathless anxiety must have

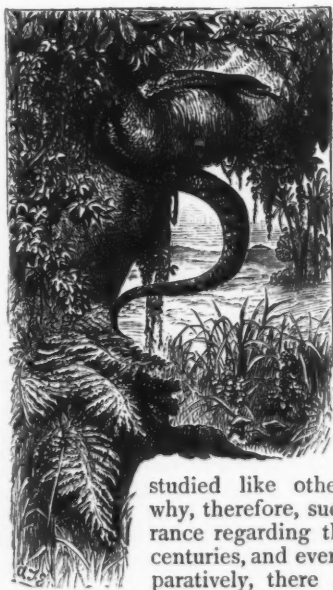
been increased, and how deep must have been the sense of personal responsibility in the mind of the Speaker, as he felt that, not in any ordinary case, but in one so eminent and important, his would be the casting vote committing the House to the issue of the question.

Mr. Mark Boyd, in his interesting "Fifty Years Reminiscences," says that "Lord Melville's fate was thus placed in the Speaker's hands, to be decided by that one vote; yet it was long before the Speaker could give his vote; agitation overcame him, his face grew white as a sheet. Terrible as was the distress to all who waited the decision from the chair, terrible as was the Speaker's distress, this moment of suspense lasted ten long minutes; there the Speaker sat in silence, all were silent. At length his voice was heard; he gave his vote, and he condemned Lord Melville. One man at least that evening was overcome, Mr. Pitt was overcome; his friend was ruined. At the sound of the Speaker's voice, the Prime Minister crushed his hat over his brows to hide the streaming tears that poured over his cheeks; he pushed in haste out of the House. This defeat Pitt sank under, it was his last, he died ere many months had passed; the death of that great man was hastened by Speaker Abbot's casting vote."

Melville's name was erased from the list of Privy Councillors; he appeared at the bar of the

House of Commons to answer the charges preferred against him; he denied most solemnly that he had ever derived any private benefit from the practices of Mr. Trotter, his subaltern, and the paymaster of the navy, while at the same time he confessed that he could not reveal consistently with private honour and public duty the way in which he had appropriated the sum of ten thousand pounds. His speech appears to have made little impression, and a criminal prosecution was resolved upon at the bar of the House of Lords. An attempt was made to draw an analogy between his case and that of Lord Bacon, but the attempt entirely failed. He was acquitted of all guilt by a large majority of the peers, and thus terminated the last effort or instance in the history of impeachments. The House possesses the power of impeachment now, but it is usually regarded as a piece of ancient armour—a battle-axe of the Middle Ages, too heavy and unfit to be wielded in modern times. It is not difficult to comprehend the necessity for such an exercise of power in other days; we have seen how it acted as a vigilant indictment against wrong-doers in periods when strong and extraordinary measures were necessities, but we may fairly trust that in the more equal balance, the more luminous adjustment of legislative functions, the necessity has passed, we may trust, we may hope also, never to return again.

WONDERS OF SNAKE LIFE.



studied like other creatures, and why, therefore, such amazing ignorance regarding them did exist for centuries, and even now exists comparatively, there still being what may be called a surprising lack of

knowledge as to their true habits. For, excepting among the scientific, snakes are less understood than any other animal. The prejudices which for so many ages clouded men's minds stood in the way of their even seeing correctly what snakes did, and why they did it. Prejudice has often prevented their being studied at all; consequently even at the present day you find but little interest though much error displayed regarding them. For example, you will hear persons talk of their "sting" when they point to the tongue of a snake. They cannot see, because they do not stop to observe, that this thin, delicate, pliant little organ, with its hair-like tips, cannot possibly injure anything. It is a mere bit of flesh, like our own tongues. They are possessed with an idea that all snakes have power to harm you—they can scarcely say how—and those who are not acquainted with the true sources of injury in the poisonous snakes, namely, a venomous tooth, unthinkingly decide that the tongue is, in some mysterious way, the instrument of evil.

Will my readers accompany me in imagination to the Reptile House at the Zoological Gardens, and watch a snake for a few minutes, when we shall see some of the remarkable exceptions in

animal physiology which characterise the serpent tribe? At the very first glance we must wonder at their easy mode of progression without legs or feet. Next we see a large python advancing cautiously towards a duck which is put into the cage for its weekly meal. It is going to seize it. This is not an agreeable sight, still, in order to learn the habits, and, moreover, the organisation of living creatures, we must overcome our repugnance, and in the present case we shall see that the snake will put its victim to death almost in as short a time as the poulterer might do, were he killing the duck for our own table. Few animals or birds of prey put their victims to a less torturing death than snakes do. See, in this instance, the python has seized the duck; and, more swiftly than we could follow the motion, its long, lithe body is coiled and folded round it, and the bird is suffocated in the powerful grasp. A few minutes more and the snake knows that its prey has ceased to breathe, and then relaxes its folds somewhat; but only so that it can, with that busy, useful little tongue, examine it well, feel it, and find the head of the duck, which is the end to begin upon. Now this is wisdom on the part of the snake, for it is the right way of the feathers, and much easier to swallow so.

But how is that large bird to be got into the mouth of a snake, whose whole head is scarcely bigger than that of the duck? Ah! this is another of the wonderful exceptions in snake anatomy. All the bones of its head, instead of being firmly knit together as in other animals, are connected by elastic membranes which stretch apart. This is noticeable more particularly in the lower jaws, which you at once perceive separate widely, and move independently, that is, one side of the mouth or the other side, as may be, and not always together, as other mouths open. In fact, wherever there is any pressure upon the jaw bones they give way, and, as in the case of swallowing the duck, give way very much; afterwards, by means of the elastic substance which connects them, regaining their place again. The skin, or outer covering of folds, called "scales," is also very elastic, and you next see the snake's head and neck immensely large, and stretched out of all shape while the body of the duck is passing down.

"But will not the snake be choked?" This is what persons frequently ask, and is what might reasonably be supposed to be the case, if you have not studied the anatomy of snakes.

One day I myself was watching and wondering at this strange spectacle—sometimes the swallowing of large prey is a very long process for the snake—on the occasion alluded to the python seemed to have more than usual difficulty on account of the wings being awkwardly extended. Then a something strange, like a sort of fleshy tube or pipe, projecting from the mouth of the snake, attracted my attention. At first it looked as if it were some part of the crushed bird; then I thought the snake itself was injured. What could this strange tube-like appendage be? When the python held up its head, so as to get a better hold of the duck—by this time half swallowed—

I saw that tube more plainly, and that it could certainly be no part of the bird. About an inch of it projected from the lower jaw, close under the duck. Then it suddenly reminded me of a windpipe, and everybody knows what sort of look that has, with its rings and pipe-like appearance. Only in the present case this tube did not seem to be in any way injured; and while I gazed the end of it closed up. This strange thing had life in it, therefore! Presently it opened again; then, as it opened and closed, I saw the soft feathers and down of the bird moved, as if they were being blown, and the idea suddenly occurred to me that that tube could be nothing less than the snake's windpipe. But how came it *there*?

This was a surprising sight, and on inquiring of the keeper, he informed me that he had before observed the same thing, and that he also thought it must be the windpipe.

My readers discover that I knew very little about snakes at that time, and I hope they will also discover the utility of close observation, and of following up, by means of books, all that strikes them strangely; for, on seeking to be enlightened by those authors who had written on ophiology, I found that snakes really could bring their windpipe forward beyond their mouths when occasion required it! Just imagine a creature being able to do what it pleased with its windpipe!

Here is another example of the extraordinary organisation of a snake.

My readers need scarcely be reminded that our own windpipe, or trachea, is provided with what we will here call a sort of lid, or lip-like opening, the *glottis*, which, when we swallow, is closed by the action of muscles, to prevent any chance particles of food or of dust, etc., getting into the windpipe, and so irritating the lungs. The action is involuntary on *our* part; that is to say, we do not trouble ourselves about it, but the mere *act* of swallowing closes it, whether we will or not. Now this lid, or opening, was the glottis of the snake's trachea, the loose skin which was seen to open and close *at will*. The snake required a fresh supply of air while it was swallowing that large duck, and, as you might have supposed, it might have been uncomfortable to remain so long without taking a fresh breath. And thus wonderfully and beneficently is this need provided for, that the windpipe—which, by the way, begins *in* the mouth, not in the throat as ours does, and which is surrounded by and provided with plenty of loose, elastic skin and muscles—can be drawn forward and protruded from the mouth, quite out of the way, and out of all danger of getting any foreign particles into it, because the snake can close it at will, open it to take in a fresh supply of air, and shut it up closely again!

Snakes do not require to breathe so frequently, or to take such regular inspirations as other animals, because their lungs are very long, occupying nearly the whole length of their bodies; and the supply of air in the lungs lasts them for a long while. Still they do occasionally require it, and their need is met by this wonderful arrangement.

One day a large snake happened to yawn when its head was quite close to the glass in front of its

cage; and when snakes do yawn they open their mouths to an enormous extent; so, in the present instance, that snake afforded me an excellent opportunity for observing the position of its windpipe, and the little round orifice, or lip, which was the opening and closing *glottis*. There it lay upon the tongue-sheath, which also opens a little in front of it; so one could easily discern the two openings, quite near to the fore part of the mouth. While the snake was yawning so extensively the glottis was open, a perfectly round orifice in front, and one could see the flexibility of the fleshy or rather perhaps membranous lips of this entrance to the trachea; and the position of the trachea itself could easily be distinguished, lying along on the tongue and extending back into the throat, out of sight.

In comparison with that of other animals, the trachea of serpents is very long. That of the python and the larger boa-constrictors is about a foot and a half, which would carry it a good way down into the snake's lungs. One trachea of a large boa measured twenty inches. That of the smaller snakes is of course much less; but still relatively long. The rings of which the trachea is formed are connected together with an elastic substance, so that the whole apparatus can be extended as well as protruded, and then regain its former position.

This moveable windpipe is only one of the many extraordinary features in ophidian construction; but we cannot contemplate even this one without reflecting on the Omnipotent Wisdom that has thus endowed His creatures with powers and means, each for itself, to supply their necessities and enable them to live and feed under what might seem to be unusual obstacles.

Almost as wonderful as this moveable windpipe is the tongue of a snake, and as the tongue, more than any other part, has been misunderstood and misrepresented, I will add a few words on this subject.

"It is almost unnecessary to affirm that the tongue of a snake is not its sting, as has been frequently supposed."

Words to this effect have been so often repeated, not only in books and magazines, but in such papers as the "Field," "Land and Water," and "The Country," that one feels it almost an insult to the reader to once more explain that not only a snake's tongue is *not* a sting, but that a snake is not furnished with any sting at all.

That it is necessary emphatically to repeat this, any one will admit on visiting the Reptile House at the Zoological Gardens, where he is pretty sure to hear—as I have heard only yesterday—some one say to a companion, "Look at its sting!" when pointing to the tongue of a snake. You can, indeed, scarcely ever go there without hearing some observation of this kind.

In endeavouring to account for so strange a misconception—one which has obtained since ages long ago—we must admit that there is a certain mysterious look in the play of a snake's tongue, which, to the unreflecting mind, might suggest a sting. It darts forth, you see not how, for the mouth is closed; it is fine and pointed,

and its action is too rapid to permit examination; more rapid even than the way in which an angry wasp darts out its sting and withdraws it again; and we can imagine, therefore, that, in ignorant ages, when people only knew that a snake could injure by a quick action of its head, but did not know anything about its fangs and a poisonous gland, when they saw a sharp something darting out, but did *not* see a tooth, all this might well draw suspicion on that pointed instrument, until they discovered that it was a mere little fork of tender flesh, so fine and so delicate that it could no more create a wound than a hair of your head could.

So tender and delicate a tongue is too small and weak to be of any service in feeding, and is therefore provided with a sheath into which it is withdrawn whenever it is not exerted or thrown forward out of the mouth. Nor need the snake even open its mouth to permit the egress of its tongue; for in the upper jaw, exactly in front, there is a little tiny opening, a chink in one of the lip scales, on purpose to permit the slender tongue to pass out. Thus we see that this little harmless member of such evil repute is most carefully guarded, a proof that it is in some way a very important organ.

When at rest it occupies much the same position in the mouth as the tongue of any other creature, a bird, or a mammal; only it is safely hidden within its sheath, which of course also occupies the whole length of the lower jaw.

The entrance to this sheath—a membranous skin—is at the tip, forward in the mouth, where the tip of a tongue usually is, but nearer to the front, and a trifle lower than that other orifice the glottis, just now described, viz., the end of the windpipe.

The chief peculiarity in the tongue of a snake is that it is "forked," or *bifid*—that is, that the two parallel muscles of which it is formed are separated at the end, each one free and tapering to the exceedingly fine point which has so alarmed the beholder.

Below is the true form—long and narrow, like the snake itself, and like the lungs and all its interior arrangements, and which are all adapted to its great length.

But no straight line can convey an idea of the exceeding flexibility of this organ, nor of the fineness of the tips, which taper to a mere hair, and which can move independently one from the other. Thus you see them spreading apart when exerted; and as you can spread your two fingers apart, and close them as easily, so the snake can cause the two hair-like points to converge in order to withdraw them, or to pass them out through the chink, and can expand them, and wave or flicker them with that rapid motion familiar to most of my readers.

But if this tongue is of no use in feeding, and of no use as a weapon, what does it do? and what is its use? you naturally inquire.

Many writers, who are well aware that the tongue does not "sting," and tell their readers so, are yet rather loose in their conjectures about it, and you see it frequently stated that the snake "threatens" with its tongue, or shakes it to "intimidate the bystanders." Now this is giving the reptile credit for more intelligence than it possesses, for wholly improbable is it that a serpent, with all its "wisdom," can be aware of the impression its poor little harmless tongue can create in human minds!

Some writers, again, have stated that it is an agent in hissing, which is quite impossible, as it is generally closed up in its sheath when a snake hisses, and the "hissing" is merely the quick escape of breath through that glottis above and beyond the sheath-opening, and quite independent of the tongue. Hissing is, besides, as often with a closed as an open mouth.

As in the case of the glottis, very few naturalists seem to have given careful attention to the use of the tongue, and do not describe it beyond that it is "used as a feeler, as insects use their antennæ," and this is its true function. If you watch one of the "long-horned" insects, you will soon perceive the great use they make of those exquisitely-formed limbs, their antennæ. You see them waving this way and that—one up, another down, sweeping with the lightest touch every surrounding surface, and doubtless ascertaining for their owner in that slight contact the nature of those things around them. Hard or soft, wet or dry, food or moisture, in advance of the insect, like a herald, the beautifully-jointed, or branched "horns," tell so much that the insect requires to know. Some naturalists think that the antennæ assist even the smell or the taste of the insect, and this is just what the tongue of a snake does for the reptile. You see it always busy when anything disturbs the snake, the first organ, or "limb," as we may call it, to be put to use, quicker and more effectual than even the eyes; for in the dark a snake has only its tongue to go in advance of it, and to help it to ascertain what may be its surroundings.

A few ophiologists, though French or German authors chiefly, have devoted a great deal of careful attention to this wonderful little organ, and to these we are indebted for our best conceptions of it. It is endowed with extreme sensibility, so that the slightest contact with any substance is sufficient. We ourselves sometimes apply the merest tip of our tongue to anything in order to ascertain some suspected quality, and when we consider the fineness and sensibility of a snake's tongue-tips, and remember that they also are flesh, we can in part comprehend the sensitiveness of this bifid organ.

Snakes are frequently seen to what is called "lap" up liquids; that is, they throw their tongue out into water as other animals do when "lapping," but this must be merely to moisten it, for very little liquid can be conveyed into the mouth by the tongue, which is withdrawn only into its sheath; but the tongue must be kept moist, and we can well suppose the necessity of the frequent lubrication and freshening which so active a member must require. "The tongue is always moist,"

one of our best authors on the subject (Dumeril) tells us, and it no doubt gathers moisture from the air when in active use.

Snakes often dip their tongues into milk as well. Mr. Bell's tame ring-snake took milk regularly. Probably there is something soothing and more lubricating or to their taste in the soft oily milk, for, as is well known, the native Hindoos are aware of a snake's taste for milk, and set saucers of it for them in order to propitiate this deity of theirs. Many other instances of milk-loving snakes might be cited. Snakes do drink as well, but not by the agency of the tongue.

There is one other very important office which has for ages been attributed to the tongue of a snake, but which, on a moment's reflection, the reader will see to be as absurd as is the idea that that shred of flesh could "sting." We allude to lubricating or licking over its prey with saliva before swallowing it.

Unfortunately this was affirmed by Waterton, McLeod, and other authors, who were very popular some fifty or sixty years ago, and who have been much quoted ever since. They saw in their travels some large constrictors killing their prey, and then they watched the ever active tongue so busy tasting, feeling, while the snake was perhaps smelling the dead animal all over, as a dog or a cat often licks and smells its food to find out all about it before beginning to eat. But those writers had no scientific knowledge of snakes, not even to enable them to see correctly.

As already stated, these reptiles generally begin at the head of an animal, and first get that into their mouths. This is a noteworthy instance of instinct, for not only is it the smooth way of the coat or the feathers of what they are going to swallow, but should not life be wholly extinct, this mode effectually prevents the escape of the prey. There is reason to believe that the tongue, even more than the eyes, assists the snake in finding the head of the animal, and when Waterton and others watched the snake feeling it with its tongue, and possibly at the same time saw a drop or two of saliva fall on it, they supposed the tongue was engaged in *licking* the prey, to make it go down more easily! Why, such a process is as likely and as practicable as whitewashing a ceiling with a camel's-hair pencil! It is true that snakes are beneficently supplied with a very abundant salivary apparatus, and that their mouths do "water" very much while feeding, and this "watering" of the mouth, as it is called, does very much assist the swallowing of such rough-coated prey; but it must be borne in mind that the tongue has nothing whatever to do with this. The tongue has performed its office in the manner described, and is now safely withdrawn into its sheath; another wonderful feature in ophidian organisation being that the snake can close its tongue-sheath, so that no dust or hurtful particle can enter to injure the delicate case and its tender tenant.

So here we have these two all-important organs both so wonderfully protected—the tongue and the windpipe—both occupying an exposed part of the animal's mouth, lying along the lower jaw

and both closed tightly against all danger; the tongue in its sheath, the glottis closing at will.

That the tongue is endowed with a capacity for tasting is, among other proofs, shown in a snake's penchant for eggs. They are redoubtable egg-stealers, and how else can they ascertain that a hard, round solid, like an egg, contains food? For the eggs are swallowed unbroken. The tongue has,

no doubt, discovered this by its extraordinary susceptibility of perception.

My readers will now, I trust, be convinced that, so far from inflicting a wound and exciting ill-will and suspicion, this tongue of a snake is an innocent yet most important organ, and in its marvellous construction worthy of our liveliest admiration.

CATHERINE C. HOPLEY.

OLD MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

GERMAN.



ANY of the superstitious rites and customs associated with weddings in Germany have their counterparts in England. But it must not, on this account, be supposed that these originated either in the one country or the other, as occasionally they may be traced back to a very remote period. Indeed the origin of most old superstitions that still maintain their struggle for existence in civilised communities is a subject which demands the more careful inquiry each year, especially as the difficulty of investigating their history constantly becomes greater. At any rate, there can be no doubt that a great part of the beliefs and customs which have existed from time immemorial in this and other European countries have a common ancestry in the Aryan race.

As we have already noticed, in the case of Greece and Rome, certain days have always been deemed more or less auspicious for the marriage ceremony. Thus in Germany it is considered desirable that weddings should take place at the full moon, as this season is supposed to be especially propitious for such enterprises. Although in Scandinavia Thursday is held to be a lucky day for marrying, yet in Germany, where Christian tradition has partially identified Thor with the devil, it is believed to be most unlucky on that day.* Referring to Thursday, we may note that among the Bulgarians it is said to be a most propitious day for weddings, and in England there is a superstitious notion in some parts that Thursday has one lucky hour, namely, the hour before sunrise. In a rare tract, entitled the "Animal Parliament," 1707, quoted by Brand,† it is said that all those who marry on Tuesdays and Thursdays shall be happy. In Germany the days most commonly selected for this important event are Tuesdays and Fridays. It is a curious fact that although in England Friday is by popular consent acknowledged as the most unlucky day in the week, yet in Scotland it is looked upon as the lucky day of the week for marriages. Mr. Watson, the City Chamberlain of Glasgow, says:—"It is a well-established fact, that nine-tenths of the mar-

riages in Glasgow are celebrated on a Friday; only a few on Tuesday and Wednesday; Saturday and Monday are still more rarely adopted." On the other hand, the Registrar-General, in one of his reports, notices that out of 4,057 marriages celebrated in the Midland districts of England, not even so many as two per cent. were solemnised on a Friday. Such instances are interesting, in so far as they illustrate the caprice of superstition, and show how it widely differs even in localities contiguous to one another.

Commencing in the next place with the marriage customs of Germany, these, it may be remarked, are somewhat extensive, and the various preliminaries associated with this eventful epoch of human life hold a prominent place in the social ceremonies of German life. Originally, as Mr. Baring Gould has pointed out in his "Germany, Past and Present" (1879, i. 132), "Marriage among the Germans was simply the purchase of a woman. Down even till late in the middle ages 'Ein weib zu kaufen' was the common expression for getting engaged." Such a thing as marriage by purchase may seem strange to us in this nineteenth century, but, in order to account for this strange custom, it is necessary to realise the change that has taken place in German social life since the days it was in force. The idea of a daughter as a saleable commodity, of course, naturally implied her being a source of profit to her parents in their bargains with any suitor—whether desirable or not—who might make the best offer. Marriage by purchase, therefore, was as much a piece of money-making as any other business transaction, and even in after years, when this barbarous usage had died out, and with it the idea of the sale of the woman, yet betrothal was considered a contract of sale between the guardian and the suitor. The purchase-money, however, to quote Mr. Baring Gould's words, "did not fluctuate with the state of the market; it was not any longer the price of the girl, like the price of the slave, to be affected by her beauty or bodily vigour. It was legally fixed for all maids alike; it was not her market value any more, but the theoretical value of the wardship, and the authority exercised by father or husband over daughter or wife must be the same

* Kelly's "Indo-European Folk-Lore," 1863, 293.

† "Popular Antiquities," 1849.

among rich and poor, beautiful and plain." Hence no agreement of marriage could be legally contracted with a woman alone, all that was allowed her being the right of veto. As civilisation progressed and German manners and custom became refined under the influence of Christianity, so, too, in like manner, the laws relating to marriage improved. Thus the woman, instead of being looked upon as having no authority or will of her own, by degrees asserted her proper position, and was no longer the nonentity that she hitherto had been.

Referring once more to the custom of marriage by purchase, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to give a few particulars respecting it, especially as, in bygone years, it prevailed generally among the Anglo-Saxons. We are told, for instance, that the chiefs of the Saxon tribes* regulated the custom of buying and selling marriageable girls, and even of women who, according to modern notions, were not marriageable. "Princesses were bought by kings with cattle, cups made of precious metal, bracelets, and other precious gifts, many of the costly articles being given for the adornment of the purchased ladies, the splendour of whose appearance at their weddings redounded very naturally to the credit of their families." It often happened, too, that a covetous and dishonest father made false representations to the young man anxious to secure his daughter. Hence, one of Ethelbert's laws requires that for a matrimonial bargain to be binding on the groom after marriage it should have been made "without guile" on the seller's part. It then goes on to say that "if there be deceit, let him bring her home again, and let the man give him back his money." Indeed, nothing could have been more thoroughly barbarous than this privilege of regulating marriage by purchase, a system happily which, as far as civilised nations are concerned, may be reckoned among the abuses of days gone by. It still exists, however, among savage tribes, various instances of which are recorded by travellers who have visited these uncivilised communities. Thus, it is related of the Horse Indians of Patagonia, that marriages with them are made by sale more frequently than by mutual agreement. The price is often high, and girls are betrothed without their knowledge in infancy, and married without their consent at maturity.†

Turning, however, again to marriage in Germany, we may notice in the next place that whoever has attended a village wedding in the Black Forest‡, and seen the bride chased by the bridegroom, and, to quote Mr. Baring Gould's words, "knows anything of early civilisation, discerns a relic of the bride-capture of primitive times." However appalling to us may seem the notion of such a violent system of matrimony as that of bride-capture, yet it must be remembered that at the present day it prevails amongst barbarous tribes in every quarter of the globe, being sanctioned by the universal practice of uncivilised

communities.* Thus Sir John Lubbock, in his valuable treatise on the "Origin of Civilisation," says: "Marriage by capture, either as a stern reality, or as an important ceremony, prevails in Australia and amongst the Malays, in Hindostan, Central Asia, Siberia, and Kamschatka, among the Esquimaux, the Northern Redskins, the aborigines of Brazil, in Chili and Terra del Fuego, in the Pacific Islands, both among the Polynesians and the Fijians, in the Philippines, among the Arabs and the Negroes, in Circassia, and until recently throughout a great part of Europe."

This custom, too, prevailed once upon a time amongst the Britons, and in many parts of Wales, Ireland, and the north of Scotland, it was practised till a comparatively recent date. Amongst the many traces of it, we may quote a strange ceremony described by Lord Kames, in his "Sketches of the History of Man" (1807), as observed at a Welsh wedding. He tells us how the friends of the bridegroom and the attendants of the bride, formed into two separate companies, rode to an appointed place on the morning of the wedding-day. As soon as the two parties came near one another, the bridegroom demanded the bride, whose friends refused to deliver her up. Hereupon the bride contrived to escape from the scene of confusion, and the bridegroom, amidst the noisy and derisive shouts of her party, put spurs to his horse and endeavoured to overtake her. This he generally succeeded in doing, but not before, however, he had made a good display of his equestrian skill. It may be noted, also, that the universal and highly popular custom of throwing an old shoe after a bridal carriage is considered by some antiquarians to have been originally intended as a sham assault on the bridegroom for carrying off the bride, and hence a survival of the old ceremony of opposition to the capture of the bride.†

Unlike our own country, betrothal was amongst the Germans the chief act, the marriage ceremony being held of less importance. Indeed, at the present day this is, in a certain measure, still the case, the public ratification of betrothal being invested with no insignificant marks of honour, so as thereby to impress its momentous character on the minds of the couple who have promised to marry each other. Thus a modern writer,‡ describing "German life and manners as seen in Saxony," informs us that as soon as the parents' consent has been obtained, a special feast is given, equivalent to the Roman "Sponsalia," to make known the formal betrothal of the couple. At this betrothal supper, to which all the friends of the family are generally invited, fish is a favourite dish. The leading feature of the occasion consists in the bridegroom's production of two thick plain gold rings, inside one of which is engraven his own name, and in the other that of the young lady. He then places the ring with his name inscribed upon it on the bride's left forefinger, and

* Jeaffreson's "Brides and Bridals," i. 37.

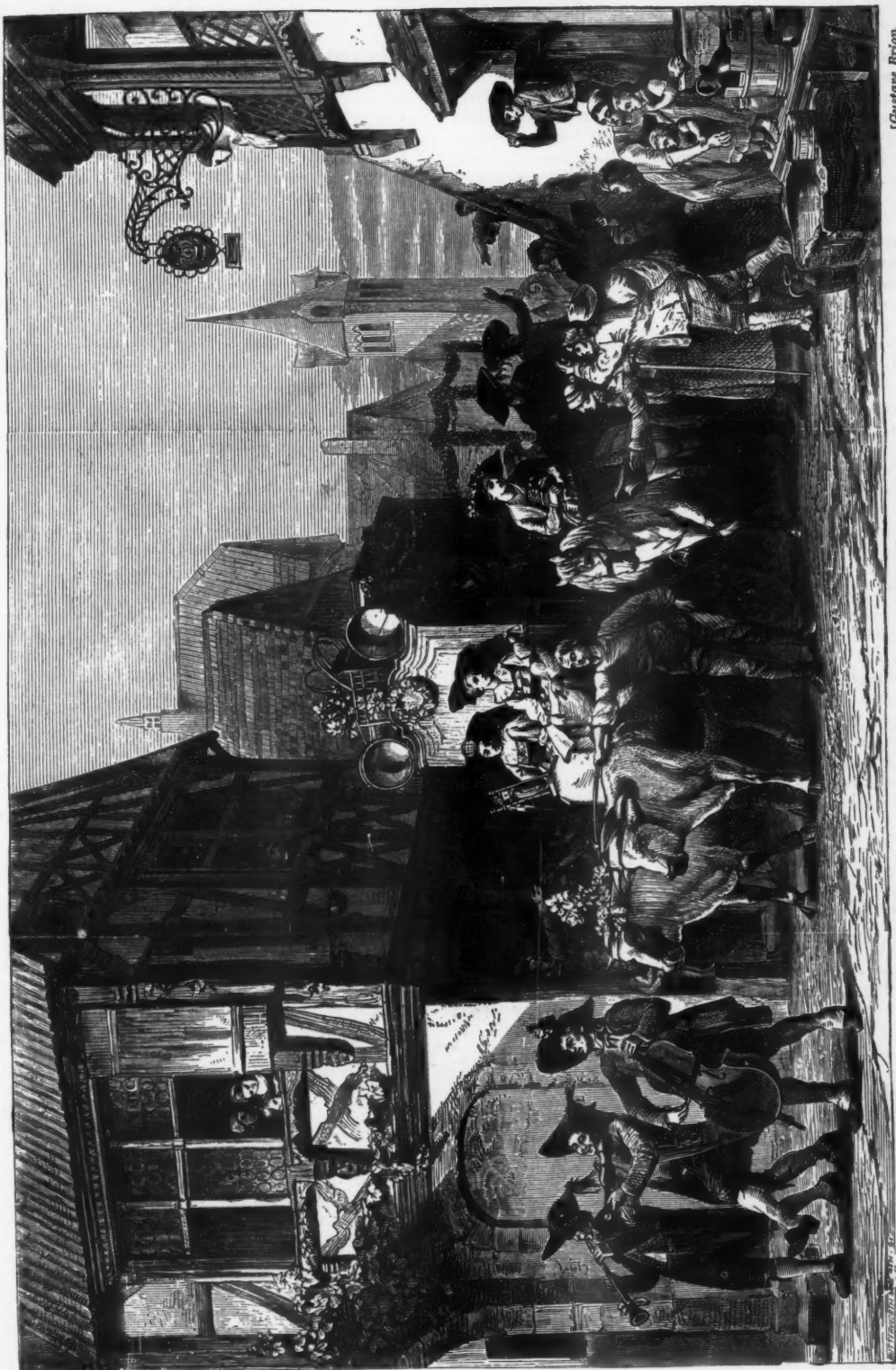
† Farrer's "Primitive Manners and Customs," 1879, 215.

‡ "Germany Past and Present," 131.

* Jeaffreson's "Brides and Bridals," i. 19; vide also McLennan's "Primitive Marriage."

† See Farrer's "Primitive Manners and Customs," 188-213.

‡ Mayhew's "German Life and Manners in Saxony," 1865, 116.



[Gustave Brion.]

THE WEDDING (ALSACE).

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that with the lady's name upon the forefinger of his own left hand. Frequently, too, on this occasion a marriage contract is formally made in writing, in which the property belonging to either party is settled upon them. As may be gathered, therefore, from the various ceremonies connected with betrothal, very great importance has been attached to it; and, as has been so often observed with regard to our own country, there would probably be far fewer cases of "breach of promise" if only some ceremony were instituted to make the engagement of a more binding character, thereby preventing it being broken off at the caprice of a fickle lover.

Again, as a further confirmation of a marriage contract, it was customary in Germany in bygone years for the herald of the Emperor to blow his trumpet in the market-place, and announce to the people there assembled that his Majesty had been pleased to give his consent to the alliance of the couple whose names were publicly proclaimed. With such a custom as this it was therefore impossible to keep an engagement secret, and henceforth there was no danger of any admirer falling in love with the lady, not knowing that her affections were already secured. This practice, however, has long ago fallen into disuse, but at any rate it is an interesting example of the habits of social and domestic life as they formerly prevailed in Germany.

We now come to the ceremonies attached to the eventful day itself, and these are of a very social character, feasting and merrymaking entering largely into them. It would seem, however, that the German folk are not content with confining their festivities to one day, but commence their merry doings on the evening preceding the wedding-day. Thus, we are told by Mr. Mayhew, that on this night a feast is held which is styled the "Polter-Abend" (the noisy evening). One peculiar characteristic of this occasion consists in the townsfolk getting rid of all their broken crockery by throwing it at the door, a performance, indeed, which creates oftentimes no small noise. This feast, it may be mentioned, is considered to be the remains of the old Roman entertainment which was given on the evening preceding the marriage-day. It is also customary at this time, we are informed, for the bridesmaids to bring to the house of the bride the myrtle wreath which they have purchased. Referring once more to the custom of throwing broken crockery, we are told that when, in 1791, Lord Malmesbury acted as proxy for the Duke of York on his marriage with a Prussian princess, the next day an enormous heap of broken earthenware was found outside her door. The use of the myrtle may be traced back to heathen times, having been dedicated to Venus, from whence arose the custom in mediæval times of joining with it the bridal garland.

While speaking of myrtle wreaths, we may notice that formerly it was an almost universal custom to crown both the bride and bridegroom with a chaplet of flowers. Various allusions to this practice occur in old writers, as, for example, in the "Dialogue of Dives and Pauper" (1493), where we read, "Three ornamentys longe pryncy-

paly to a wyfe: a ring on hir fynger, a broch on hir brest, and a garlonde on hir hede." Amongst the Anglo-Saxons, a chaplet of myrtle or flowers was specially kept in church for this purpose. Among the many scattered references to the presence of myrtle at marriage rites, we may mention the following lines of Carew:—

"The priests at the altar stay;
With flowery wreaths the virgin crew
Attend, while some with roses strew,
And myrtles trim the way."

In the Roxburghe Ballads we read:—

"And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered o'er with leaves of myrtle."

Coming in the next place to the all-important day itself, it must be remembered that the marriage ceremony is generally of a very brief description. Indeed, from the earliest period in Germany, marriage was regarded solely as a civil contract, no more demanding religious sanction than any other transaction.* Thus, in Germany the marriage rites have really more of a social than an ecclesiastical character. Mr. Mayhew tells us that the service proper consists merely in the clergyman asking each of the parties whether "they intend to take the other for his or her wedded partner in life. Then the betrothal rings are exchanged, and the religious part of the ceremony ends with the earnest prayer for the happiness of the couple." The ceremony over, the bridal party repair to the house of the bride's father, where, as in our own country, a grand feast takes place, at which every kind of merrymaking is observed. Referring, however, to the marriage customs of days gone by, we are told by Mr. Baring Gould, in his interesting work on Germany, that in "the Trauung, the guardian or father was the person who disposed of the maid, who betrothed and gave her away. He confided her to the troth of the husband. From the necessity of the case, the Trauung was a public ceremony, as it was the transfer of the woman from her father's house to that of her husband; it was attended with certain formalities. As symbols of the authority which passed to the husband, the father handed over to him a sword, a hat, and a mantle, tokens that he was invested with power of life and death and supremacy over her. The mantle signified the protection under which she had sheltered in her father's house, and which she must now find in her husband's house. The ring or coin given at betrothal to the ward was returned, as also the gloves and straws, with which the pledge had been confirmed."

Numerous superstitions have, in Germany, from time immemorial, clustered round the marriage ceremony, a few of which it may not be uninteresting to our readers to notice. Thus it is in many places a popular belief that if the bride tears her wedding-dress she will undergo much trouble, and it is a common practice for both the bride and bridegroom to strew rice and salt in their

* Baring Gould's "Germany, Past and Present," 162.

shoes as a protection against the supposed ill-effects of witchcraft. If a bride desires to have good luck and happiness in her married life, it is necessary that, on coming out of the chancel after the wedding ceremony, she should enter her house under two sabres, laid crosswise over the door.* A curious and exciting piece of divination is frequently practised at the marriage-feast. As the clock strikes twelve at midnight,† two of the bridesmaids take the wreath from the bride's head, and the sprig of myrtle from the bridegroom's buttonhole. A handkerchief having been tied over the eyes of the bride, the myrtle-wreath is put into her hand, the unmarried girls dancing round her in a circle, while she tries to place the wreath upon the head of one of them. According to the popular belief, whoever is lucky enough to have the wreath is certain to be married within the ensuing twelve months. As can easily be imagined, no small excitement is caused among the fair sex by this important ceremony. Meanwhile, too, the same sort of thing goes on with the bridegroom, while the rest of the company sing verses to the air of the "Bridesmaids' Chorus" in "Der Freischütz."

Among other items of folk-lore we are told that if a lady is unfortunate enough to lose her wedding-ring, she will soon be separated from her husband by death or otherwise. Referring, also, to some of the divinations practised by German young ladies

* Thorpe's "Northern Mythology," 1832, iii. 330.
† Mayhew's "German Life and Manners," 122.

with a view of ascertaining their lot in the marriage state, we may mention the following practised in the Netherlands: "If a woman is desirous of securing a compliant husband, she must obtain some old iron nails, on which a ring must be made on a Friday during mass, and afterwards lay the gospels upon it, and say a *pater noster* daily. Then if she wears that ring on her finger, she will have a husband ready to grant her wishes for a year."

It is a further belief that those young ladies who dislike dogs will never get good husbands. Lastly, whilst writing of German marriage customs, we must not omit to mention the "Morganitic," or left-handed marriages, of which Dr. Alexander, in his "History of Women," thus speaks: "A man may marry what is called a 'left-handed wife,' to whom he is married for life, and by the common ceremony; the only difference is, the bridegroom gives her his left hand instead of his right, but with this express agreement, that neither she nor her children shall live in the house of her husband, nor shall take his name nor bear his arms, nor dispose of any of his property, nor succeed to his estates or titles, but shall be contented with what was agreed on for their subsistence during his life, and with what he may grant at his death." Such, then, is a brief outline of some of the marriage customs existing in Germany, affording, as they do, a good insight into the social and domestic life of that great empire.

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

GEORGE MORLAND,

AS REPRESENTATIVE OF HIS OWN TIMES.



but as illustrating English life and manners in his time.

He was born in London the 26th of June, 1763. His father, Henry Morland, was a painter in crayons of no great talent, but in much repute with the aristocracy of the day. During the childhood of his son, he was in sufficiently good circumstances to live in the house in Leicester Square, afterwards occupied by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

WHAT Charles Dickens was as a delineator of the English middle-class life of the second quarter of this century, George Morland was as to the English lower-class of the latter end of the last century. His pictures have an interest not only as works of art,

Some unfortunate speculations crippled his means, but the home always remained a very good example of the comfortable middle-class home of the last century. Both Mr. and Mrs. Morland were amiable, narrow-minded people, sincerely desirous of doing their duty. Industry, order, temperance, economy, with the least possible communication with the outer world—these were the main ideas by which they regulated their household. Certainly the condition of the outer world was bad enough to drive any decent family into self-containedness, but the Morlands seemed to have withdrawn from all society, and to have based their domestic economy upon the narrowest utilitarianism.

Mr. Morland had such clear proofs that his son George was born to be an artist, that he thought that the boy could not begin too early to work at the easel. George certainly learnt to read and write, and he made good use of the former accomplishment during his youth, but his composition ever remained of a puerile character. As

to any of the higher forms of learning, Mr. Morland does not appear to have seen the use of them to a lad whose calling was so manifest. So if George was not at his easel, he was cleaning pictures, and even when the day's work was done his amusement still took the same line, reading books on art, or studying perspective by candlelight. And George, in fact, was never happy unless engaged in drawing or modelling. Even his mischief took the direction of art. He would copy his father's favourite crayon so exactly on the floor that when Mr. Morland suddenly entered the studio he would imagine that he had trodden on it; and the little artist would draw a beetle on the hearth so cleverly that his father would put out his foot to crush it, or a spider would appear hanging over the servant's bedstead, which Molly would vainly strike to get rid of with her long broom. Toys were not considered necessary in the Morland household, so George had to invent his own recreation. At twelve he was quite expert in modelling asses, horses, dogs, etc., in clay, and had constructed a little frigate.

At fourteen he was duly articulated to his father for seven years. Now he had to work in good earnest. His ability rapidly developed, and all his drawings were sold directly they were made. When about twenty, unknown to his father he showed some of his drawings to the keeper of the Academy, who gave him permission to draw there, with a view to entering as a student, but the parental timidity, or his own innate aversion to any effort at self-elevation, stood in his light, for he made no use of the opening afforded.

It is certain that the system pursued by his father and mother was blind in the extreme. During his youth he had no companions, nor was he allowed to go anywhere. The only friend that he was permitted to visit was a Mr. Dawe, an old pupil of his father's, in whom his parents had great confidence. This gentleman often took George for a walk to remarkable places in London or the environs, and on these occasions the boy gambolled like a dog let loose after a week's confinement, running every now and then into the most dangerous positions, and getting out of them in an equally awkward manner. These moments of liberty were the happiest in his life, and in after days he often reverted to them with a melancholy pleasure. His health was so good and his habits so frugal that he has been known to go for a whole day, and during a walk of twenty miles, upon a pennyworth of gingerbread. Though little trained to observe, his perceptive faculties were so strong that everything he saw seemed to be at once photographed on his brain. Thus three months after one of these walks, in which he had been taken past some sandpits at Charlton, in Kent, he reproduced the scene, in two drawings, with such accuracy, that Mr. Dawe could hardly believe that he had not been again on the spot. There were the identical pits, with the men digging and all the accessories of carts, barrows, and asses.

As young Morland began to realise his mental and physical strength, the more restive he became under domestic restraint. At nineteen he suddenly

broke away and fell into the very errors from which his parents had taken such pains to shield him. He had not learnt that freedom which comes from a will emancipated, and steady in the love of God as the magnetic needle to the pole.

The position of Morland's parents deserves all sympathy, since they had to do with a character not at all uncommon, but which is often misunderstood. Their handsome gifted son was morally a dwarf. In his natural perception of right and wrong he was little above the savage. From the very beginning he seemed unaware of the turpitude of his conduct, and flaunted his vices in the faces of his friends, without apparently seeing the nature of the scandal or the offence. His parents had no hold upon him, and he drifted, in spite of all his talents, or perhaps the more rapidly on account of them, into the society of those who were his real kindred. He very soon began to develop that taste for low adventure which became the characteristic feature of his life. This reckless life, whatever its degradation, brought into relief that wonderful faculty for perceiving every characteristic of the unfortunate classes with whom he mixed. Drunk or sober, trembling for his life or half mad with excitement, his perceptive faculties never left him; he saw all, heard all, and was constantly taking notes of everything that could help him in his art. Discovered one day in a low public-house in the Isle of Wight in very doubtful company, he produced such a number of interesting sketches of his associates as surprised his friends.

After leaving his father's house, he fell into the hands of a publisher in Drury Lane, who engaged him to paint a number of low subjects of which his master made an exhibition, charging half-a-crown a head. He treated the degraded young artist as a mere slave, watching him closely, and never letting him have more money than just enough to procure subsistence. Morland at last revenged himself with that mixture of humour and cunning so characteristic of the class he represented. A lady at Margate, who had seen his pictures, sent him an invitation to come and paint some portraits at that fashionable watering-place. Morland seized the opportunity to extract a more than usual supply of money from his employer. Then, without telling any one his intentions, he locked up his room and went down to Margate with the key in his pocket.

He was now in what the world calls good society, and was treated with every consideration. He had a horse to ride on, and enjoyed himself in his own coarse fashion. Had he chosen he might at once have taken a respectable position as a fashionable painter. His patroness took him over to France, and his letters to Dawe are very humorous though expressed in most puerile diction. On his return his conduct was so wild as to border on lunacy. He writes from Margate, strange to say, to tell his friend Dawe that he has begun a new business, which is that of a jockey. He relates, with that utter indifference to his own reputation which is a striking feature in his character, how his want of skill had caused him to lose a race in so egregious a manner that

he was seriously beaten by the crowd. Again he runs and wins, and the fight over him is tremendous. His description of the howling mob of four hundred sailors, smugglers, and fishermen, with sticks, stones, and waggoners' whips, crying out "Kill him, strip him, throw him into the sea," gives a terrible notion of an English mob in the last century. He is only saved by the heroism of some individual who takes him in his arms as he leaps off his horse, and the arrival of some gentlemen on horseback, who, with a number of servants, attack the crowd and drive it back.

In 1786 Morland married the sister of William Ward, the engraver. At first it was nothing but continual squabbling, for Morland was bent on accustoming his wife to the low society of which he was himself so fond. She naturally resisted, but at length he succeeded, and the home became as disorderly and squalid as it was possible for him to wish. On one occasion some friend found him painting in a room in the corner of which stood the coffin of his child, dead about three weeks, a donkey and her foal were munching barley straw out of its cradle, a sow and its litter were solacing themselves in the recess of an old cupboard, while the artist himself was whistling over a beautiful picture that he was finishing at his ease, a bottle of gin on one side of him and a live mouse sitting for its portrait on the other.

For more than a quarter of a century Morland's life is a sad, dreary record, which no flashes of genius can illumine. Wandering near Canterbury with a companion, and having spent all his money, they entered a public-house called the Black Bull in that town. Unable to pay the bill, Morland confessed his plight and offered in exchange to paint the signboard. As it was two generations old, and there was little hope of otherwise obtaining the money, the landlord consented. When it was finished he was so pleased that he not only gave the artist and his companion a night's lodging but a few shillings to go on with. About three months after, a gentleman passing through Canterbury noticed the board, and being convinced that it was a real work of art, went in and offered twenty pounds for it. The landlord let him have it, much astonished at his liberality; however, this identical signboard was afterwards sold for a hundred guineas. Nothing pleased Morland so much as the vulgar sports popular in that age. At one time he opened a sparring-room of his own, where he painted, surrounded by some of the lowest characters in London. At last Morland found that he had not only wasted all his earnings, but the very means by which he could earn anything at all. He was little over forty when his fine constitution began to give way, his artistic powers at the same time showing signs of declension; and at the early age of forty-five George Morland came to his end in a sponging-house.

No reason could have induced us to pursue a subject so sad and almost revolting, if we did not find in it a striking illustration of what we conceive to be a natural law; namely, that every class finds at some time or other its representative man, whose life and character have in consequence far

more than an individual interest. This relation George Morland occupied to the class he has so perfectly delineated. His own life and character epitomised that of the English labouring poor of the last century.

Whatever may be the case at other periods of our history, there is no lack of material for forming a very full idea of the condition of the English poor during this period, since we have the written record of four of the best possible witnesses—men of genius, who lived and moved among the people—William Cobbett, George Crabbe, Robert Blomfield, and John Clare.

Morland was born the year after Cobbett, so that they were contemporaries, and he began his acquaintance with the rural poor about the same time as Crabbe. Blomfield gathered his experiences a little earlier than Morland, but he was a few years his junior, and wrote and published the "Farmer's Boy" and "Rural Tales" at the time Morland was at the zenith of his popularity. Poor Clare, though many years younger than either of the four, was at the same period passing through all the sordid misery of the very poorest kind of rural life. We may add also the testimony of one of the most original and observant minds of the age. Cowper published his "Task," a series of poems with striking sketches of rural life, just about the time that Morland began to paint. The unanimity of these witnesses is singularly contemporaneous; we do not know a point upon which they disagree.

The first, the most obvious, impression we get from reading Blomfield and Clare, is that of an artless, suffering, gregarious people, who plod on from day to day hopeless and aimless, of a people who have fallen into a state of childishness, and whose only relief is in occasional bursts of frantic merriment, of which horse-play and hard drinking are the chief features. Artless themselves, these poets tell the tale of an artless race oppressed by a combination of evils, and most of all with a sense that they are declining, that they are falling into a deeper, more abject state of poverty or crime.

Blomfield expresses this thought with unwonted bitterness in the "Farmer's Boy," in the passage in *Summer*, beginning:—

"Such were the days—of days long past I sing," etc.

He bemoans

"the peasant's curse,

That hourly makes his wretched station worse;
Destroys life's intercourse; the social plan
That rank to rank cements, as man to man:
Wealth flows around him, fashion lordly reigns,
Yet poverty is his, and mental pains."

Crabbe's picture of an English workhouse shows us that the increasing wealth and refinement of the age did not prevent it from allowing its paupers to die in misery. And yet for their own ends the governing classes encouraged the whole nation to give themselves up to this fate. The last blow to the self-respect and independence of the English labouring classes was given when, in 1796, the

Poor Law system was so relaxed that out-door relief became the rule, and a method of paying wages.

The starvation and discomfort of later cottage life is a thing unknown in Morland's pictures. Everything suggests plenty and coarse comfort; and yet the English poor of Morland's day received twice the dole their successors receive to-day—three times, if the cost of living be taken into account. And this statement does not refer to the hard times which followed the close of the war, but to the times when prices were high and farmers flourishing in a way that they probably had never known before, and certainly have never since.

The characteristic feature in all Crabbe's delineations of the English poor is the extreme feebleness of their moral perceptions. Blomfield and Clare describe inland rural life; Crabbe's sphere of observation was nearer the seashore. He was brought in daily contact with the demoralisation wrought by the system which sought to make England self-contained, a system that turned the maritime part of our population, once the noblest, into "a bold, artful, surly, savage race," smugglers and wreckers, corrupt and corrupting. A "border of wickedness" encircled all the eastern, southern, and western coasts of England, from which a spirit of lawlessness spread throughout the land, producing everywhere a low state of the public conscience. The hope of unknown gains, the desire to gratify a long repressed spirit of enterprise, and to break the monotony of existence, seduced the labouring classes in the maritime counties to become accomplices in the great smuggling trade.

"Where are the swains, who, daily labour done,
With rural games played down the setting sun;
Where now are these? Beneath yon cliff they stand
To show the freighted pinnace where to land;
To load the ready steed with guilty haste,
To fly in terror o'er the pathless waste,
Or, when detected, in their straggling course,
To foil their foes by cunning or by force;
Or yielding part (which equal knaves demand),
To gain a lawless passport through the land."

Concerning smuggling and all its concomitants, the public conscience of England in the last century seems to have been almost as dull as that of Ireland to day with reference to agrarian outrage.

Another sign of this feebleness of conscience was great obtuseness with reference to the eighth commandment. The people were addicted to pilfering without knowing it. Nightly they went forth to snare the game or to drag fish-ponds; daily thousands of them stole the public land, inch by inch. Doomed to drudge on, without any scope for their powers, all generous enthusiasm repressed, the slaves of a few hard, dry rules, their higher interests too commonly neglected, they burst the bonds on the first opportunity, and became licentious and drunken.

That the British workman was fed well and drank deep we have a concurrence of testimony. Cobbett describes again and again the labourer of

his childhood as living in comfort and in plenty, having his meat and his bacon and his beer-barrel. And all Morland's pictures tell the same tale; his labourers, men and women, were with rare exceptions fat and even rubicund. Drinking, everybody knows, was carried to a frightful excess in all classes during the last century. A passion for gin-drinking began to diffuse itself in the second quarter of the century, and its shocking effects may be seen vividly represented in Hogarth's "Gin Lane." There were by the middle of the century 12,000 gin-sellers in the metropolis alone, exclusive of the City and Southwark, and reckoning all the houses and shops for drinking within the bills of mortality, the number reached 20,000. In almost every printing-office there was a bottle of rum, and the workmen served themselves with it, and kept a score against themselves; in almost every tailor's shop in London there was a bottle of gin, and the man who kept the score for the publican was paid by having a glass out of a certain quantity. It was the common practice for journeymen of all sorts as they went to their work before six o'clock in the morning to have a pennyworth of hot purl and a half-pennyworth of gin, and it of course muddled them. This was the drink Morland loved. Here, no doubt, we have the cause which rendered a London mob in the last century one of the most brutal in the world. They positively tyrannised over the streets, and, short of murder, their behaviour could not have been equalled in the most savage parts of the world. This mob-tyranny had not died out in England within the memory of some now living. A Dutch lady who came to reside in this country about fifty years ago has often told the writer that, happening to go into the streets of London in a bonnet of new fashion, a number of men and women collected round her, joined hands, and danced, singing a popular song of the day—"Why is my bonnet so blue?" And that this was no sudden freak, but one of the rites and customs of English heathendom, we gather from Bayley's "Surrey," where the author states, speaking of Purbright, a village among the barren heaths of West Surrey, "Only a few years ago a stranger was hailed as a rarity here; and it was the custom of the inhabitants to greet him by joining hands and dancing round him; and this singular mode of salutation had the boorish title attached to it of 'Dancing the Hog.'"

The homes of this people have been described by Crabbe with a minuteness of detail which photography could scarcely excel. In his "Village," and in his "Borough," in his delineations of the winding lane and the infected row, we get a series of pictures which may be well summed up in the one we have given of Morland's own sordid poverty. Gross luxury in the midst of hopeless wretchedness and vice; this is the idea Crabbe and Morland both present us.

A hundred years earlier Defoe had celebrated their independence in these terse though unpoetic lines:

"The meanest English plowman studies law,
And keeps thereby the magistrates in awe.



THE ROADSIDE INN.



THE WARRENER.



Will boldly tell them what they ought to do,
And sometimes punish their omissions too."

But the falling off from his time was only too evident. Who can imagine such things of the ploughmen Crabbe, Blomfield, and Clare celebrate. Their behaviour is rather typified by that of Morland, who, abominably rude to noblemen when he could be so without looking them in the face, lost all his presence of mind when he suddenly found himself in their presence. With such abjectness of soul, who can imagine a troop of artisans getting up a play of their own in order to honour the nuptials of some great noble? Everybody knows the scene in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" where a company of hard-handed men—a carpenter, a joiner, a weaver, a bellows-mender, a tinker, and a tailor—perform before the ducal court the play of "Young Pyramus and his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth," all written by one of their number, Quince, the carpenter. There would it be clear have been no point in all this if it had not been a burlesque of what actually happened in Shakespeare's own time; and that it was still a custom up to the Commonwealth, we know by an actual case in which a company of rustics performed such a play before King Charles I.

This deterioration cannot be traced to mere poverty, since there is reason to believe that the labouring poor in England during the last century were exceptionally well off. The debasement was the result of oppressive labour and sordid living, suddenly aggravated by a national mania for hard drinking, and the reign of a dull and narrow social system.

It is said that it was during the wars of the Netherlands that the English people learnt to be drunkards. The higher classes were first infected, but towards the close of the seventeenth century the whole nation had become besotted. Beer was the popular beverage, and the amount consumed seems almost incredible. The facts point a moral of value to every century. Mr. Lecky states that in 1688 it was computed that no less than 12,400,000 barrels were brewed in England in a single year, almost one-third of the arable land of the kingdom being devoted to barley. In 1689, through hostility to France, the English Government prohibited the importation of foreign spirits, and threw open the distilling trade to all its subjects, on payment of certain duties.

The results were gradually seen. We have already referred to the custom of dram-drinking, against which, by the way, Wesley and the early Methodists vigorously protested. Fielding, in 1751, asserted that gin was the principal sustenance (if it may be so called) of more than 100,000 people in the metropolis, and it was his opinion that, "should the drinking of this poison be continued at its present height during twenty years, there will by that time be very few of the common people left to drink it." It did check the growth of the population, but its more fatal effect was seen in the deterioration of succeeding generations.

Education was regarded as a mere luxury. Few

tradesmen had more instruction than qualified them to add up a bill, and the prejudice against useless learning was so great that it would have injured a man in his business had it been known that he was addicted to reading. It was a rare accomplishment indeed when a labourer, a mechanic, or a domestic servant, knew how to read and write. The only education vouchsafed to the poor was a purely technical one. Young children were sent to labour in the fields, in the looms, underground—a great evil which grew far worse with the hard times following the war.

This is a dark picture. It were far more congenial to trace the gradual development of new influences, especially in that revival of religious life which sent a thrill of holier hope even through rural England at the close of the century.

George Morland has been called the English Teniers. No better description could be given of the nature of his genius, which probably equalled that of either the elder or the younger Teniers, though, for want of cultivation, it never reached their level in execution. His genius had risen, culminated, and set by the time that he was forty. Three styles mark these successive periods. In the first the work is carefully studied from nature, but too much softened down. He has not altogether freed himself from the timid manner encouraged by his father, nor from the belief in mere finish, the result of his studies in the Dutch school. The second style is far less finished, but everything is touched in with a free and vigorous pencil. In the third there is evident decay; the manner is more careless and the power is going. Morland's genius is thought to have been at its zenith about 1792, but many of his finest works were painted after that period.

While with his father Morland painted a series of illustrations to the "Faëry Queen," and to several popular ballads, as "Auld Robin Grey" and "Margaret's Ghost." During his best period he devoted himself a great deal to landscape, and produced some important works. But while he has many rivals in this line, he stands alone as a painter of drovers, stage-coachmen, ostlers, post-boys, and labourers of all sorts. His genius, however, rose to its highest level and produced its most perfect work when he came to represent animals. And here he showed the same bent as he did in depicting man and his dwelling-place. Just as he chose the most uncultured specimens of the former, and the poorest and wildest forms of the latter, so in painting animals he chose the sheep, the ass, and the hog, and even the rabbit and the guinea-pig, in preference to the horse and the dog.

Morland, in his prosaic age, with his utilitarian education, and his utter want of all idealism, just painted what he saw:—

"A cowslip at the river's brim,
A yellow cowslip 'twas to him,
And it was nothing more."

If he had been a German painter, we might sometimes suspect him of some hidden inten-

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Went along with his daddy a-courting to Kate,
With a nosegay so large in his holiday clothes,
His hands in his pockets away Roger goes.

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And Kitty, poor girl, was as bashful as he,
So he bowed and he stood, and he let his hat fall,
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In the "Return from Market" we see that common feature of English life, the continual halt at the inn to bait both man and beast. All the men have had their refreshment, and now a woman in the waggon is about to have hers. A farmer's wife, arrayed in one of the large bonnets of the period, looks askance at the wench.

Everything in Morland's pictures denotes a gross, luxurious England. The rubicund cheeks,

Will boldly tell them what they ought to do,
And sometimes punish their omissions too."

But the falling off from his time was only too evident. Who can imagine such things of the ploughmen Crabbe, Blomfield, and Clare celebrate. Their behaviour is rather typified by that of Morland, who, abominably rude to noblemen when he could be so without looking them in the face, lost all his presence of mind when he suddenly found himself in their presence. With such abjectness of soul, who can imagine a troop of artisans getting up a play of their own in order to honour the nuptials of some great noble? Everybody knows the scene in "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*" where a company of hard-handed men—a carpenter, a joiner, a weaver, a bellows-mender, a tinker, and a tailor—perform before the ducal court the play of "*Young Pyramus and his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth*," all written by one of their number, Quince, the carpenter. There would it is clear have been no point in all this if it had not been a burlesque of what actually happened in Shakespeare's own time; and that it was still a custom up to the Commonwealth, we know by an actual case in which a company of rustics performed such a play before King Charles I.

This deterioration cannot be traced to mere poverty, since there is reason to believe that the labouring poor in England during the last century were exceptionally well off. The debasement was the result of oppressive labour and sordid living, suddenly aggravated by a national mania for hard drinking, and the reign of a dull and narrow social system.

It is said that it was during the wars of the Netherlands that the English people learnt to be drunkards. The higher classes were first infected, but towards the close of the seventeenth century the whole nation had become besotted. Beer was the popular beverage, and the amount consumed seems almost incredible. The facts point a moral of value to every century. Mr. Lecky states that in 1688 it was computed that no less than 12,400,000 barrels were brewed in England in a single year, almost one-third of the arable land of the kingdom being devoted to barley. In 1689, through hostility to France, the English Government prohibited the importation of foreign spirits, and threw open the distilling trade to all its subjects, on payment of certain duties.

The results were gradually seen. We have already referred to the custom of dram-drinking, against which, by the way, Wesley and the early Methodists vigorously protested. Fielding, in 1751, asserted that gin was the principal sustenance (if it may be so called) of more than 100,000 people in the metropolis, and it was his opinion that, "should the drinking of this poison be continued at its present height during twenty years, there will by that time be very few of the common people left to drink it." It did check the growth of the population, but its more fatal effect was seen in the deterioration of succeeding generations.

Education was regarded as a mere luxury. Few

tradesmen had more instruction than qualified them to add up a bill, and the prejudice against useless learning was so great that it would have injured a man in his business had it been known that he was addicted to reading. It was a rare accomplishment indeed when a labourer, a mechanic, or a domestic servant, knew how to read and write. The only education vouchsafed to the poor was a purely technical one. Young children were sent to labour in the fields, in the looms, underground—a great evil which grew far worse with the hard times following the war.

This is a dark picture. It were far more congenial to trace the gradual development of new influences, especially in that revival of religious life which sent a thrill of holier hope even through rural England at the close of the century.

George Morland has been called the English Teniers. No better description could be given of the nature of his genius, which probably equalled that of either the elder or the younger Teniers, though, for want of cultivation, it never reached their level in execution. His genius had risen, culminated, and set by the time that he was forty. Three styles mark these successive periods. In the first the work is carefully studied from nature, but too much softened down. He has not altogether freed himself from the timid manner encouraged by his father, nor from the belief in mere finish, the result of his studies in the Dutch school. The second style is far less finished, but everything is touched in with a free and vigorous pencil. In the third there is evident decay; the manner is more careless and the power is going. Morland's genius is thought to have been at its zenith about 1792, but many of his finest works were painted after that period.

While with his father Morland painted a series of illustrations to the "*Faëry Queen*," and to several popular ballads, as "*Auld Robin Grey*" and "*Margaret's Ghost*." During his best period he devoted himself a great deal to landscape, and produced some important works. But while he has many rivals in this line, he stands alone as a painter of drovers, stage-coachmen, ostlers, post-boys, and labourers of all sorts. His genius, however, rose to its highest level and produced its most perfect work when he came to represent animals. And here he showed the same bent as he did in depicting man and his dwelling-place. Just as he chose the most uncultured specimens of the former, and the poorest and wildest forms of the latter, so in painting animals he chose the sheep, the ass, and the hog, and even the rabbit and the guinea-pig, in preference to the horse and the dog.

Morland, in his prosaic age, with his utilitarian education, and his utter want of all idealism, just painted what he saw:—

"A cowslip at the river's brim,
A yellow cowslip 'twas to him,
And it was nothing more."

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tion, some desire to parody the human beings about him. But Morland's soul had very little real human sympathy, very little power of entering into the tragedy or comedy of life. Had he possessed even a little more dramatic power, he would have probably seen in human beings something of the variety of character he depicts in the animal world. Morland was a master only among brutes; among men he was still a serf, a mere reflecter of the general nature he saw around him. He is, however, so far, by force of his great artistic genius, invaluable as a representer of the life of his times. And his intellectual abjectness and want of ideality probably intensified his power to realise the externals of the life around him. Although he never used any of the ordinary means of progress, discarding all books—it is thought that he never possessed one in his life!—and did not go to picture galleries or hold converse with other artists, yet in his own peculiar way he was indefatigable in his pursuit of artistic knowledge. In the midst of his drunken frolics he would often make sketches and take notes. Sometimes he would start off in the night and ride several miles to attend a feast of gipsies in a wood, simply to observe the effect of firelight on the situation and the strange characters present. Gipsy life, as might be expected, had great fascination for him, and he would wander about with these nomads for days together.

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surrounded by the long hair worn at the period, and the frequent sprig in the hat, give these English peasants of the time of the French Revolution such a jovial look that you are inclined to think there never could have been a more comfortable, easy-going, happy-go-lucky people in the world. The very shepherd boys look too well fed to be industrious. One of Morland's pictures might serve for Wordsworth's "Idle Shepherd Boys."

"Upon the grass

Two boys are lying in the sun,
Their work, if any work they have,
Is out of mind—or done."

Morland's highest efforts, as far as mind goes, appear to be his landscapes. But here he was to a large extent inspired by the scene of his labours. He was greatly enamoured of the Isle of Wight, which in his day was to be seen in all its natural beauty. It is said that there was scarcely a bit along the Undercliff he had not attempted. His smuggling scenes are really fine, and seem to harmonise with all his lawless tastes. His genius enabled him easily to rise to the level of the taste of the day, and here he was content to stop. As a result he was one of the most popular artists of his time.

The prices his paintings fetched even during his lifetime were enormous. There was a general impression that he would die early, and dealers bought up his work on speculation. Some idea of the impetus given by popular favour may be gathered from the fact that at his death it was said that there were 4,000 of his pictures existing, but this was probably an exaggeration. Certainly no artist of the last century ever had more engraved except Hogarth. Had Morland lived in the present day he could easily have made a large fortune. His style had all the attractiveness of the artist whose main object is to sell. The subjects taken from familiar scenes were well chosen, happily conceived, and the effect so arranged as to strike at once. He was too lazy and careless, too popular to take much pains to vary his effect or composition. He based his pictures on a few simple rules, and did not trouble to go further. The consequence is, that though for the historical reasons indicated, as well as for the genius latent in all he did, Morland's works must ever be interesting, he can never take rank as a really great painter. Nothing from an art point of view could be more monotonous than a gallery of Morland.

In most technicalities he falls below those great artists with whom he might have taken his place. He avoids or slurs over all difficult points. Thus his foliage is weak, and when he attempts to paint it blown by the wind it looks like sea-weed. The one thing in trees he depicted with peculiar ability was a stunted pollard oak. Sunshine he avoided, and he generally contented himself with getting but one light into his picture. The heavy colour and want of atmosphere, which is a general fault in his work, was mainly due to the rapid careless manner in which he painted, employing the palette for every subject, and even using up the

remnant of his paint on other subjects in hand. He avoided all high colouring, lowering all his tones, and trying to get his effect by solidity rather than richness. These defects may be seen when his pictures hang side by side with Cuyt or Teniers. And they must be traced to the moral degradation of his life, which prevented any effort after elevation of style or execution.

In his pencil sketches his genius is even more apparent than in his paintings. The powerful conception of his subject and the wonderful facility of the execution compels admiration. His great success in sketching helped to mislead him in his higher work. He saw how much the former depended on a bold touch, he tried the same in painting, and it became ugly and monotonous.

If Morland remained uncultured among artists, he remained to the last simple and true in his work. And that work must ever be most precious, since it was the work of one who unconsciously became the representative of a large class. In that light both the man and his work are worthy of our study.

R. H.

Sonnets.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE CROSS AND DOVE OF PEARLS."

I.

How in one rushing moment do we learn
What the long patient years have failed to teach,
And all the voices lifted up to preach
God's message to us: That we might discern
How to be workers with Him in the end
That most concerned us, and might be so still
The while we wrought, as ne'er to mar or rend
His beauteous purpose by opposing will!
Alas! we spoil His aims, and wake too late
To feel what we have done, and cannot state
Our penitence with tears! We see so clear
What might have been and is, and that 'twas Love
We strove against and wounded in our fear,
Earth drawing stronger than the House above.

II.

And yet there's comfort even in the fact
Of waking up. God has His own sweet way
Of bringing us to knowledge of each act,
That was not of the faith that brought the day
Of our salvation in. "So slow of heart!"
Is His upbraiding, and such accents mild
Could but be spoken to the grieving child;
We hear them not as slaves. Nay, we bear part
Against ourselves. There had been no mistake
Had we but waited upon smile and frown.
Loss to our souls as punishment we take,
Yet think not that we lose our souls, forsake
The fight and race. Some gems have fallen down
From the crown meant for us; but not the crown.

MISJUDGED;

OR, THE TROUBLES OF A CITY MAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS ONLY ENEMY."

CHAPTER X.—FRANK CRESSHAM IN DANGER.



"MY DEAR AMY," SAID EFFIE, "DO THROW ASIDE THAT TIRESOME WORK."

TO the surprise of Aunt Agatha and Martin Fletcher, John Haydon, a few days after his return from Devonshire, paid a visit to Lyndhurst and had an interview with Mr. Cressham. In spite of all their efforts, they failed to ascertain what had passed between the two gentlemen, or what had been the result of their consultation. Martin Fletcher only knew that he had found his uncle more brusque and unmanageable than usual. He had no better success in his interview with Mr. Haydon, for he found him quite as reserved on the subject as Mr. Cressham had been. He was astute enough to discern that a reconciliation had not taken place, and that afforded him some consolation, but he had not failed to notice a remarkable change in John Haydon; instead of the crushed and desponding man he had seen at their last meeting, he found him proudly resentful of the imputation against his honour, which he declared he would yet live to vindicate.

Just as they were about to part, Mr. Haydon had said coldly, "I have found a clue to the missing

deed, and you may depend that I shall not sit with folded hands."

It was these words that rankled in Martin Fletcher's mind as he pursued his way home. Why had John Haydon addressed them to him, and what was the clue to which he had alluded? He knitted his brows as these questions suggested themselves, and quickened his steps until he came to a row of substantial-looking houses, situated in a quiet street in one of the many suburbs which are being rapidly absorbed into far-spreading London. It was here that Martin Fletcher resided, and a few minutes later he was seated in a small back room, which he had had fitted up as a library. It was in this room that he plotted and planned against those who stood between him and the coveted wealth of Mr. Cressham. It was here that he had conceived the idea, which he had so successfully carried out, of getting from his cousin Alice the title deeds of Westbrook. He sat with his elbows on the desk, still puzzling over Mr. Haydon's words. The thought that a

clue had been found was disquieting, for if the truth came out he knew it would be ruin to his hope of becoming Mr. Cressham's heir. "A clue to the missing deed." These words came back to him so persistently that he got angry at his own folly in taking alarm so quickly. Even presuming that there was a suggested suspicion in the words which Mr. Haydon had addressed to him, what had he to fear? Death had removed the only person who could have proved that he had the deed in his possession.

At this point of his meditation he unlocked a drawer in his desk and took out of it the deed which his cousin Alice had so innocently entrusted to his keeping, her objections being overruled by his specious statement that it was the only way to prevent the property being seized for the benefit of the bank, and his promise to return it as soon as all danger was past.

Mrs. Haydon had always liked her cousin Martin, taking him at his own estimate, and believing him to be a clever and shrewd man of business. Thus it was that she never suspected that he was only making a tool of her to serve his own selfish ends. But he had no sooner quitted the house than she had misgivings as to the wisdom of her act. "I ought to have consulted John before letting him have it." It was this thought that made her send one of the servants after Martin Fletcher with a note asking him to let her have the document back, as upon reconsidering the subject she had come to the conclusion that she was not justified in letting it out of her care without first getting her husband's consent. The man did not overtake Mr. Fletcher until he was within a few yards of his house. He had at first given the servant a verbal message for his mistress to the effect that he would come the next morning, but afterwards, knowing the impulsive nature of his cousin, he had written her a hasty note. The remembrance of this note often troubled him, for he knew that when the man reached Broadlands his poor mistress was dead. The suspense and excitement following on the evil tidings of the bank failure, which Martin had injudiciously communicated to her, had proved fatal. A few minutes before the servant returned with Mr. Fletcher's note she had suddenly fallen from her chair, and when picked up was dead. Martin Fletcher guessed rightly that the servant, coming suddenly upon the terrible scene that followed the death of his mistress, had forgotten the letter which he had in his pocket. He often wondered what the man had done with it: if it was destroyed he was safe; if not, it might at any moment be produced and bear witness against him. There was one thing in his favour: the man had left Mr. Haydon's service. So far Martin Fletcher had not reaped any actual benefit from his evil work; all he had gained was an unquiet conscience, and the ever-present fear that his breach of trust and duplicity might be discovered. Like the majority of evil-doers, he was a coward at heart.

"I'm half inclined to burn it," he murmured, as he fingered the deed; "and yet—and yet—if Cressham and Haydon were to die, who could gainsay my claim to the property?"

This last thought was no new one; the moment he heard of his cousin's death, it had entered into his scheming brain, for he knew that the Westbrook property was unentailed, that he could easily swear that he had lent Mr. Haydon money on it, and there would be no one to deny the truth of his statement. After a moment's hesitation, he returned the deed to its hiding-place in the drawer, with the remark that it was "Worth the risk."

Then he took out of his pocket a small notebook, and proceeded to glance over some of the entries.

"Meet Wilmar at twelve on Saturday."

He read this twice, then said, musingly,

"I wish I could get Frank Cressham to join us. He has been far too quiet of late."

And as he pursued the subject he thought how the old man was beginning to entertain a better opinion of Frank, and how diplomatically he had praised his improvement, while at the same time he insinuated the fear that he would soon fall back into his old habits—"And I will take good care," he thought now, "that he shall, if all my old influence is not dead."

He was still brooding over the subject, trying to devise some plan which was to snare Frank Cressham into some act that would disgrace him in the eyes of his uncle, when a knock at the door interrupted the current of his thoughts, and an instant later Frank himself was standing before him.

"Well, old boy, how are you getting on?"

Martin rose from his seat and held out his hand as he quietly responded to Frank Cressham's hearty greeting.

"Just as usual, Frank; glad to see you looking so well; I hear your picture at the Royal Academy is much admired."

"It had a favourable notice from the critics, and is sold. I got double the price I expected. Who do you think I saw at the Royal Academy to-day?"

"How should I know?"

"Why, Uncle Hugh; he was standing in front of my picture. I suppose the eulogy in the 'Times' had roused his curiosity. He seemed disappointed when he found it was sold, and I have to undergo the ordeal of dining with him and my sister Agatha to-night."

Martin Fletcher listened in dismay to this last item of news. The fact that Mr. Cressham had invited his nephew was sufficient proof that he had taken him into favour again. He congratulated Frank on his good fortune, but the insincerity of his words was manifest in the cold unsympathetic tone of his voice, and the covert sneer in which he could not resist indulging.

Frank Cressham was too unsuspicious to entertain the least doubt of his cousin; he believed Martin to be really glad that he was restored to his uncle's favour. He shook him by the hand, saying with a laugh,

"I knew you would be pleased, Martin; but I'm half afraid it won't last long, for somehow uncle and I never did get on together. By-the-by, Martin, you must have been paying court to him

of late, to judge by the way he sings your praises."

Martin Fletcher's face relaxed, and he became more genial in his manner.

Upstairs there was a small parlour on the sunny side of the house, which gave a far more cheerful aspect of Mr. Fletcher's home than the room in which the two gentlemen were seated. It was cheerful because it was homelike, and gave evidence of the presence of bright faces.

This was pleasantly suggested by the freshly filled vase of flowers and the bird-cage hanging in the bay window, which was gay with the pretty green creepers that take so kindly to brick and mortar.

Two ladies were in the room, one working diligently with her needle, while the other flitted about like some pretty restless moth or butterfly, whose only mission was to look beautiful in the sunshine. This was the young wife of Martin Fletcher, a very attractive figure to those who wished only for a beautiful picture. Of this class had been Martin Fletcher, in the days when he had first wooed and won the young beauty, who was said to be the prospective heiress of a large fortune.

He had hitherto been fully satisfied with the light, shallow, unreflective nature, that never seemed to radiate beyond its own narrow circle of thoughts and aims. He was pleased with her pretty childish ways, and found no fault with her want of self-reliance. He looked upon these traits as essentially feminine, and he considered her a more agreeable type of womanhood than those with whom he had been accustomed to associate, his cousins, the Cresshams, but more especially his sister Amy, whose individuality was strongly marked.

Amy had lived with her brother from the time of their father's death, and his marriage had not interfered with this arrangement, for she still continued to share his home, much to the satisfaction of Martin's wife, who was glad to be relieved from all domestic cares by her more energetic sister-in-law, and often declared to her husband that she did not know what she should do without her.

It would only have been necessary to see the two together for a few minutes to be able to learn the secret of the influence which the stronger nature had gained over the weaker and more impressionable one. The young wife had cause to be thankful that her sister-in-law was one who only made a conscientious use of her influence. It was a surprise to Martin that those two, so unlike each other in character, should have been drawn together. Highly as he valued and esteemed his sister, he had always held her a little in awe, and had at times an uncomfortable sense of inferiority in her presence.

"My dear Amy, do for once have compassion on yourself and me, and throw aside that tiresome work. I have been watching your needle until my eyes ache, expecting every minute to see you throw it down from very weariness, but your diligence has outlasted my patience and I could not keep silent any longer."

Amy Fletcher paused in her stitching and laughed. They were chatting when the sound of the library bell gave a sudden change to the conversation.

"There's Martin's bell. I hope he is not going out to dine to-day."

No, Martin was not going out, for a few minutes later a servant handed his mistress a twisted piece of paper; it was a pencilled note from her husband.

"Dear Effie,—Frank Cressham is here, and will stay and dine with us. Let dinner be served a little earlier than usual, as he has an appointment which he must keep.—MARTIN."

The young wife passed the note to Amy, saying gleefully,

"A dinner guest. This is an unexpected pleasure, and will break the monotony of our day. I am very glad that it is your cousin Frank; he is always so agreeable and entertaining. Come, we must be quick. It is time we began to dress."

Mr. Fletcher's hint about the serving of dinner was duly attended to. The two ladies had only just completed their toilettes when it was announced. The fair hostess was escorted by Frank Cressham. She did ample credit to her husband's taste, and something in her attire perhaps tended to eclipse the quieter pretensions of her sister-in-law. It needed a highly educated faculty of criticism to discover the more subtle charm of beauty possessed by the tall, dignified woman, who looked somewhat older than her twenty-five years. There were many who saw little to admire about the thoughtful grey eyes and pale classic face; they thought her manners too grave and her dress too plain; even Frank Cressham shared this feeling, though, as an artist, he was not insensible to the striking effect of Amy's appearance.

During dinner Frank Cressham's picture in the Academy was alluded to by Martin, and Effie declared her intention of going to see it.

"I do not care much for pictures, myself, but I should like to see yours, Frank. Amy, there, is quite enthusiastic on the subject, and admires many that I think quite ugly. There's that Rembrandt in the drawing-room, it only looks fit to be put behind the fire. I hope your picture, Frank, is bright with sunlight and flowers."

Frank laughed, and offered to chaperon the two ladies if they could make it convenient to pay the proposed visit on the following day, but Martin interfered.

"Not to-morrow, Frank, for I should like to go with you, and I am engaged to meet Wilmar; and that reminds me I want you to join us; the ladies can easily defer their visit until next week."

"If the ladies do not object, I am at your service, Martin," he answered, with evident reluctance.

Amy noticed that her cousin's face flushed, and she fancied he looked as if he wished they *would* object. She had an uncomfortable feeling that her brother had some selfish object in view, for she saw that he purposely avoided looking at her though she made several attempts to attract his attention.

CHAPTER XI.—THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

BENJAMIN HAYDON'S stay in England was fast drawing to a close. The greater part of his holiday had been spent in Devonshire, in the neighbourhood of the Brandons. At first he used to wonder why he felt so unwilling to leave his new friends. He argued that it was natural that he should have become attached to that spot, because it was the home of the man who had saved his life; then there was the beauty of the country, and last, but not least, the mildness of the climate, which was very acceptable to one who had only left the burning shores of India a few months previously. He had taken lodgings in the neighbourhood, but most of his time was spent at the rectory. Young Dr. Brandon was very pleased to have him for a companion, in fact the two seemed to have become inseparable.

Benjamin Haydon had just returned from an excursion which had taken him a longer time than he had anticipated. He had called at the rectory and was seated in the library with Kate Brandon. They had not been together many minutes when Dr. Edward burst in upon them, interrupting, to Kate's disgust, a very pleasant *tête-à-tête*.

"Hallo, Ben, so you have come back at last. Do you know, I began to think that you had given me the slip, and gone to London? The place was awfully dull without you, and Sis here got all sorts of horrible fancies into her little head when you did not turn up or write at the end of the week."

"Edward!" Kate said, sharply.

There was something in the tone of her voice as she uttered his name that prevented him from finishing the sentence. He looked at her in astonishment, wondering what he had said that she should address him in such an unusual manner. "All right, Sis; if the subject is such a disagreeable one, I will say no more;" then turning to Benjamin Haydon, "What do you say, Ben, to a stroll as far as Widow Randell's? I should like to know how she is getting on."

Much to Kate Brandon's chagrin, Ben expressed his willingness to go. Had he, however, consulted his own inclinations he would have preferred remaining with his fair companion. There was some indication of this feeling in the fact that he pressed her to join them, but she declined, and then, as she watched them down the road, felt angry with herself that she had allowed her pique to deprive her of a pleasant walk. "He will think I am very disagreeable," she murmured to herself as she turned from the window. In the meanwhile her brother and Benjamin Haydon were slowly walking down the beautiful tree-shaded lane in which the rectory was situated.

Edward Brandon was saying, "I am glad that Kate took it into her head to refuse your invitation, Ben, for the fact is I want you to myself."

"Don't you think that is rather selfish, Ted? not that I suppose your sister cares."

"I am not so sure of that. You forget, old fellow, what a dull place this is; and that reminds me I want to know when you think of going to

London, for if you have no objection I will accompany you."

"I shall only be too delighted to have you, Ted, for the truth is, I have felt very unwilling to leave this beautiful place, but it will make all the difference having you for a companion."

Dr. Brandon explained that he was desirous of commencing his career as a medical man in one of the London suburbs, and that that was one of the reasons why he was going to the metropolis.

So it was settled that they should go together, and that evening Kate Brandon had the mortification to hear of this arrangement from her brother. He was telling his father and mother, and she overheard him say that they intended starting in two days.

Two days! how short the time seemed to her; it was not until that moment that she realised how much she would miss her brother's companion and friend. The next morning she met Benjamin Haydon with unusual coldness, much to that gentleman's dismay. She had been so very gracious to him the day before, that this sudden change took him by surprise. Kate had made up her mind that he should never know how much she would miss him, and it was this resolution that influenced her manner. Later on in the day her brother did not help to improve matters by remarking that he thought Kate "looked as if she would be glad to get rid of them." Though she knew he was only joking, she could not help feeling annoyed, particularly as Benjamin Haydon happened to be looking at her at the time, and she felt the colour rush into her face.

The following day, just as they were starting, it was discovered that Kate was absent from the rectory. After waiting nearly an hour they said their adieus, leaving a farewell message for the truant. Kate could scarcely believe her ears when her mother informed her that they had gone without seeing her.

"Both your brother and Mr. Haydon were very much disappointed; they waited until the last moment, in the hope that you would come back in time to say good-bye. I must confess, my dear, that it seemed strange that you should be away from home at such a time."

"I had no idea they intended going so early, mamma, or I should certainly not have gone out."

She had great difficulty in keeping back her tears, for she knew that both her brother and his friend would feel hurt at her apparent unkindness.

When she went up to her room she was surprised and pleased to find on her dressing-table a note in pencil from her brother, and beside it a small package, which she guessed rightly contained something from Mr. Haydon. Her fingers visibly trembled as she opened the note.

"Dear Sis,—Very sorry we could not wait until you returned, so must say good-bye by proxy. I shall read you a lecture when I come back. Mr. Haydon said nothing, but I know he thought the more. He has asked me to forward the enclosed, of which he had proposed asking your acceptance from his own hand."

This was the substance of the note, and Kate indulged in a good cry when she had finished

reading it. Inside the parcel she found a small diamond brooch, but not a line of writing.

Doctor Brandon and his friend succeeded in getting the train that was to convey them as far as Exeter, which city they reached in time to catch the London express. But the Flying Dutchman that day never reached its destination, for, when nearly half-way between the two cities, it ran into collision with another train. The scene of the accident was a lonely bit of country, some miles from any town.

Benjamin Haydon crawled out of a shattered carriage, followed by his less fortunate companion, Doctor Brandon.

"You look like a ghost, Ben," the young doctor faltered, as his companion assisted him to his feet.

"I can't say the same of you, Ted, for your face is all covered with blood. I hope you are not very seriously hurt?"

"No, I think it is only a cut on the head from a piece of splinter, but I feel half dazed."

Under the direction of the doctor, Benjamin Haydon managed to bandage his friend's wound, which was more serious than Edward Brandon was disposed to admit.

"Now, Ben, I must see what I can do for our more unfortunate fellow-travellers."

"Why, Ted, you are hardly able to stand yourself," his friend remonstrated, as he noticed how the speaker trembled. But Doctor Brandon was not to be gainsaid, and a few minutes later he and his friend, together with several gentlemen, who had escaped with a few bruises, were busy rescuing the injured passengers from the wrecked carriages; it was, indeed, a terrible scene around them. As body after body was drawn out, and placed beside the line, the young doctor examined them. In some cases the solemn word "*Dead*" was his low-spoken response to inquiries; then he turned his busy helpful hands to the living whose injuries required immediate attention.

Little did either Benjamin Haydon or his companion realise that there lay among the severely wounded one who was known to both. It was Benjamin who made the discovery. He was assisting to raise the fragment of a broken carriage, when his eyes fell on a face which struck him as familiar. He knelt down and tenderly raised the grey head, wiping the dust and dirt from the face which he now recognised as that of John Haydon.

Yes, it was John Haydon; he had left London on the previous day relative to some important business in connection with the liquidation of the bank, and was returning in the same train in which his cousin Benjamin and Doctor Brandon were passengers.

"I am afraid there is not much hope for him, Ben," the doctor said, after concluding his examination. "Still, we must not despair; his life is in God's hands; we can only do our best."

It was not long before additional help was at hand; surgeons and nurses had been sent on by the special train which had been provided for the conveyance of the passengers and such cases as were judged fit for removal to the hospital of the

neighbouring town. John Haydon was one of the few sufferers who were taken to a small country inn not very far from the scene of the accident.

Benjamin Haydon went on to London alone, leaving the master of Broadlands in charge of the young doctor, who was untiring in his care of the sufferer, for he was anxious to save his life.

Benjamin broke the news of the accident and of her father's perilous condition to Mabel, who lost no time in hastening to his side. Young as she was, she proved herself a very efficient nurse, and her love and devotion to the invalid attracted the attention of Dr. Brandon.

CHAPTER XII.—MRS. HOLT PAYS A VISIT TO MARTIN FLETCHER.

"WHAT is the bad news, Lionel?" So asked Mrs. Holt, anxiously watching her husband's face.

"I hardly like to tell you, my dear, for it will be a great trouble to you; but you will have to know it sooner or later, and I am sure you would rather hear it from me than from any one else."

Mrs. Holt became seriously alarmed. "Is it so very bad, Lionel?"

"It is, for I regret to say that it concerns your brother Frank."

Mrs. Holt, who had risen to her feet, and was standing beside her husband, sank back into her seat with a cry of dismay.

"Frank has been indulging in his old weakness; he has been gambling, and has lost a large sum of money. I believe even the unfinished picture on the easel in his study has been played away. It is very unfortunate that he should break down at the most critical point in his career. If all I have heard is true, it will take him years to pay off the debts he has contracted within the last few days."

Mrs. Holt felt too heartsick to say anything; she had of late grown so sanguine of her brother, who seemed to have thrown off his old habits, and for nearly two years had been steadily working at his profession and winning golden opinions from all who had seen the pictures which he had painted during that time. In the criticism of the painting which he had been fortunate to get admitted to the Royal Academy, more than one critic had predicted a brilliant future for the young artist. Thus it was no wonder that his sister sorrowed over his fall with a sorrow too great for words.

Her husband went on. "I do not think he is so much to blame as appears at first sight, for I suspect that he has been purposely drawn into his present dilemma by his cousin, who by-the-by was my informant."

"His cousin!" Mrs. Holt exclaimed, with considerable surprise; "surely you do not mean Martin Fletcher?"

"I am sorry to say I do, Mildred; and it is not the first time I have suspected him, of acting the part of a traitor. You remember his speech on behalf of John Haydon at the meeting of the shareholders of the bank? Well, to me it appeared outwardly to profess friendship for that unfortunate gentleman, while it more than hinted

at the possibility that the accusations against him might be true."

"That is very strange, Lionel, for Frank said exactly the same when he read it."

Frank had been away from home about three days, but as he was in the habit of taking sudden journeys into the country, for the purpose of getting material or ideas for his pictures, his sister had thought nothing of his absence, but she now remembered that he had not taken his drawing materials with him.

"Did Martin tell you where Frank was staying?" she asked, a little later, when her agitation had calmed down, and, woman-like, she was planning some way to rescue her brother from his enemies and his own weakness.

"No; in fact I quite forgot to ask him, Mildred; the news of what he had done quite upset me, and I was only too glad to get away from Fletcher, in order to think over all I had heard."

"My dear, do you not think it would be advisable for me to call at Martin's? perhaps his wife or sister might be able to tell me where Frank is."

"Please yourself, Mildred; but I am afraid it will only be labour in vain."

That Mrs. Holt did not think it would be labour in vain, was proved by the fact that early in the afternoon of the same day she started for Martin Fletcher's house, fully determined, if it were possible, to ascertain the whereabouts of her brother.

"Yes, the ladies were at home, and would see Mrs. Holt." This was the message which the elderly servant delivered to the pleasant-looking matron, whose kindly manners always procured her ready attention and respect from inferiors. In her present state of mind it was a relief not to be kept waiting, for she was feverishly impatient and anxious about the success of her errand. She was shown at once into the little parlour, where Martin's wife and sister were, as usual, together, trying to while away the afternoon in each other's companionship. The visitor had nothing to complain of in the matter of her reception, which was warm and friendly enough to have satisfied even the most exacting of relatives.

The moment Mrs. Holt had an opportunity she mentioned the object of her visit, and concluded by saying,

"I know Frank had an appointment with your brother, Amy, and that is why I thought either you or Mrs. Fletcher might know where he is staying, for he has not been home since the afternoon he left to see Martin."

"Not been home since!" Amy repeated, in tones of alarm.

"No, he has not been near since, and I am afraid something is the matter, for I know he intended returning the same evening."

Neither Mrs. Fletcher nor Amy could enlighten her beyond the fact that Frank had left the house with Martin. That gentleman had returned alone.

"Do you expect Martin home soon?" Mrs. Holt inquired. She was anxious to avoid entering into fuller explanations until she had seen her cousin Martin. She was pleased to think that her brother's shortcomings had not been known and

discussed by them, and Martin's apparent consideration in keeping it from his wife and sister made her inclined to doubt whether her husband was right in attributing to him the blame he did. Learning from Mrs. Fletcher that he was likely to be home soon, she made up her mind to wait.

Effie would willingly have dwelt on what she called Frank's strange disappearance, for anything bordering on the mysterious or romantic had a strong fascination for her. But Mrs. Holt had made up her mind to dismiss the subject, and aided by Amy, who was quick to read and interpret the feelings and wishes of others, her stronger will succeeded in changing the conversation.

Mrs. Holt's inquiries and evident anxiety about her brother Frank had alarmed Amy, and she took little interest in what was passing. She heard in a dreamy sort of way her sister-in-law talking to the visitor as unconcernedly as if no one connected with them was in peril or trouble. The fact was, Effie had for the time quite forgotten Frank Cressham in the more interesting subject of her own affairs and toilette. She had not the least suspicion that she was wearying her guest with her frivolous talk, though she noticed that from time to time Mrs. Holt glanced towards the pale, serious face of her husband's sister. Amy was in reality sitting in judgment on herself for having allowed certain suspicions to find a place in her mind; she was taking herself to task for her unsisterly conduct in even *thinking* evil of her brother.

"I must be mistaken; he would never be a party to the ruin of any one, much less his cousin."

This was the protest that she was constantly uttering with self-condemnation. She was still brooding over the subject when her brother entered the room.

"Oh, Martin," she exclaimed, rising hastily from her seat, "I am so glad you have come; here is Mildred; she has waited to see you about Frank."

In spite of her resolution not to doubt her brother, she could not help watching his face with a feeling of fear.

For a moment Martin appeared startled, and a strangely suspicious look crept into his eyes as he glanced towards the visitor, then catching sight of Amy's expressive face, he made an effort to appear unconcerned. He hastened forward and shook hands with Mrs. Holt.

"This is quite an unexpected pleasure, Mildred. Why, I believe you are looking younger than ever."

"Do you, Martin? Well, I cannot say I feel so, and I cannot return the compliment. But now that you are here I want to ask you—"

He purposely interrupted her, his object being to gain time to collect his thoughts.

"Now that you are here, Mildred, I do not intend to let you run away as you did the last time you honoured us with a visit, so make yourself at home and let us have a quiet chat, such as we used to enjoy in the old days."

"Will you tell me where Frank is, Martin?"

"I am not sure that I can, Mildred, for you know how erratic he is."

She saw that he was fencing with her question, and her voice was a trifle more decided when she next spoke.

"Where do you think he is?"

He noticed that she ignored the latter part of his speech, and knew that he would only rouse her suspicions by a further evasion of her question. After a moment's hesitation he replied,

"I will tell you where I last saw him, Mildred, but I doubt very much whether you will find him there now."

And he mentioned a well-known gambling-house, situated in the west-end of London.

"What were you doing there, Martin?" Mrs. Holt asked, suspiciously.

"I was there for the purpose of taking care of him," was his unblushing reply.

As he spoke Amy raised her head and looked straight at him, a look full of sorrow and reproach.

"If all you told Lionel this morning was true, I am afraid, Martin, your care did more harm than good," Mrs. Holt remarked, sarcastically.

He winced, and bit his lips to keep back an angry retort.

"Perhaps you would be less unjust if you suspended your judgment until you had heard Frank's version."

"Perhaps I might if I did not know he was so quixotic that he would sooner take all the blame than implicate you."

"Ah, well, if that is your opinion, Mildred, I have no more to say, and now you must excuse me, as I have letters to write."

Without looking at his sister he hastily quitted the room, Mrs. Fletcher following him almost immediately. As soon as the door was closed Mrs. Holt turned to Amy.

"I am sorry to have pained you, my dear, for I could not help seeing that my words hurt you far more than they did him;" then she repeated all her husband had told her, and concluded by saying, "But Martin's evil work will come home to him sooner or later."

"Oh, Mildred, you surely do not think him to blame for what has occurred?"

"I do not think, Amy; I am sure."

Mrs. Holt was sorry to see the distress in Amy's face, and she half regretted having spoken so freely in her presence. Then, as she gazed into the sweet troubled eyes of her cousin, an old half-forgotten suspicion came back into her mind, and she determined at once to try and find out whether it was true.

"Frank's only hope now," she said, "is in marrying a rich wife."

As she ventured this remark she kept a keen watch on Amy, and did not fail to notice the slight tremble of her lips and the droop of her head. But there was no further sign of the secret which Amy so jealously guarded. Satisfied that she was right in her suspicion that Amy loved Frank, Mrs. Holt stooped down and kissed her cousin as she added, "But he would never marry any one for their money; he may be weak in some things, and easily over-ruled by those whom he foolishly believes to be his friends, but he is not mean."

Though there was no reply, she knew that her

words had given comfort. After a slight pause, she resumed: "We must not despair. Frank's affairs may not be so bad as depicted by Martin. The first thing to be done is to find my brother, so if you should get any clue to his whereabouts you must let me know at once, and Lionel will see him and use his influence to bring him back. And now, dear, do not let anything I have said in reference to Frank disturb you, but look hopefully forward, as I do, to brighter days."

Amy understood what the speaker intended to convey by the concluding part of her sentence, and the thought that her secret had been discovered suffused her face with blushes. Until today she had believed the secret of her inner life to be securely hidden away from all knowledge except her own. She had tried to be particularly guarded and reserved, and had put herself through a severe discipline of repression in her anxiety to avoid any betrayal of her real feelings. Yet all this care and precaution had failed to preserve her secret from the penetration of her cousin Mildred, and since she had so readily made the discovery, how could she hope to keep it from others? What would Mildred think of her for holding such a secret? True woman as she was, could she help judging her for giving away her love unsought?

Mrs. Holt divined something of the nature of the thoughts that were passing through her companion's mind, and she delicately managed to convey to Amy her sympathetic appreciation.

At this point Effie reappeared on the scene and put an end to further conversation in that direction. A little later, her husband's brougham drew up at the door of Mr. Fletcher's house, and Doctor Holt's genial face was to be seen at the carriage window. He sent a message to his wife, to the effect that he was in a great hurry, having an important case to attend to, and he wished her to join him.

When Mildred was about to step into the carriage she was surprised to see that her husband was not alone. Seated beside him was her brother Frank. Without a word of explanation she turned and re-entered the house, and having whispered the good news to Amy, went back to the carriage, which at once drove rapidly away.

CHAPTER XIII.—AMY'S ADVICE.

FRANK CRESSHAM maintained a stubborn silence on all that had passed during the time he was absent from home. It was remarked that he had studiously avoided Martin Fletcher from the day of his return, which had happily been brought about by the doctor, who happened to catch sight of him from his brougham, which was passing through a street leading into a fashionable West-end thoroughfare. He had immediately stopped the carriage and joined his brother-in-law, who had a companion with him whose hooked nose and dark eyes were sufficient to indicate his nationality. This was Moses Wilmar, Martin Fletcher's friend. At first Frank had declined to accompany Dr. Holt, but in the end he had given way. Though many weeks had passed since that eventful day, the young artist

had shown no disposition to break the terrible monotony of the life to which he had apparently condemned himself. He worked indefatigably at his painting, and persistently declined to see any one of his old friends. His sole companion in these gloomy days was little Sidney Holt, who was ever made welcome, and to whom the door of the studio was always open. The heart that had closed against the world opened freely to the boy, who was bright and intelligent beyond his years. This companionship proved a blessing to the now cynical and almost despairing man, for it carried him away from himself, and created for him a new interest which had a charm of its own. It was a relief and rest for him to enter a child's world and there lose his identity for a time. Mildred rejoiced over this association, for she realised that the preservation of this one social link was the thing that gave hope for Frank. She knew that her darling would do him good, for he would help to keep unbroken one tender chord of feeling.

"My dear Mildred," said Dr. Holt gravely to his wife one morning, "your brother has not been out of doors since the day he came back to us, and it is essential that he should have a change, for his health is beginning to suffer."

A few days later, on the eve of Mabel Haydon's birthday, Mrs. Holt determined to try and induce her brother to accompany her to Broadlands.

"Frank, dear, do you know that it is Mabel's birthday to-morrow? I wish you would take Charlotte and myself over, for the doctor is too busy to escort us."

"I am sorry to refuse, Mildred, but I should only be a wet blanket. Give Mabel my love, and if it is not too much trouble, I should like you to take her that little sunset scene, hanging in the corner there; I remember she very much admired it the last time she was here. Will you give it her from me?"

Mrs. Holt looked, as she felt, very much disappointed.

"Yes! I will give it to her, Frank, but I am sorry you refuse to accompany us, for you will be missed by Mabel; you remember you promised her you would be present at her fifteenth birthday. Besides, Amy Fletcher will be there, and possibly Martin's wife."

"The fact that the Fletchers are to be there is no inducement for me to go; in fact, it is another reason why I should stay away." He spoke bitterly and with evident restraint. After a slight pause he added: "And yet I should like to see John Haydon, for I want to warn him against a villain, whom he at present believes to be his friend."

"You mean Martin Fletcher."

"Do I, my wise little sister? pray what have I said to make you jump to such a rash conclusion?"

"Because—because—you know it is true," she answered, a little vaguely.

He looked steadily into her eyes for a moment, with a smile lurking in the corners of his mouth, the first she had seen since his return.

"You are rambling, Sis, but let us dismiss the

subject, and do not look so grave, for I have made up my mind to go with you to Broadlands."

Frank Cressham was as good as his word. The next day he accompanied his sister and her daughter Charlotte to John Haydon's home, where they were warmly welcomed by Mabel and her father. The only other guests were Amy and Mrs. Fletcher, and a school friend of Mabel's. Dr. Brandon was to join them later in the day. The young doctor had bought a practice and was preparing to settle down among them. This information was given by Mr. Haydon to Mrs. Holt. He spoke of his new friend in terms of high commendation, and added hearty wishes for his success in the profession of which he had already proved himself no unworthy member.

Warm-hearted Mrs. Holt was readily interested in the gentleman whose reputation was thus preceding him, and unaffectedly expressed the pleasure she would feel in making his acquaintance. They talked for some time, the lady gratefully accepting a seat on the rustic bench which had been placed for Mr. Haydon under a tree, that he might watch the young people on the lawn; for he was not yet strong enough to be able to bear much fatigue. In spite of the efforts which her sister Agatha had repeatedly made to prejudice her mind against their brother-in-law, Mrs. Holt had retained for him a certain amount of kindly regard. In the outcry which had been raised against him after the bank failure, she had not hesitated to show her sympathy, and had spoken in his defence, even at the time when she had been misled into the belief that it was desirable to separate Mabel from her father, that she might be withdrawn from an influence which it was feared would be morally hurtful to her. Mrs. Holt recalled all this as she sat with Mr. Haydon under the trees.

They had drifted into a conversation which lost nothing in interest from being occasionally interwoven with memories of the dead whom they both held dear. One of these little tender chords had been touched by an allusion to the occasion of the day's festivities. She watched the expression of the father's face, as the ring of gay voices was borne to them on the sweet summer air. She saw that his gaze wandered over the lawn, seeking Mabel, and she noticed that his eyes lighted up at sight of her, and her own maternal instinct helped her to realise the strength of the bond that drew him to his motherless daughter. True to the gentle humanity that was in her, she felt new compassion for John Haydon, and no longer wondered at her brother's readiness to make excuses for the unfortunate man. "Frank is right," she said mentally, "his wife's family has been too hard upon him, and he has been misjudged. I was to blame as much as the rest, for I once thought it might be for Mabel's good to get her away from her father, and I remember that I said something about it to Agatha; I wonder now how I could have been so unfeeling and cruel."

Frank Cressham also was attracted by Mabel, and when he offered her his birthday congratulations there was genuine feeling in his look and tone. He examined her face to see if she was growing up as handsome as her mother.

"No," was the mental comment, "she has the same eyes and mouth, but she will never be a beauty like Allie; yet she will have more character and self-reliance, and that will be better for her future. Ah, me! I think sometimes that poor Allie was too much like her good-for-nothing brother Frank."

At that moment he found himself face to face with his cousin Amy Fletcher, who had just rejoined Mabel. She had been called away by her sister-in-law, who was in another part of the grounds enjoying herself with Charlotte Holt and another young lady, one of Mabel's friends. Mrs. Fletcher had fallen into the habit of so completely depending upon Amy that she seemed to find it impossible to decide anything without her.

"It was really quite a trifle," laughed Amy, in

Cressham, and must remain so. His look met hers, but the grieved expression of her eyes was untranslatable to him, and Amy knew that it was so. Women of her type seem to have wonderful facility in divining how much or how little they are understood by those they love. She was too keenly sensitive not to feel that she had no part with him—no share in his pleasure or pain, his failure or success. She was no more to him that day than she had ever been; it might be that she was less, for she noticed a difference in his tone, and felt that there was none of the old warmth in the clasp of his hand. Was it because she was Martin's sister, and Martin had wronged him so deeply that he could not be tolerant of any one associated with him?

"I am thankful that he will never know how I



A BIRTHDAY GATHERING.

explanation to Mabel; "Effie knew just as much about the subject as I did, but she fancied it was necessary to consult me."

"That is because she knows you are so wise and clever," Mabel whispered in reply.

A faint glow came into Amy's face, not called there by this girlish flattery, but by the sight of Frank Cressham, for it was just then that her eyes met his. She realised what an altered face it was since she had seen it last—so worn, with fretful, irritable lines that were difficult to associate with the easy-tempered improvident artist. This depressed, burdened man was surely not the same upon whom the duties and responsibilities of life had sat so lightly. She made her observation with a rush of feeling that was not easy to check. And now, after weeks of suspense and patient waiting for news of him, there was nothing for her but repression and silence; even while her heart was yearning to him in sympathy she had to constrain herself to be merely polite and friendly. One page of her inner life was sealed to Frank

have suffered on his account," she said, proudly, to herself, but her lips trembled a little as she looked across the lawn to where Mrs. Holt was still seated, tranquilly talking to Mr. Haydon. She longed to join them—to do anything just then to get away from Frank Cressham.

Mabel Haydon was intelligent and observant beyond her years; she had the faculty of seeing, and was much given to silent speculation upon what she saw. She fixed her large eyes reflectively upon Amy and wondered why it was that she talked so little, and seemed so formal in her manner. Was she angry with Uncle Frank? It almost seemed as if those two had had a quarrel, and yet she could not think of Uncle Frank as likely to quarrel with any one, he was always so good-natured.

The young lady was in the midst of her cogitations when she heard herself hurriedly called, and at the same moment saw her Cousin Charlotte making energetic signs for her to come.

She ran off without waiting for an answer,

leaving the cousins together. Frank's glance followed her a little ruefully; at another time he would have enjoyed the situation, and found it very pleasant to loiter under those old trees, talking to a girl like Amy, who was both handsome and clever, with the good sense not to be vain of either of these attractions. But at present he felt that it was embarrassing. He was conscious that his manner to her that day had been scarcely courteous, and he was half angry with himself for his ungraciousness. It struck him now that it was ungallant and ungentlemanly to seek to draw her into the quarrel between himself and Martin, and anything like injustice went sorely against the grain of his kindly nature. In his anxiety to make compensation for any pain that his manner might have given, he tried to look and speak in the old friendly way, his face gradually clearing as if from the passing of a cloud. "These birthday festivals make one begin to look old, Amy; but we must submit to the inevitable. I am very glad to see Mabel looking so bright to-day."

"And I, too, am glad," Amy replied, gently; "it does one good to see others happy."

"Yes, even if we have no hope of being happy ourselves," he answered; adding, after a moment's thought, "but there are those to whom it would be only a source of bitterness—people who cannot bear to see others prosperous or happy."

"And those are to be pitied," said Amy, decisively; "such selfishness must surely be a sort of moral disease."

"And what would you say of those who trade upon their friends' ruin, and make capital of other people's misfortunes and failures?"

He was thinking of Martin Fletcher, and spoke without reflection. If he had thought a moment his words might have been withheld, but they were beyond recall, and he was sorry; something in her look told him that they had struck home, and he blamed himself for giving her more pain.

She answered, in her sweet, grave voice, "I scarcely know what I should say, Frank; it is always distressing to me to talk of these things. I like to believe in Christian charity, and think the best I can of human nature."

"I used to feel the same myself once upon a time, but the world has taken it out of me, and left nothing in exchange except its own hard wisdom, that will not help one either to live or die!"

There was a sad, regretful tone in his voice that made Amy's heart ache. How she longed to be his comforter at that moment. Something of this feeling was infused into her words as she answered, "Yes, Frank, barren and empty enough if we build our hopes only upon this world; but there is another that will not fail us if we live for it."

She heard the ring of girlish laughter not far off, and knew that their *tête-à-tête* was about to be interrupted.

"Forgive me, Amy," Frank said, earnestly; "I have proved myself a very ungracious knight, for, instead of entertaining, I have been doing my best to make you miserable and infect you with my own gloomy mood."

Amy replied, hurriedly, "No, no, Frank; do not

think that for a moment. Ah! there is Mabel and the rest. Before they join us I want to ask you something, Frank, and the opportunity may not occur again for a long time. Have you seen Uncle Cressham lately?"

"I have not"—a little stiffly, the question had taken him by surprise.

"Then you do not visit the old man often?"

"No; we seldom meet."

"I am sorry to hear that."

"Why are you sorry, Amy?"

Her grave manner puzzled him.

"Sorry for your own sake, cousin; and because I think you ought not to neglect him, if only from gratitude for past benefits."

The young man's face flushed as he said, "This is plain speaking, Cousin Amy, but I suppose I ought to consider you licensed."

Her colour heightened like his own. "Forgive me, Frank, if I have said anything to offend. Will you take my advice, and go now and then to Lyndhurst?"

Before he had time to answer they were joined by the rest of the party, and, greatly to her regret, Amy was left in doubt as to whether he would act upon the advice which she had given him.

CHAPTER XIV.—JOHN HAYDON WARNED.

DR. BRANDON kept his promise, and presented himself at Broadlands half an hour earlier than the time which he had appointed, thereby giving much satisfaction to Mabel and her father. The young doctor proved a valuable addition to the guests, and largely contributed to the success of the party, winning golden opinions for himself both from the young people and their elders.

"I like your hero, my dear," Mrs. Holt found opportunity to whisper in confidence to her niece; "he is so affable and unaffected, and fully realises the high expectation which I had formed."

Mabel's eyes sparkled. She was very genuine in the expression of her feelings, either of joy or sorrow. "You could not have helped liking him," she replied, "if you had made his acquaintance in that Devonshire village under the circumstances that we did."

"It was through Dr. Brandon's bravery that Mr. Haydon's life was saved, was it not?"

"It was." As the girl answered her face lit up, and Mrs. Holt wondered how any one could make the mistake of calling Mabel plain and unattractive. She went on: "And there were other lives besides his, Aunt Mildred. It was through Dr. Brandon that the rocket-line was fixed. But for him I am afraid nothing would have been done for the drowning men beyond lamenting their fate. I wish you had been with us, auntie; it would do any one good to witness such self-sacrifice."

At this point they were interrupted, and Mrs. Holt had to resign her monopoly of Mabel, who was in general request among the guests. It was then that Frank Cressham found the opportunity for which he had been watching to speak to his sister.

"Milly, do you think there is any probability of a visit from Martin Fletcher to-day?"

"I think not, Frank, for I heard Mrs. Fletcher say that he was going to dine at Lyndhurst."

"Indeed, he seems to be very often at Lyndhurst. I begin to suspect that he is trying to worm himself into the old man's favour."

"Yes, and worm others out of it," Mrs. Holt remarked, significantly.

"Yes, that would be like Martin," interjected Frank.

His sister went on: "If it had not been for the loss of that unlucky deed we should have seen Uncle Cressham here to-day; he would not have absented himself on Mabel's birthday, for you know he was always so fond of the child."

Frank did not notice his sister's remark; his mind was full of Martin Fletcher; he returned to that subject at once: "I am glad for two reasons that Fletcher will be detained elsewhere to-day; one is that I do not wish to meet him at present, and the other that I want to have a little private talk with John Haydon. Do you think there will be any chance of seeing him alone for a few minutes?"

"Yes, he will be going into the library for a little rest; follow him there."

In obedience to this hint, which he resolved to act upon, Frank set himself to watch. To his disappointment the day passed without bringing him the desired opportunity, but later in the evening his patience had its reward, and he found himself in the library seated *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Haydon. Some of the guests had taken their departure, among the rest Mrs. Fletcher and Amy. This last circumstance was a considerable relief to Frank, and made his self-assigned task seem a little less difficult.

John Haydon introduced the subject of Frank's pictures, which were duly discussed, for Mr. Haydon had a cultivated love of art, and was a connoisseur of considerable ability. Then their talk drifted into gossip about the artist world and the Academy's exhibition, and a remark of Mr. Haydon's chancing to introduce the name of Martin Fletcher, turned the conversation in the direction that Frank wished.

"What was that you said about Fletcher, Haydon? Am I to understand that he gave you the information about me to which you alluded just now?"

"Yes, he told me that you had been for some time trying to turn over a new leaf, and that your last successful picture in the Academy was one of the results of your reformation. He said that you had a second picture on your easel that might have been reckoned upon to greatly advance you in your career as an artist, but—"

Mr. Haydon paused abruptly, and looked at Frank as if hesitating whether to continue. He was eagerly interrogated by his brother-in-law, who repeated his last word.

"But what, Haydon? Do not hesitate to finish what you have to say, whether it is for or against me."

"Yes, if you wish it, Frank. Yet I am half doubtful whether it would not be better left unsaid,

for I do not suppose that your cousin spoke from any personal ill-feeling to you."

Frank's face burned; he had great difficulty in keeping his feelings under control, for with all his pliant good-nature his temper was naturally quick and impetuous; but he succeeded in restraining himself, and waited for Mr. Haydon to speak.

"Your Cousin Martin really seemed to have your interest at heart, Frank. On the occasion to which I refer, when he told me about the success of your picture, I could not help remarking that he evinced an almost brotherly anxiety about you, and seemed much concerned at something he had heard to your discredit."

Here Mr. Haydon paused.

"What was that something?" Frank asked, hastily, his voice sounding unnatural even in his own ears. His manner was a surprise to Mr. Haydon, and made him very uncomfortable. He felt that he had touched an awkward subject, but it was too late now to repair the error. Frank's question must be answered.

"Mr. Fletcher expressed his regret that you had again yielded to the old weakness, and allowed yourself to be tempted to join the old set."

Frank spoke excitedly.

"And he could talk like that, perhaps moralise upon my fall—he of all others. This confirms my suspicion, and I know him now for a Judas."

Mr. Haydon was startled; he gave Frank a dismayed look, and answered in a tone that seemed to deprecate the scathing words.

"That is strong language, Frank, and should not be used at random; remember that Mr. Fletcher is a member of your own family."

"It has been considered, Haydon; I have never forgotten that he is my father's nephew. It is Martin who has had no respect either for kindred or friend; he has done enough to make us strangers, if not enemies, for the rest of our lives."

"You shock me, Frank; I have always held your cousin high in my esteem."

"I know it, Haydon; you have been won by his smooth tongue just as I was, and you believe in him; but I tell you that I have found him to be thoroughly unprincipled, and I know that he has no sense of honour."

"Frank, you surely must be labouring under some delusion."

"I was when I believed Martin to be my friend, and as such trusted him—trusted him until I discovered that he was coolly plotting my moral and social ruin."

"But what interest had he in ruining you, Frank?"

"His own aggrandisement."

Mr. Haydon looked bewildered for an instant, then something of the truth flashed across his mind.

"Can it be possible?" he murmured, more to himself than to the artist.

Frank resumed: "But I am not his only victim, John, for I suspect his friendship for you to be nothing but a cloak, and I am here to-night for the purpose of warning you against him."

John Haydon listened in silence, but it was evident that Frank Cressham's warning was not thrown away, for a strange, troubled look came

into his face, and Frank felt the hand that rested on his arm tremble slightly. He glanced at his host as he added :

"But let me advise you, Haydon, to say nothing of this for the present—wait until the time comes when I can unmask the traitor."

"I cannot act the hypocrite, Frank," was the low, sternly-spoken response.

"I do not wish you to do so, but we have a wily foe to deal with."

At this point the conversation was interrupted, but later on Mr. Haydon mentioned the anonymous letter to Frank, who at once declared that Martin must have been the author of it.

"I don't believe he would stick at anything, Haydon, and I should not be at all surprised to learn that he had stolen the deed there has been such a fuss about."

This last remark turned the current of Mr. Haydon's thoughts, and the entry in the note-book flashed across his mind. Did the letter M, which had hitherto puzzled him, mean Martin? he remembered that his wife used occasionally to speak of her cousin as M. Was this the solution to the mystery? had he got a clue to the whereabouts of the missing deed?

CHAPTER XV.—NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

IT is over two years since the pleasant little garden-party that celebrated Mabel Haydon's fifteenth birthday, and she is now in her eighteenth year. Her two last birthdays have been passed miles away from Broadlands, one in a quaint little German town, the other in a picturesque Alpine village cradled among the grand old mountains with their crowns of snow uplifted to the sky.

Partly with a view to economy, and partly for the sake of his health and the advantage which the change would be to Mabel, Mr. Haydon had decided to let Broadlands for a time, and travel on the Continent with his daughter. He believed that he had not over-estimated the benefit of this arrangement for his darling. Nothing could have been better for her at this time than to be taken from her narrow home world, and thrown into a more enlarged sphere of observation and experience. He wisely reflected that it would give the desired finish to her education, and also perfect the development of her character. Time did not disappoint his expectations, sanguine as they were, for Mabel fulfilled the high promise which she had given in her earlier girlhood. Her father was very proud of her in these days, when they were so much together and were drawn so close to each other. Her companionship was a daily joy to him, and her loving ministry gave him more comfort than he could have told. His mind seemed to be refreshed from association with hers, and he learned almost unconsciously to depend upon her in many ways that revealed how necessary she was to him, and how she was filling his life. He often asked himself during those two years, how it would have been with him in his sorrowful widowhood if he had not had Mabel to love and care for—if that one light had gone out with the rest, and he had been left to go on his way alone. He was not slow to recognise the mercy which

had so kindly tempered the storm to him. At these times he thought of the stern old man at Lyndhurst who had judged and condemned him, thought of him with new compassion, though Hugh Cressham had inexorably thrust him out from his friendship and confidence.

The mystery of the lost deed, and all the trouble to which it had given rise, were now fully known to Mabel. She was glad to be away from the painful associations of Broadlands. So they lingered abroad, seeing most of what was to be seen on their way southward, and spending the winter and spring in Italy. They had a host of home correspondents who kept them well supplied with English news. At the head of the list was Dr. Brandon, who was now comfortably settled, and rapidly working his way to professional success. His pleasant racy letters were greatly enjoyed by Mabel and her father. They learned that he was a frequent visitor at St. John's Wood, where he had made the acquaintance of Dr. Holt. He was also becoming intimate with the artist brother, Frank Cressham, who seemed to have impressed him favourably. It was from this source that the travellers received the first intimation of the serious illness of Mr. Hugh Cressham of Lyndhurst. His own physician being abroad, Dr. Holt had been summoned in conjunction with Dr. Brandon, whose name had become known to the patient from the glowing account which his niece had given of her Devonshire hero.

The same post that conveyed this letter brought also one from Frank Cressham, who had just returned from a sketching tour in Devonshire. Mabel was much pleased to hear that he had visited the little village where she and her father had spent some very pleasant weeks; that he had made the acquaintance of old Matthew Buckland, and with a note of introduction from Dr. Brandon had found a ready welcome to the hospitality of the rectory, which he appeared to have thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Haydon was much interested in the artist's description of Devonshire scenery, and relished his racy good-humoured gossip about the people whom he met. But there was something in the concluding part of Frank's letter that engrossed his attention to the exclusion of everything else. Mabel noticed that her father's manner was excited as he drew her notice to the paragraph, which he read over again. It referred to Martin Fletcher, and expressed the writer's regret that he had hitherto failed to unmask the false friend, and prove the truth of the assertions which he had made against him. "I feel sure," the letter went on, "that the truth will come out and justice will be done to all whom he has sinned against. What will you think, John, when I tell you that I believe the work of retribution has already begun for Martin?" The writer then explained that it had come to him through a trustworthy source that Mr. Fletcher had been engaged in various hazardous speculations that would have been his ruin if they had failed. Also that he had recently staked all he possessed upon one venture that represented commercial gambling of the most questionable kind. Frank concluded his letter with an allusion to his uncle's illness that indicated

a kindly regard for the old man, though they were so far estranged from each other that, according to his own confession, he had not been to Lyndhurst for months. "My sister Mildred was there the other day, and she tells me that he has a craving to see Mabel, and often asks when she is likely to return to England. Under present circumstances, taking into account the affection which Uncle Hugh always had for Allie and her daughter, I think it will be a pity if Mabel does not see him once more before he dies."

"His sister Agatha would not say that," was Mr. Haydon's mental comment on this part of his brother-in-law's letter. "Frank's faults may be many, but he has certainly one great virtue—he is thoroughly disinterested."

It was this letter of Frank's that influenced Mr. Haydon in his decision to return to England with his daughter as soon as possible. He was anxious that the invalid at Lyndhurst should be gratified in his wish to see Mabel. For himself, he retained none but kindly feelings towards the old man, and longed to be reconciled to him. This was one of the chief motives that stimulated his desire to discover the author of the anonymous letter, and, if possible, trace the identity of the mysterious "M" referred to in the entry in his wife's note-book. He had an irrepressible craving to regain his old place in the esteem and confidence of Hugh Cressham. Something of this was expressed in the emotion that shook his voice as he stood and talked with Mabel on the deck of the homeward-bound steamer, one calm September evening, when the stars were shining tranquilly in the blue overhead, and the soft wash of the waves was heard at intervals like the recurring refrain of a tune.

Mrs. Raymond and her son were sitting together in the drawing-room at Lyndhurst. The young gentleman was yawning over a newspaper and looking as he felt, bored by the maternal lecture to which he had been listening, much against his own inclination.

"Ernest, have you been to your uncle's room to-day?"

"Yes, mother" (with a suppressed yawn). "I made my regulation visit as I always do when I am down here, to please you, as you have a crotchet in that direction."

"My dear Ernest, I wish you would try to be a little more guarded in your words, and consider what is due to your uncle and to your own interest."

"Oh, never mind my interest, mother, let it take care of itself. I would rather be without it altogether than make it into a worry."

Mrs. Raymond sighed and her face took an injured expression. This was old ground of contention between herself and the son whom she had done her best to spoil. She spoke after a short pause:

"How did uncle receive you, my dear?"

"He did not receive me at all, he simply endured my presence for an interval, which you may be sure that I made as brief as possible."

"Ernest, I begin to despair of you. In spite of all my advice you will not study your own advan-

tage, and you seem determined to stand in your own light."

Ernest held up his newspaper to hide an incipient yawn, and vaguely wished that Mr. Cressham's bell would ring, or something occur to put an end to the present *tête-à-tête*.

Yet he liked his mother in his own way. It was the result of his training that he accepted her devotion to himself as a matter of course, and gave back so little in return for all her lavish fondness. His mother plied her tating-shuttle in silence for some minutes, then, as if the thought had just occurred to her, she turned to him, saying, "I have news for you, Ernest; your cousin, Mabel Haydon, is on her way back to England with her father. Your Aunt Mildred tells me that they are expected to arrive in London next week. We may expect an early visit from Mabel; she is sure to come at once, for she fully appreciates the importance of retaining her uncle's favour. I wish you had some of Mabel's tact and shrewdness. They have served her well in spite of her misfortune in having such a father as she has; many girls in her position would have been crushed, but Mabel has certainly proved herself very superior to the ordinary class of girls of her age."

Mrs. Raymond's words took Ernest by surprise.

"Why, mother, I had an impression that you rather disliked my Cousin Mabel. I have heard you say often that she was disagreeable, and that you did not approve of the way in which she had been trained."

A faint flush heightened the colour in Mrs. Raymond's cheek, but she was too discreet to give way to annoyance. She had not counted upon the tenacity of Ernest's memory, though she knew that he had a perverse way of remembering anything that it was desirable for him to forget.

But as Ernest did not succeed in gaining the favour of Mr. Cressham his sagacious mother had greatly modified her expectations concerning him. With a view to his future interest she had begun to encourage the idea of a marriage between her son and Mabel Haydon. She had no longer a doubt in her own mind that the girl would inherit the larger portion of Uncle Cressham's money. Until that evening she had made no attempt to take Ernest into confidence about her plans and intentions, closely as he was concerned in them. Now that she had taken the initiative she wisely resolved to leave the rest to time, contenting herself with doing her best to promote the advancement of her scheme, and trust to her own ingenuity and tact to make suitable opportunities to bring the young people together. Discreetly ignoring her son's last remark, she smiled upon him, saying blandly,

"My dear, I wish you to try and make yourself particularly agreeable to your Cousin Mabel when she comes to Lyndhurst. They tell me that she is wonderfully improved. I saw a photograph of hers at St. John's Wood the other day. It took me by surprise, for I always considered Mabel Haydon plain as a child."

The scheming mother had not an opportunity of judging how her words had impressed Ernest, for at that moment there was an interruption. A

bell rang loudly, and a few minutes later a servant knocked at the door, bringing a message to Mrs. Raymond from the trained nurse who had been specially engaged to attend Mr. Cressham.

CHAPTER XVI.—IN THE HOUR OF HIS TRIUMPH.

"HOW are you to day, uncle?"

The speaker was Martin Fletcher. He had just entered the great drawing-room, where, to his surprise, he found Mr. Cressham reclining in an invalid chair.

"I am much better to-day, Martin, very much better."

"I am pleased to hear it, uncle; but do you not think it was unwise to venture into this room?"

"If I had thought so you would not have found me here. You see I am well wrapped up, for that pert little Mabel insisted on putting this rug over my shoulders."

"Mabel," repeated Martin, with a look of surprise. He had heard that morning of the return of John Haydon and his daughter to London, but had not anticipated Mabel paying her uncle a visit until later in the day, and he had hoped to conclude a certain little business transaction in which he had for some days past been endeavouring to induce his uncle to enter. If he succeeded he would have the handling of a large sum of money for the purpose of buying shares in a new financial venture, which seemed to promise well, if all Martin said could be depended upon. Mr. Cressham had formed a very high opinion of his business abilities, and Martin being aware of this, resolved to use his influence for his own personal benefit. During the past few months he had been gradually getting into pecuniary difficulties, and it was with the hope of settling the more pressing claims that made him so anxious to finger some of his uncle's cash. It was this anxiety that led to his present early visit to Lyndhurst, together with the fact that his uncle had half promised to let him have the money if he could convince him that all he said about the prospects of the company was true.

A little later Martin adroitly turned the conversation to the subject that was engrossing his thoughts. It was only by an effort that he could lend his mind to the consideration of any question that did not bear upon this matter. He knew that his apparent prosperity, which had helped to deceive Mr. Cressham, was liable at any moment to be revealed in its true colours, for every day's delay made his affairs more desperate. Seeing him as he sat before the white-headed invalid, no one would have suspected that underlying his bland calm exterior lay a world of feverish anxiety and care, nor would they have guessed what an effort it cost him to utter the well-turned sentences that flowed so glibly from his tongue.

How keenly he watched the old man's face as he cautiously reminded him of their conversation of the previous evening, together with the fact that the subscription list was to be closed in a few days. He was fearful lest his uncle should suspect the motive that lay hidden in his heart. But he had no need for fear, for Mr. Cressham had not the

slightest suspicion of his nephew's dishonourable intentions. He was listening to Martin's arguments in favour of the company with closed eyes, his noble grey head lying back against the velvet cushions. Now and then a familiar gesture of the hand, or a decisive word, revealed to his nephew that he was listening.

"And now, uncle, I believe I have told you everything, and it only remains for you to say whether you will take advantage of the present opportunity to secure the shares while they are at par."

"You think the investment a safe and profitable one?"

"As safe as the Bank of England; and if you will leave it to me I will guarantee it pays from ten to twenty per cent."

A cynical smile played about Mr. Cressham's mouth as he said, ironically, "*You* guarantee, Martin?"

"Well, uncle, you know I do not mean in hard cash; it was only used to express my confidence as to the result."

"It shall be as you wish, Martin. I will invest to the extent of one hundred shares, and if you will open that desk you will see my cheque-book. I will write out a cheque for ten thousand pounds."

"It is locked, uncle."

He had hurried to the desk, partly to hide the look of triumph that leaped into his eyes.

"Of course it is locked; here is the key."

He did not notice how his nephew's hand trembled as he handed it to him.

A few seconds later the cheque-book was lying on the table in front of Mr. Cressham, together with pen and ink.

"To whom shall I make it payable, Martin?"

"Perhaps it will be as well if you draw it in favour of me, uncle, unless you would prefer to—"

"I have no preference in the matter, and as you will have the management of the affair I will make it payable to you."

While speaking he dipped the pen into the ink, and drew the book towards him. He slowly filled in the day of the month, then took a second dip of ink. It was at this critical moment that Martin heard a knock at the door; the sound went through him like a shock. He glanced excitedly at his uncle, who had apparently not heard it, for he was bending over the cheque-book. For a second or two the silence was unbroken, except by the scratching of the old man's pen, then there was the sudden click of the lock as some one turned the handle and opened the door.

Martin glanced angrily towards the intruder who, to his dismay, was no other than Frank Cressham. Mr. Cressham had heard the door open, and on seeing Frank laid down his pen and held out his hand.

"So you have not quite forgotten me, Frank?"

"No, uncle, I have not quite forgotten you. I have called several times since you have been ill."

"How is it I was never told you had been?"

"That is best known to Sister Agatha, uncle."

The old man glanced thoughtfully into the fine open face of the speaker, who retained possession of his hand.

"I am glad to see you up, uncle; but you have no right to be troubling your head with business matters."

"No right!" repeated Mr. Cressham, a little stiffly, withdrawing his hand from Frank's.

"I suppose I have put my foot into it as usual, uncle, but it's the truth, nevertheless, for any one can see you are not fit to be worried with such matters."

"Perhaps you are right, Frank, for my head aches dreadfully;" then catching sight of Martin, he added:

"Don't you see who that is, Frank?"

"Yes, uncle, I do."

"Then why do you not go and shake hands with him."

"Simply because I never shake hands with a traitor."

"A what?" There was a mingled tone of surprise and anger in Mr. Cressham's exclamation.

"Perhaps I ought to have said a Judas, uncle."

Mr. Cressham looked in bewilderment from Frank's face, which was expressive of contempt and scorn, to Martin's. The contrast between the two struck him at once, for in the face of the latter he read plainly shame and fear.

Martin Fletcher had been taken by surprise by his cousin's words, and his conscience making a coward of him, he had for the moment lost his presence of mind. A moment later he was master of himself, and hurled back Frank's words with a bitter taunt.

The blood mounted to the old man's face as he listened to Frank's retort. "I bear a name that I

would never dishonour. I have been wild and reckless, and under your influence I became a gambler, but I never acted the part of a cheat, or decoyed a friend into a gambling den for the purpose of robbing him—you have. It is useless denying it. You cannot deceive me. If you had been wise enough to keep silent, I might have spared you this, Martin, for the sake of the time we spent together when we were boys."

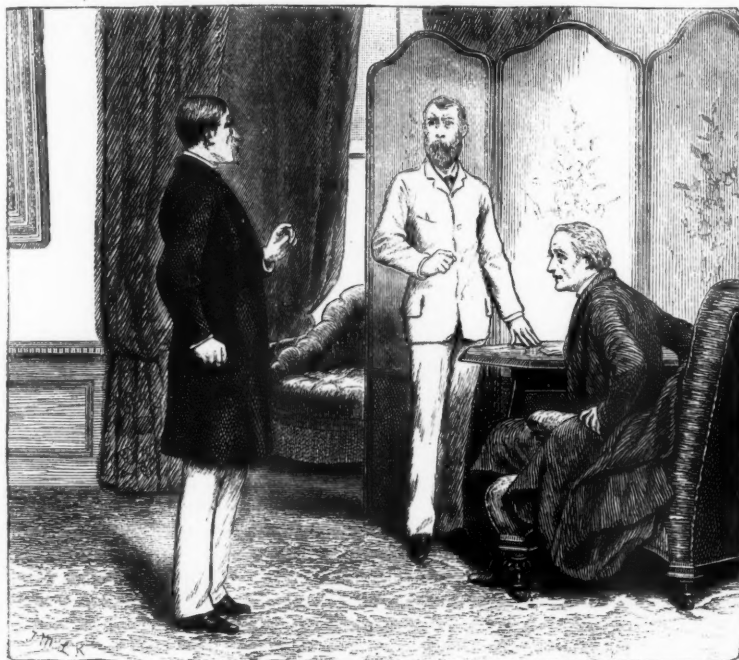
Martin Fletcher's voice trembled with suppressed passion as he answered sneeringly, "You are acting your part well, Frank Cressham, only the sentimental part is a little too overstrained to be genuine; even uncle can see that." Then turning to the old man, he added: "I regret that this scene has taken place before you; but Frank's motive in making it cannot be mistaken. He is jealous of me, and wishes to blacken my character in your eyes in order to clear his own, for he is anxious to stand well in your will."

Frank clenched his hand and made a step forward, his face ablaze with indignation, but his uncle's imperative voice checked him.

"Frank! Frank! no violence. If Martin has misjudged you, and I think he has, he will frankly acknowledge it, for he has often pleaded your cause."

"Pleaded my cause!" struck in Frank, passionately. "Did he not usually preface his pleading by giving an exaggerated account of my acts, many of which he and his friends craftily drew me into doing? But I am not his only victim; I and others firmly believe that John Haydon was—"

At this instant the door opened and Mabel entered, bringing the interview to a sudden close.



AN EXPOSURE.

The Village Bells.

BY MRS. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT.



"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

—Campbell.

I.

'TIS Sabbath ! Village Bells are ringing
Their merry peal, and sweetly bringing
Thoughts of home and youthful hours,
When life's bright path was strewn with flowers.
They bring back days that long have past,—
Ah ! days too full of joy to last ;—
When young hearts beat with sportive glee,
Our spirits, as our thoughts, were free :
When everything was bright and gay,
And winter's days seem'd fresh as May :
When the young heart saw nought but gladness,
And dreamt not of the phantom—sadness :
When, like the Bee, we hover'd o'er
The fresh green fields, and thought no more
Of future hours than days gone by,
And nought could bring a tear or sigh.

II.

Those Village Bells ! How long the time
Since last I heard their merry chime !
Yes ! many a year since then has flown,
And many a friend is dead and gone :
The best lov'd is in her tomb,
Departed in her early bloom ;
And all but memory has fled
Of days long gone, and hopes long dead ;
And now again they meet my ear,
And still their peals I love to hear,
Altho' they speak of days departed,
When all around me joy imparted ;
Altho' they make me feel alone
In this bleak world, now dear to none,
A saddening tone of peace they bring,
And o'er my soul a halo fling ;
A pure and holy peace they shed,
And sanctify the living dead !

ARTIFICIAL WOOD.



BETWEEN twenty and twenty-five years ago a Continental chemist, Schweitzer, made the discovery that woody matter (the lignine or cellulose of chemistry) can be readily dissolved in a certain liquid. Up to the date of that discovery it had never been dissolved, and hence was commonly spoken of as insoluble.

Here, before proceeding further, it will be well to understand exactly what is meant by solution, and let us illustrate it by the case of paper, which is, or ought to be, nothing else than woody matter. This is torn by machinery into minute fragments, and reduced to pulp by maceration in liquid, which is afterwards expelled by machinery, and the paper produced. In the pulp at its most fluid state there is no real solution of the woody matter, only a mechanical suspension. Chemical solution is a different matter, and it is of this we are now treating.

The original solvent for wood discovered by Schweitzer was subphosphite of copper, water, and ammonia. It was soon found that other copper compounds might be substituted. No attempt seems to have been made to remove the discovery from the category of unapplied chemical curiosities till an English chemist, Dr. Scoffern, commenced a series of experiments with the view of ascertaining whether the solution of lignine could not be turned to practical use. After more than twenty years' application, and large expenditure, success has been achieved, and to an extent that may prove of national importance.

In order clearly to understand the utilities of cuproxylene, or artificial wood, it will be desirable that any reader interested in this matter may perform, ideally at least, a few experiments illustrative of the subject. They are easily conducted, and need no apparatus.

If a strip of copper be immersed in a vessel holding strong liquor of ammonia, air being admitted from time to time, the liquor of ammonia more or less rapidly becomes blue. The exact chemical composition of this blue solution has not been determined, but inasmuch as it is convenient for things as well as individuals to have distinctive names, Dr. Scoffern applied the provisional name of "cupro-ammonium" to this blue fluid, and it has now become generally adopted.

If a slip of blotting-paper be immersed in this cupro-ammonium it rapidly dissolves, yielding a transparent glazy fluid, which, if spread upon glass and allowed to dry, yields a hornlike, green, transparent crust. This crust is absolutely insoluble in water, or any other fluid than cupro-ammonium, a quality which underlies every branch of the artificial wood manufacture, and furnishes reply to the question why cuproxylene fabrics, whether thin (comparable to paper) or thick (comparable to

panels, planks, and baulks of timber), should be impervious to water.

If a slip of blotting-paper, instead of being immersed in cupro-ammonium long enough to dissolve it completely, be merely dipped, then rapidly withdrawn, spread on a smooth surface, such as glass, and in that condition allowed to dry, then after drying it will be found impervious to water. The explanation is not far to seek, and is as follows: The original paper only surface-dissolved yields a mucilage which, penetrating the matted, woody fibre of the original paper, binds together the filaments with an insoluble cement. Paper thus prepared is, in ordinary language, "waterproof." No continuity of paper, however, ever yet was made, or can be made, absolutely free from holes, or pores, in all its extent. No cement, however waterproof, can stop these if they exceed certain dimensions. But by laying two sheets of surface-dissolved paper face to face, and cementing the two sheets together, it is next to impossible that there should be correspondence between any two holes. In this way is made a "double-ply sheet," waterproof, not only chemically but mechanically.

So long as the copperised lignine, or cuproxylene, only assumes the thickness of paper, the designation "artificial wood" would be inappropriate; but if two sheets of paper can be cemented together, then why not more? and if more, what sort of product results? Evidently a plank or balk results, and the questions immediately suggest themselves, whether the product be of any practical value, and if so, whether it can be made at commercially remunerative cost?

Now, as regards the first consideration, it needs no profound argument to show that a plank, hard at least as *lignum vitae*, rigid almost as iron, double the strength at least of any wood, unattackable by rot or by insects, impervious to water, which, having no grain, can neither splinter, gape, nor warp, which if not wholly incombustible does not, like wood, burst into flame, must be superior to wood for a variety of purposes.

It has been explained that a panel of cuproxylene, or artificial wood panel, differs from one of ordinary wood in certain cohesive or mechanical particulars. One quality it possesses, that of exfoliation, which is not participated in by wood, and which permits its application to a very remarkable purpose, viz., the protection of the bottoms of iron and steel ships against the attachment of marine weeds and certain forms of marine animal life, such as barnacles and mussels. It is a fact pretty generally known even to landmen, that the bottoms of ships, whether of wood, iron, or steel, need some protection against those marine pests. The best protecting material in the case of wooden ships is copper-plate.

A false notion long prevailed as to the theory

of protection of ships by copper sheathing. It was long said and taken for granted that the reason why marine animals and vegetables would not attach themselves to a copper-sheathed ship was because the copper poisoned them. This reason has been proved untenable. The real value of copper-sheathing depends upon the property of exfoliation. Soon after the immersion of copper in sea-water, a thin green crust forms upon it. This copper-rust, as one may call it, has but slight adhesive hold upon the underlying copper. For this reason it soon exfoliates or peels away, carrying with it as a necessity all such attachments, whether animal or vegetable.

Copper as a sheathing material answers for wooden ships perfectly. But it is impracticable in the case of iron and steel ships, for a chemical, or rather electrical, reason. If a plate of iron and a plate of copper be brought into contact and immersed in sea-water, then an electric action of such sort results that the iron is attacked corrosively, rapidly dissolving and disappearing. This result, which might have been theoretically predicted, was not taken practical count of before experience, bought at enormous cost, brought the matter home financially to owners of iron vessels.

Various were the trials with paints having as their body metallic copper in the state of impalpable subdivision. One inventor proposed to float iron ships each in a bath of dissolved copper sulphate, then, by laying on electrical energy, deposit metallic copper as an electrotpe. At length the fact was revealed that metallic copper under any shape or form was utterly incompatible with accomplishment of the end desired, and what was worse, that it rapidly destroyed the iron or steel which it was intended to protect.

Cuproxylene, or artificial wood, claims to be an effective protector of iron ships.

Its employment has gone through the probationary stage. In January, 1880, an Admiralty expert was commissioned by the Chief Naval Constructor, Mr. Nathaniel Barnaby, C.B., to examine some specimens of iron plate sheathed by cuproxylene panel, and report upon them. He did this, and his report was so favourable, that the Lords of the Admiralty, at the instance of their technical specialist, made request to Dr. Scoffern that he would send to the Admiral Superintendent at Portsmouth a specimen cuproxylene-protected plate for experiment. This was done. The plate was immersed for a period of five and a half months in the summer of 1880, and subsequently for six and a half months last winter. On being taken up, it was found free from any attachment or fouling of any kind. The specimen having been returned to Dr. Scoffern, may be seen by any one professionally interested, along also with the Admiralty testimonial of success.

Another application of special interest is that of making panels for artistic painting. Few persons, not themselves artists, are aware of the difficulties in the way of obtaining a wholly satisfactory wood panel for pictures, even of small size. What with warping, splitting, and one difficulty and another, painters would rather trust the preservation of their work to canvas, fragile and perishable though it be,

than to a wooden panel. Now, cuproxylene panel can be made of any size, without possibility of warping, splitting, or any of the attendant evils inseparable from wood. Its durability under hard treatment is attested by the Portsmouth Admiralty trial of twelve months' immersion. Since Christmas last, cuproxylene panel has been carefully studied by a painter of highest rank, who still continues the investigation. His opinion is eminently favourable, but, like every good and conscientious artist, he will make his investigation exhaustive.

It is to be regretted that cuproxylene in its thicker manufactured state of plank is not cheap enough to rival timber for general purposes. Its cost now is about double that of best Honduras mahogany, but the chances are in favour of reduction of cost with further experience of manufacture, and when demand for it increases. In its thinner forms of waterproof paper and card, the material is cheap enough. For some years card of the material has been sold at a sufficiently low price to admit of its application to various purposes where water-proof and weather-proof material is wanted, such as for open-air horticultural labels. There seems to be no end to the utilities of this water-proof paper, card paper, and thin panelling. If the thicker form of cuproxylene, as artificial wood, can be applied to iron-ship sheathing, we may justly consider the invention as one of national importance.

Varieties.

The Development Theory.

DEVELOPMENT, and evolution, within certain limits, all men of science admit, but not to the exclusion of the creation of new species adapted to new conditions of our globe. The creation of life in the beginning is a mystery as hard to understand as that of subsequent forms of life. The theory of all living species being evolved from matter, without any Divine interference, is too strong a demand on our credulity. We fall back on the old words of Lord Bacon, the father of modern philosophy: "I had rather believe all the fables in the Talmud and the Alcoran than that this universal frame is without a mind." And he says how incredible it is "that an army of infinite small portions, or seeds unplaced, should have produced this order and beauty without a Divine Marshal."

The Rev. F. O. Morris, the well-known naturalist, has published some amusing comments on Sir John Lubbock's "evidences" of the self-adaptation of animals to their surroundings. The instances are almost as ludicrous as the ingenious explanation of the formation of the giraffe by the elongation of the neck of some humbler ruminant, the vertebræ having been prolonged by the stretching of the neck, through successive generations, in trying to reach the foliage of trees under which they were browsing. Only grant sufficient time and the thing is possible! Sir John Lubbock explains on similar principles the sandy colour of the lion, and the spots of the leopard, and the stripes of the tiger. "We can see at a glance," says Sir John Lubbock, "that the tiger is striped with reference to the jungle he lives in." Mr. Morris asks what possible connection is there between the two, and why being striped gives advantage? "Natural selection" has not given the like striping to other animals living in the jungle.

Sir John Lubbock says we can also see at a glance that "the lion is sandy like the desert." As a matter of fact, the lion does *not* live in the sandy desert, but in the jungle, amid

an infinity of colours of the brightest and darkest hues ; and when he comes out, "roaring after his prey," into the open desert of sand—if it be sand—for it may just as often be of clay or any other earth—it is at night, when the colour of neither can have any effect whatever one way or another. Even if the similarity of colour could be supposed, as we can only conclude the president intended us to imagine, to be of use to the royal beast in stealing on his prey unobserved, it would surely require higher intelligence and skill than that of a lion thus to adapt means to end !

Again, we are told that the "markings of the leopard resemble spots of sunshine gleaming through the leaves." Well, if they did—though they do not—there positively is not the most distant resemblance between the two, so that the one could be mistaken for the other—what use would it be to the leopard if there were such resemblance ? Sir John Lubbock did not enlighten us on this point, though he perhaps wished to imply that the spots are caused by the sun causing darker hues on places when the light gleams through the foliage. The fact is that the leopard is usually asleep in its lair while the sun is shining, and prowls about in the dusk of night to seek its prey.

And these idle dreams are told us with the utmost gravity by the President of the British Association on its fiftieth anniversary at York, in proof of the superior insight of the Darwinian theorists.

Professor Huxley also appeared at York on his old hobby, the fossil hippoid animal with five toes, of which appendages he providently, and gradually, in the course of countless ages, got rid, in preparation for the roads and turf for which hoofs are better adapted. This and all other examples of design we are expected to attribute to the "development" of brute matter. Some evolutionists may admit the existence of a Deity, but they

"Make nature still encroach upon His plan,
And shove Him off as far as e'er they can ;
Thrust some mechanic cause into His place,
Or bound in matter, or diffuse in space."

We prefer, with old John Ray, to see "The wisdom of God in Creation." As Sir Isaac Newton said, "Deus sine dominio, providentia, et causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam fatum et natura." But Newton lived in pre-scientific times !

On the Admission of Women to Sick Clubs.

In the majority of sick clubs and other societies for mutual succour, women are barred from being members. A French senator, M. de la Pommeraye, having much knowledge of such societies, has pleaded for the admission of women to participate in the benefit of sick clubs on equal terms with men. He quotes the eloquent words of M. Jules Simon, the eminent Publicist, who in his book, "L'Ouvrière," says :—

"It is natural that women should have recourse to such institutions equally with men, having more necessities and less resources.

"When one thinks of the number of households in which the husband debases himself one or two days of the week, and which are sustained only by the privations, the work, and the thrift of the wife, one cannot help thinking that there are both cruelty and improvidence in reserving for the men only the benefits of the association. No institution can be really beneficial except under the condition of uniting all members of the family in common interests and in the same hopes.

"The husband receives during his illness the visits of the doctor, remedies in abundance, and the advantage of rest ; but if the wife, who has nursed him, who has waited on him, who has denied herself to supply all the necessities of the family, in her turn be ill, perhaps taking the fever from her attending on him, she is left on her bed of suffering alone and without remedy ! What avails marriage in such a state ? What becomes of the partnership for weal or woe, for better for worse, which constitutes the sacredness of it ? As soon as the association of mutual aid is transformed into a one-sided institution, it acts contrary to its aim ; for it separates those whom it ought to unite. But the marriage bond is meant to strengthen the family by securing the sympathy of the

husband and the father. It is thus that we must understand it, if we retain for it all its moral grandeur.

"And what are the objections made to the admission of women ? First, it is pretended that women would occasion more expense on their funds than men. Statistics have shown that this fear is chimerical. Petty indispositions are, it is true, more frequent among women than among men ; but the chances of accident are more numerous among the latter, and the duration of disease among the former is on the average decidedly shorter. There is then a balance in this respect. By an official examination and statistical report made some years ago, it was found that among one hundred male members of sick clubs in Paris there had been 571 days of illness, and in a hundred female members only 466 days.

"It has been alleged, moreover, that women, earning little by themselves, and sometimes nothing, the money which would be paid to them during the time of sickness would be an unjust aggravation of the burdens of the club or society. There are many means of counterbalancing this inconvenience. A smaller payment might be given, or no fixed sum at all, but only a reckoning sufficient to cover the expenses of medical attendance and medicines. The rules adopted are of lesser importance, provided that the wife is admitted to enjoy the principal advantages of the association ; and, in our opinion, the advantages which we estimate above all are those which will permit it to restore health ; for as a distinguished physician has said, 'Restore the health of the wife, and you preserve the life of the children ; you secure strong and healthy families.'

"Lastly, as to the matter of temper, it has been said that women in office, and in the administration of funds, would be troublesome by their cavils, their complaining, their wants ; nay, even by their over-readiness to take advantage of their sickly condition.

"I will not determine the several merits or respective loyalty of men and of women. If we look into them closely I do not know which are greater, even in a state of things very different from that of societies of mutual aid. Neither have I the intention of considering the possible frauds which may be committed ; but I cannot admit the faults spoken of, for we all know that good faith is the foremost rule that ought to be imposed in all such societies, and that the managers and visitors will see that there is no fraud.

"As to the minor failings with which women are reproached, I know many men who are women in this respect."

Such is the forcible appeal of M. Jules Simon, and we commend it to the consideration of all who wish to do what is just and right, as well as expedient.

The late M. Littré, Chief of the Positivists.

There used to be much controversy between the French Clericals and Freethinkers concerning the last days of the infidel Voltaire. Some said that on his death-bed he sent for the curé of the parish where he lived, and accepted from him the rites and ministrations of the Catholic Church. Others said that the priest forced himself into the room of the philosopher, who spurned his offered services, and that it was only to an unconscious and moribund man the extreme sacrament was administered.

Something of the same turmoil and asperity of discussion took place this year, in the journals and salons of Paris, concerning the last days of M. Littré, the chief of the modern school of infidelity, and the most distinguished expounder of the principles of M. Comte.

It is certain that up to his last illness M. Littré professed himself a disbeliever in the Christian Revelation, and was a zealous advocate of the culture and worship of idealised humanity. He was the ablest and most conspicuous champion of Positivism, or the philosophy (falsely so called) which says that man has no positive knowledge of anything not within the range of the senses. He agreed with the Agnostics, who in our own country as well as on the Continent maintain that we have no certain knowledge of things not material, and who esteem physical science to be the whole of truth and knowledge.

It is equally certain that in his last days M. Littré professed his belief in things beyond natural vision or reason ; and in the conventional manner common to such belief, he

sent for a minister of religion, and died after receiving the rites and ministrations of the Church of Rome. Whether this was the result of any change in his convictions, we know not; nor how far it arose from a regard to the wishes of his family or friends; or whether it was the inextinguishable instinct of the human heart asserting itself in spite of speculative unbelief. Many articles in journals and newspapers discussed the subject; but among them all nothing was written more to the point and more suggestive than a letter of the celebrated Belgian publicist and economist, M. E. de Laveleye, who attributed the apparent contradiction between the life and death of M. Littré, to the false position in which philosophy finds itself in relation to religion. In most circles in France religion is only represented by the Romish Church. The errors and superstitions of that church thoughtful men cannot accept, and they know no alternative but unbelief.

M. de Laveleye addresses to the Liberals of his own country, in view of the death-bed of M. Littré, an earnest appeal on behalf of a truer faith, the religion of the Bible and of Protestantism. This, he affirms, will satisfy all the instincts of humanity concerning the unseen and the future, yet is not opposed to freedom of thought, within the limits of true science and sound philosophy. Here are some of his eloquent words:—

"You pursue the Catholic Church with attacks, sometimes earnest, sincere, and convincing; at other times feeble and unjustifiable; and yet you have not the courage of your convictions, and will not separate yourselves from her communion. You abuse the priest as if he were a malefactor, yet in all the stages of your life you kneel down before him. It is he who receives you at your birth, who marries you, who buries you. If the Reformers of the sixteenth century had been as inconsistent and feeble-minded as you are, all Europe would now remain bent under the all-powerful hand of the Pope, and there would have been no emancipation of the human mind; neither in Germany, nor in Holland, nor in England, nor in the United States. *Either be silent, or separate from Rome.*

"I maintain that the only logical conclusion of Liberalism is Protestantism, especially for these two reasons, among many others. First, because on the admission that the family and society cannot be established upon an absolute denial of every religious element, Christianity, understood as it was promulgated by its Divine Founder, affords the best possible solution of the problem of individual and social life. Second, because Catholicism seizes you again, sooner or later—you or yours—if you do not adopt another creed and worship more adapted to the wants and the rights of humanity.

"To prove the first point, it would be necessary to enter upon long historical and philosophical researches. To be convinced of the second point, you have only to open your eyes, and to note the facts passing daily before you.

"How often do we not find the ardent apostles of free-thought and unbelief quitting this world duly confessed, and having the Sacrament and the blessing of the Church! Who would have thought that M. Littré, the arch-priest of Positivism, would be among the number! And how many names could I not cite along with his!

"These sham conversions, extorted or perhaps only affirmed by the family and the clergy, are a scandal which honest men on both sides ought to condemn. They have scarcely any practical consequences. The affair has no other meaning than if it were the case of children. What is it our free-thought men do? They deliver over their children to the priests, and at the same time, by their words and by the journals they read and support, they make it understood that they are only dealing with vain forms, and taking part in a sort of comedy imposed on them by custom.

"Sad is the result of this act of hypocrisy upon the life. If in the young soul there survive the instincts and cravings of religion, the child will be absorbed in that worship which, degenerate though it be, contains nevertheless sublime truths, presented in the magnificent symbols of art, in forms the loftiest and most attractive. How many sceptics and free-thinkers have had sons entering that church, and daughters joining religious orders!

"If all the decided opponents of Clericalism had imitated the men of the sixteenth century, a certain position would by this time have been firmly secured. To-day all is left to the chances of the currents of fashion, or to family influences.

"Disciples of free-thought, behold and consider the end of your master and your model! Who can affirm that this may not also be his own case?"

Monument to Gaspard de Coligny.

The French are doing tardy honour to the memory of "the greatest of the Huguenots," and one of the most illustrious names in history, by erecting a monument to Gaspard de Coligny. His statue in front of the Oratoire, the chief place of Protestant worship in Paris, will recall events which the Church of Rome has long sought to conceal or misrepresent. Historians have recorded the events of the Reformation, and the infamous measures for its suppression in France, especially the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, but the French nation has known little of these early struggles for civil and religious liberty. A better epoch of toleration and progress has begun, and the proposal to erect a monument to Coligny has been hailed with enthusiasm. The French Government has shown its sympathy by offering to bear one-third of the expense of the memorial. The committee includes Catholics as well as Protestants, and the president, the Marquis de Jaucourt, is descendant of Duplessis-Mornay, the friend and counsellor of Henry IV. Pastor Bersier, one of the vice-presidents, has by his patriotic and Christian zeal been mainly instrumental in carrying the project to a successful issue. In a sermon preached at the Oratoire he gave a grand *éloge* on Coligny, statesman and soldier, in his public and private life the model of every virtue, and thus concluded his eloquent peroration: "Is any one astonished at the wish to honour his memory, and to erect a statue to Coligny? The only cause of astonishment is that France has so long delayed to erect one. We are about to raise this memorial in no spirit of recrimination or party triumph, with no wish to stir up dormant passions, but because it is just and right to do this thing. It is time that his noble figure should stand erect in that old Paris which witnessed his assassination. Art has preserved to us the features of the king who betrayed and of him who had long plotted his death. Sculptors of genius have carved in marble the faces of Charles IX and of Henry III. We see in the first a countenance which might have been noble, but which appears scared and restless; it is, indeed, the visage of an unfortunate monarch who had his lucid hours and generous impulses, but in whom a brute nature choked the better feelings. We see in that mobile countenance the tiger nature which the Ambassadors of Venice described as ominously sinister, and which expressed to every beholder the troubled mind and the guilty remorse, and the terror of unseen agonies. The sculptor's art has also preserved for us beside him that other king, Henry III, the favourite of Catherine de Medicis—fit son of such a mother. We behold his low, retreating forehead, his furtive and skulking look, his countenance, which was the mask of infamy for a base soul. Why do I speak thus? It is because it will be for the honour of our country to confront these statues of his murderers with the image of the noble and chivalrous hero who was their murdered victim. When this statue is erected before our ancient temple we shall show it to our sons and say, 'This was the greatest of the Huguenots!' And in passing before it the people of Paris—even those who do not share our faith—will at least comprehend and admire the true moral grandeur of the man, and will say, 'This was a great Frenchman!'"

It is proposed that the remains of Gaspard de Coligny, now laid under a ruined tower at the ancient château of the family at Châtillon-sur-Loing, should be removed to Paris. Whether this be carried out, or whether the monument be only a cenotaph, it is altogether a noble design, and a remarkable sign of the times. France is no longer ashamed of doing honour to the memory of the Huguenots in the person of their illustrious chief. Nor will the sympathy of the Protestants of other lands be wanting, as contributions to the memorial will be sent from our own country and from America. The statue of the Admiral of France will form the central figure of the monument, with busts on either side of his two brothers, Francis d'Andelot and the Cardinal Odet de Châtillon, both of whom adhered to the Reformed cause, and were united to Gaspard de Coligny in good and evil fortune. May the success of this project be a sign of new and better times for France.

A Generous Reparation.—At the last annual meeting of the Gustavus Adolphus Society, held at Dortmund in Westphalia, among the receipts for 1880 was announced the gift of 50,000 marks from an Austrian lady of noble birth, the representative of the Count Firmian, Archbishop of Salzburg, through whose tyranny the Protestants of the region were driven into exile. The story of "The Exiles of Salzburg," by Gustav Nieritz, translated by the accomplished and learned Mrs. L. H. Kerr, is published by the Religious Tract Society, and is a work of thrilling interest. The Countess Firmian is a Catholic, but sends to the Gustav Adolf Verein her munificent gift "as a slight reparation for the wrong done by her ancestor." It is a noble and liberal gift, and not the first received from the worthy lady. The report presented at Dortmund states that the receipts for 1880 were 744,955 marks, about £37,247 sterling. The sum of £20 had been received from England. The funds of the association are used in promoting the interests of Protestantism throughout Germany, chiefly by building churches, schools, and residences for the ministers, and aiding indigent pastors and their families. The Emperor of Germany, like the previous King of Prussia, is a generous patron of the Gustavus Adolphus Society.

Mutual Helpfulness.—In every society there are those to whom it may be said, "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." There are and always must be some who have more influence than their neighbours. Age gives influence, money gives it, power gives it, station in society gives it; and supposing all these points equal, yet, still men cannot be equal altogether, for their personal character gives it. Nothing can hinder firmness, and wisdom, and virtue, from exercising an influence over the minds of those who witness them.—*Arnold.*

Rather Reverend.—The late Bishop of Oxford, in reply to a rural dean's reference to the want of a distinguishing title for his own office, analogous to the "venerable" and "very reverend" for archdeacons and deans respectively, gave the whole matter its quietus by the suggestion, "Quite so; what do you think of 'rather reverend'?" As this anecdote of Bishop Wilberforce is quoted in the preface to Crockford's "Clerical Directory," we shall not be liable to the charge of disrespect to the clergy by repeating it.

Not a (h)inch, Sir.—Sitting beside the coachman on the box-seat I remarked, pointing to one of the leaders, "That near horse does not seem to draw much." "Not a hinch, sir," was his reply. "Why do you have him, then?" I asked. "Because, you see, sir, this here's a four-horse coach, and he counts for one of 'em." I have often thought of the old coachman's words, "not a hinch," and "he counts for one," on seeing people in office for appearance, without contributing their share of work.

English Prosperity and Prospects.—Lord Derby, speaking at Southport, referred to the condition of England in connection with the opinion that our agriculture was to be destroyed by American competition and our trade by protective duties. He did not agree with these views. Our material prosperity had received a check, but he considered it only such a temporary fluctuation as individuals or nations were subject to. With regard to agriculture, nature had been against us, but there was no reason to suppose that our climate had permanently changed. We had 35,000,000 of people now, the majority living in towns. We should soon have 40,000,000, and, considering how many articles of food there were which did not easily bear transport from long distances, nothing would ever persuade him that the cultivator who had that insatiable market to supply could be beaten out of the field by rivals 5,000 miles off. There was something like a panic just now in all matters connected with land; but those who in a panic kept their heads cool and their eyes open might often cut in for a good thing. He believed that farming at rents which landlords were now willing to take might be a very good business, and he was sure that for a buyer with money in his pocket there never was a time when land was likely to be a better investment, unless this country collapsed altogether, and he did not think its time had come for that. As to trade, he looked on our position and prospects as favourable. Thirty-five millions of industrious and ingenious people, with unbounded capital and with connections

in every part of the globe, were not easily dislodged from the industrial position they had secured. The prosperity of a country like Great Britain was not to be measured by the experience of a year or two, but we should look to a decade. Between 1871 and 1881 the material prosperity of the country had increased to a considerable extent. Our imports had increased from £303,000,000 to £411,000,000, and our exports in 1870 were £244,000,000, and in 1880 they had risen to £286,000,000. The number of paupers eleven years ago was 1,079,000, but last year it had dropped to 837,000. The income tax returns showed that in two years the tax had been paid on an increase of £133,000,000. The nation was like a strong man assailed with slight sickness who believed that he would die; but possibly in a few months or even weeks the malady would pass away, and he would find himself as strong as ever.

African Exploration.—To complete the record of recent African exploration in our present volume (pp. 412, 465), we give a brief notice of Captain Gallieni's expedition to the Upper Niger. This expedition, which left France in the early part of last year, was composed of Lieuts. Pietri and Vallière, Dr. Toutain and Dr. Bayol, of the Marines, and was directed by Captain Gallieni, of the same service. Dr. Bayol was to stay at Bammako, as representative of the Republic, and the others were to push to the upper part of the valley of the Niger. They had an escort of thirty native soldiers, and a baggage train of two hundred asses and twenty mules, loaded with presents for the chiefs with whom they were to treat. The farther they penetrated into the country, the more distrustful the natives became, and at Dio they were surrounded by a large body of Bambaras, who separated the little party. After a desperate struggle, and with the loss of nearly all his convoy, Captain Gallieni succeeded in rejoining Dr. Toutain and in reaching Bammako, whither Lieutenant Pietri had preceded them, as also Lieutenant Vallière, who had travelled by a more southern route. After this disaster a council was held, and, despite all difficulties, it was resolved to push on to Segou. When they arrived within a few miles of this place—reduced in numbers, their clothes blood-stained and in rags, without baggage and unarmed—their reception was anything but cordial, and they were compelled to halt at Nango, some little distance from the capital of Sultan Ahmadou, which is celebrated in the history of African exploration as the place whence Park first saw the Joliba, as it was then called, since known to be the Niger. At Nango Captain Gallieni and his little band were forced to remain for ten months, through the whole of the rainy season, without resources of any sort, and unable to communicate directly with the Sultan. But at last their perseverance had its reward—the treaty was obtained, by which Ahmadou agreed to protect French travellers and French interests generally, and the expedition set out for St. Louis, which was reached in May last. On their return to France the explorers were fêted everywhere, and Captain Gallieni invited by the Geographical Society of Paris to hold a public conference on his voyage at the Sorbonne.

President Arthur.—In "The Times" of July 4 the following particulars of the life of President Arthur appeared:—"General Chester A. Arthur was born in Albany in 1831, and is consequently in his 50th year, the age of the late President. He was educated in Union College, Schenectady, where he excelled in all branches of study. After his graduation at the University, he entered the Albany Law School, which is a branch of the college, and was admitted to the Bar at an early age. Mr. Arthur commenced his business life by becoming a partner with Mr. E. D. Culver as a lawyer in New York. He was a Republican from the time of the organisation of the party. He was Quartermaster-General of the State of New York during the war, and afterwards retiring into private life he formed a law partnership with Mr. Ransom. Mr. Phillips, the District Attorney of New York, was added to the firm, and General Arthur now stands at the head of the firm of Arthur, Phillips, Knevals, and Ransom. He was appointed Collector of the Court of New York by President Grant, November 21, 1872, to succeed Thomas Murphy, holding the office until July 20, 1878, when he was removed by President Hayes because he was accused of being in the way of the success of the reform of the Civil Service. Being a warm personal friend of Senator Conk-

ling, he has managed much of the Senator's political business in New York State and City."

President Arthur's First Official Address.—On the occasion of taking the oath of office, in the marble room of the Capitol at Washington, after the lamented death of President Garfield, Mr. Arthur delivered an address, brief, but in words weighty and well chosen. It was indeed a re-assuring utterance, as fears had been entertained of a departure from the policy by which President Garfield had gained the respect and confidence of all American patriots. At noon, on the 22nd September, President Arthur read the following address:

"For the fourth time in the history of the Republic its chief magistrate has been removed by death. All hearts are filled with grief and horror at the hideous crime which has darkened our land, and the memory of the murdered President, his protracted sufferings, his unyielding fortitude, the example and achievements of his life, and the pathos of his death, will for ever illumine the pages of our history.

"For the fourth time the officer elected by the people and ordained by the Constitution to fill the vacancy so created is called to assume the executive chair. The wisdom of our fathers foreseeing even the most dire possibilities, made it sure that the Government would never be imperilled because of the uncertainty of human life. Men may die, but the fabric of our free institutions remains unshaken. No higher or more assuring proof could exist of the strength and permanence of popular government than the fact that, though the chosen of the people be struck down, his constitutional successor is peacefully installed without strain, except the sorrow which mourns the bereavement. All the noble aspirations of my lamented predecessor, which found expression in his life, the measures devised and suggested during his brief administration to correct abuses and enforce economy, to advance prosperity and promote the general welfare, to ensure domestic security and maintain friendly and honourable relations with the nations of the earth, will be garnered in the hearts of the people, and it will be my earnest endeavour to profit, and to see that the nation shall profit, by his example and experience.

"Prosperity blesses our country; our fiscal policy as fixed by law is well grounded, and generally approved; no threatening issue mars our foreign intercourse, and the wisdom, integrity, and thrift of our people may be trusted to continue undisturbed the present assured career of peace, tranquillity, and welfare. The gloom and anxiety which have enshrouded the country must make repose especially welcome now. No demand for speedy legislation has been heard, and no adequate occasion is apparent for an unusual session of Congress. The Constitution defines the functions and powers of the Executive as clearly as those of either of the other two departments of the Government, and the President must answer for the just exercise of the discretion it permits and the performance of the duties it imposes. Summoned to these high duties and responsibilities, and profoundly conscious of their magnitude and gravity, I assume the trust imposed by the Constitution, relying for aid on the Divine guidance, and the virtue, patriotism, and intelligence of the American people."

American Missionary and Educational Work in Turkey.—The Rev. Dr. Trowbridge, President of the Central College at Aintab, has been visiting this country in order to increase the interest taken in the work, and to obtain funds for completing the buildings and furnishing the class-rooms and library. In a letter signed by Lord Shaftesbury, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Kinnaird, and Sir William Muir, recommending the object of Dr. Trowbridge's visit, it is said:—"Christian education is the work of greatest importance in Turkey at the present time. It is the chief hope of the future of that country. There is no other means by which British Christians can more effectively help in elevating its people. From the beginning the American missionaries have given much attention to education in its various departments. They have now 400 schools, attended by 15,000 scholars. High schools and seminaries for training girls have been established in many of the principal cities. Of late, colleges for the thorough scholarly training of young men of all nationalities have been founded at Constantinople, Beyrout, Aintab, and Kharpoot. The higher branches are taught, as in colleges in

this country, while there is also thorough Christian instruction. In two of these colleges there are medical classes and hospitals. At Central Turkey College 1,500 patients have been treated since the opening some eight or nine months ago."

Christian Divisions.—When we note how few there are of all sects who as ministers or laymen give themselves up to a religious life, and how they are surrounded by a vast majority who may be called worshippers of the world, the divisions among the professing Christians seem very marvellous. It is somewhat like the fighting of the factions within Jerusalem while a vast Roman army surrounded the walls, or the disorderly passions of shipwrecked sailors on a raft, who indulge in brawls when their energies should be directed to joint efforts against the common perils of the raging sea. What are points of minor doctrine in the presence of thousands in our back lanes who either never hear or never accept any doctrine at all? Then the decoration of our churches, the dresses or position of our ministers, the mode of rule among the churches, do not seem momentous when there are millions whom all ministers would be glad to see enter any church or chapel, but who are never seen there.—*The Times*.

Dean Stanley's Welsh Descent.—A Welsh Church dignitary says of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, that the name indicates Celtic blood. "Two years ago, at the annual dinner of the Westminster scholars, I had the honour of enjoying the well known charms of his conversation. In the course of the evening he playfully remarked, 'I am glad to meet a Welshman, for if there is any brilliancy and vivacity in my family I attribute it to the fact that my grandfather, a Cheshire squire, had the good sense to marry a bright, mercurial Welshwoman, from whom we have inherited a share of the Celtic fire.' The Dean's grandmother, wife of Sir John Thomas Stanley, of Alderley, was Mary, daughter and heiress of Mr. Hugh Owen, of Penrhyn and Penrhos, in Anglesey. The Dean's Christian names seem both due to this descent—his first derived from the British hero, and his second from the old family seat, 'Penrhyn,' near Holyhead."

Spiritualism.—A Mr. W. P. Adshead, of Belper, publishes in a paper called "Light" this astounding testimony: "On a piece of furniture, standing in the corner of a room, no medium's joints being near, I have heard raps produced so loud as to be comparable only to smart blows given with a hammer. At my request raps have been given under my hand as it lay upon the table, the sound not only being heard, but the vibration felt, the medium's joints being in another part of the room. I remember on one occasion standing in the open fields with my friends Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, of Hendon, and raps being produced on the crown of my hat, which I held in my hand, an intelligent conversation by means of these raps being sustained with an unseen friend!" If some one was not poking fun at Mr. Adshead, his experience is peculiar.

The Post Office Report.—The Postmaster-General's twenty-seventh Report shows the continued growth of the business of the department. The number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom during the twelve months was 1,176,423,606, showing an increase of 4.3 per cent.; the number of post-cards 122,884,000, an increase of 7.4 per cent.; the number of book-packets and circulars 248,881,600, an increase of 16.3 per cent.; and the number of newspapers 133,796,100, an increase of 2.5 per cent. There is again a marked increase in registered letters, the number recorded being 10,034,546, against 8,739,191 of the previous year, or an increase of 14.8 per cent. To cope with the augmented business, 337 new sub-offices have been opened, making with 912 head-offices and 13,637 sub-offices, a total of 14,549 post-offices, the receptacles for letters numbering 27,709. It appears, further, that 800 officers have been added to the force, which on the 31st of December last reached a total, including all grades, of over 47,000 persons, of whom over 2,000 are women. Mr. Fawcett says the success obtained in employing women as clerks in the Savings Bank and the Receiver and Accountant-General's Office has led to their number being considerably increased. Over 5,300,000 letters were dealt with in the Returned Letter Office, 475,000 of which it was found impossible to find the writers of. One contained a bank-note for £100, still unclaimed.

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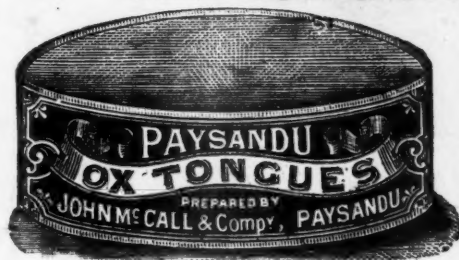


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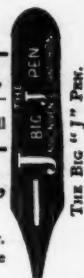
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